

modern screen

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Exclusive! 12-Page Liz Taylor Bridal Section!



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chapters of crime
and corruption—
the story of a
woman who
did not cry!



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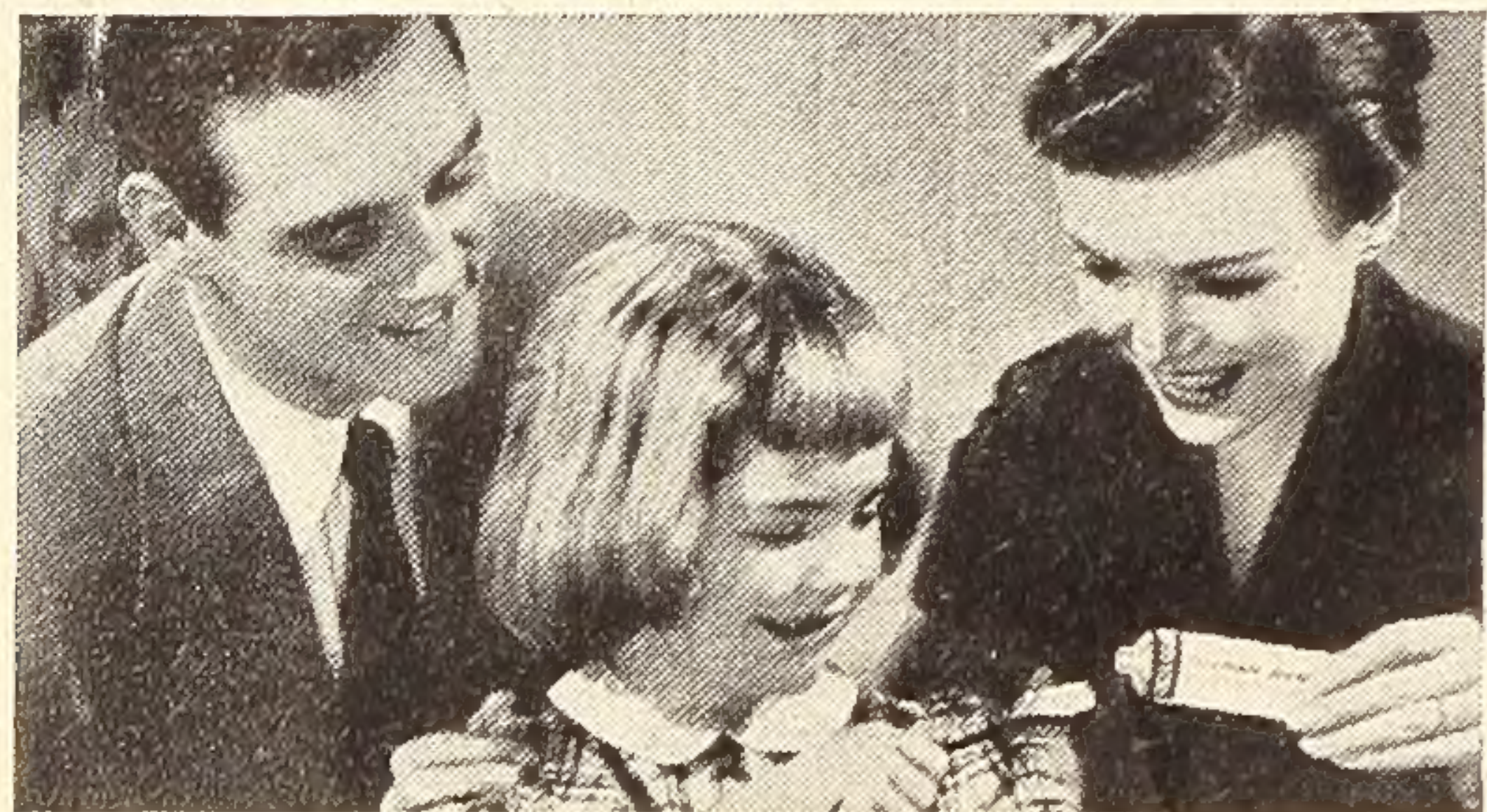
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with STEVE COCHRAN • KENT SMITH • DIRECTED BY VINCENT SHERMAN • PRODUCED BY JERRY WALD
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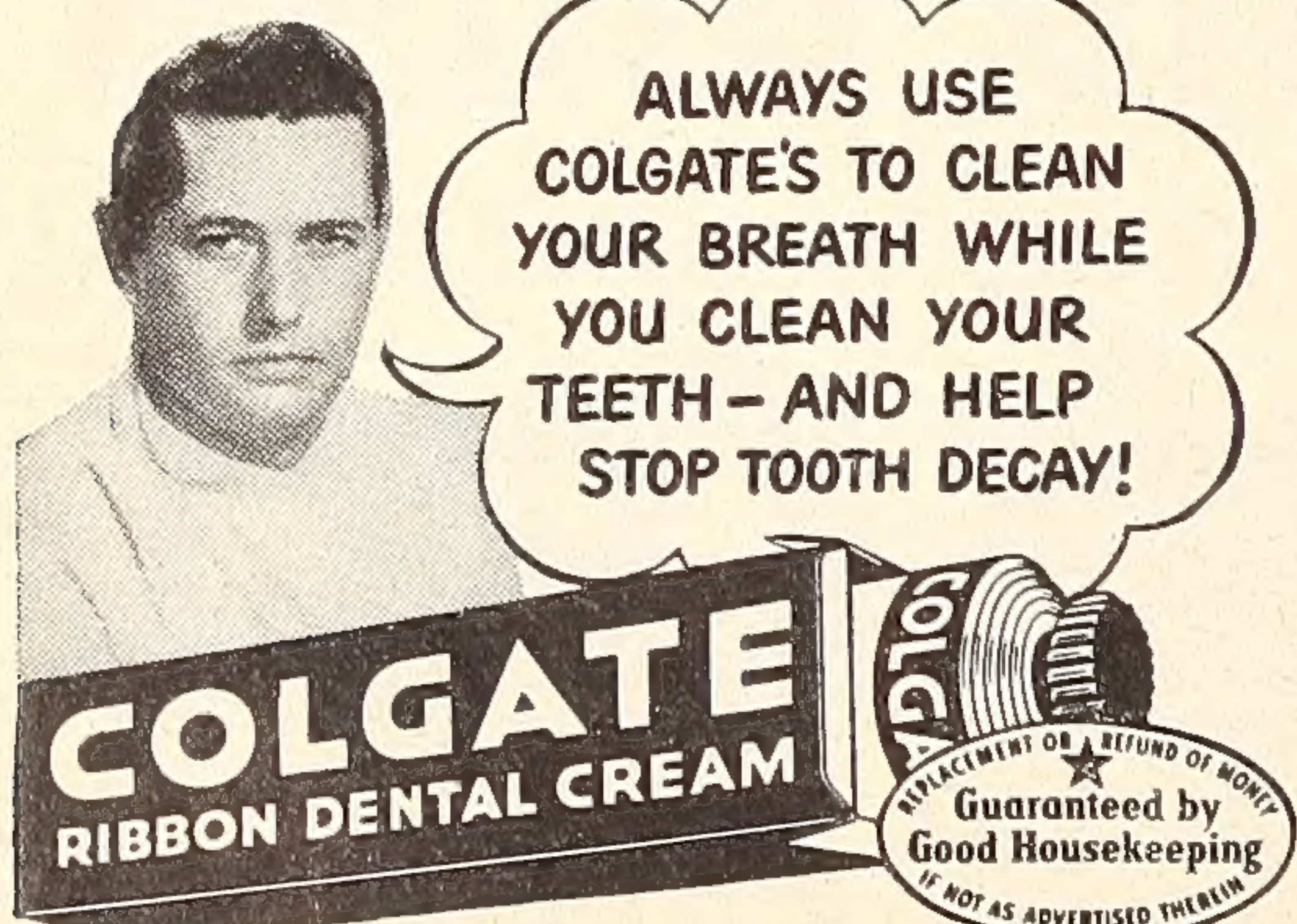
**2 years' research at five leading universities
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JUNE, 1950

modern screen

stories

WHAT FUTURE FOR PIA? (Ingrid Bergman).....	by Charlotte Eaton	27
MY WAR WITH BETTY (Betty Hutton).....	by Mabel Hutton	28
LOVE WALKED IN (Clark Gable).....	by Jack Wade	30
MY DEAR HUSBAND (Bill Holden).....	by Brenda Marshall	32
THE HOUSE WITH THE SHAMROCK GATE (Ann Blyth).....	by Duane Valentry	34
MY FAITH.....	by Ronald Reagan	37
ELIZABETH, THE BRIDE (Elizabeth Taylor).....	by Hedda Hopper	38
"I COULDN'T SAY NO" (Elizabeth Taylor).....	by Katherine Albert	44
FROM THIS DAY FORWARD (Elizabeth Taylor).....	by Cynthia Miller	46
THE FIRST YEAR.....	by Jane Powell	48
SHE DIDN'T SAY YES (Peter Lawford).....	by Steve Cronin	50
WONDERFUL MADMAN (Mario Lanza).....	by Jim Henaghan	52
BRINGING UP SUSAN.....	by Shirley Temple	53
JOAN CRAWFORD'S OTHER LIFE.....	by Frances Clark	60
THE HUSBANDS OF JANET LEIGH.....	by Helen Wright	84

features

THE INSIDE STORY.....	4
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS.....	6
MODERN SCREEN'S HOLLYWOOD PICTORIAL.....	55

departments

MOVIE REVIEWS.....	by Christopher Kane	14
MUSIC: Sweet and Hot.....	by Leonard Feather	25
FASHION.....		69
NEW FACES.....		104

ON THE COVER: Color portrait of Elizabeth Taylor by MGM
Wedding Gown designed by Helen Rose
Other picture credits, page 89

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REFORMER

reform the
REDHEAD

or does the Redhead
reform the Reformer???



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and the
REDHEAD

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Evening Post story
...and it's as ex-
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NORMAN PANAMA
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A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

with
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RAY COLLINS
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How often has your handbag opened
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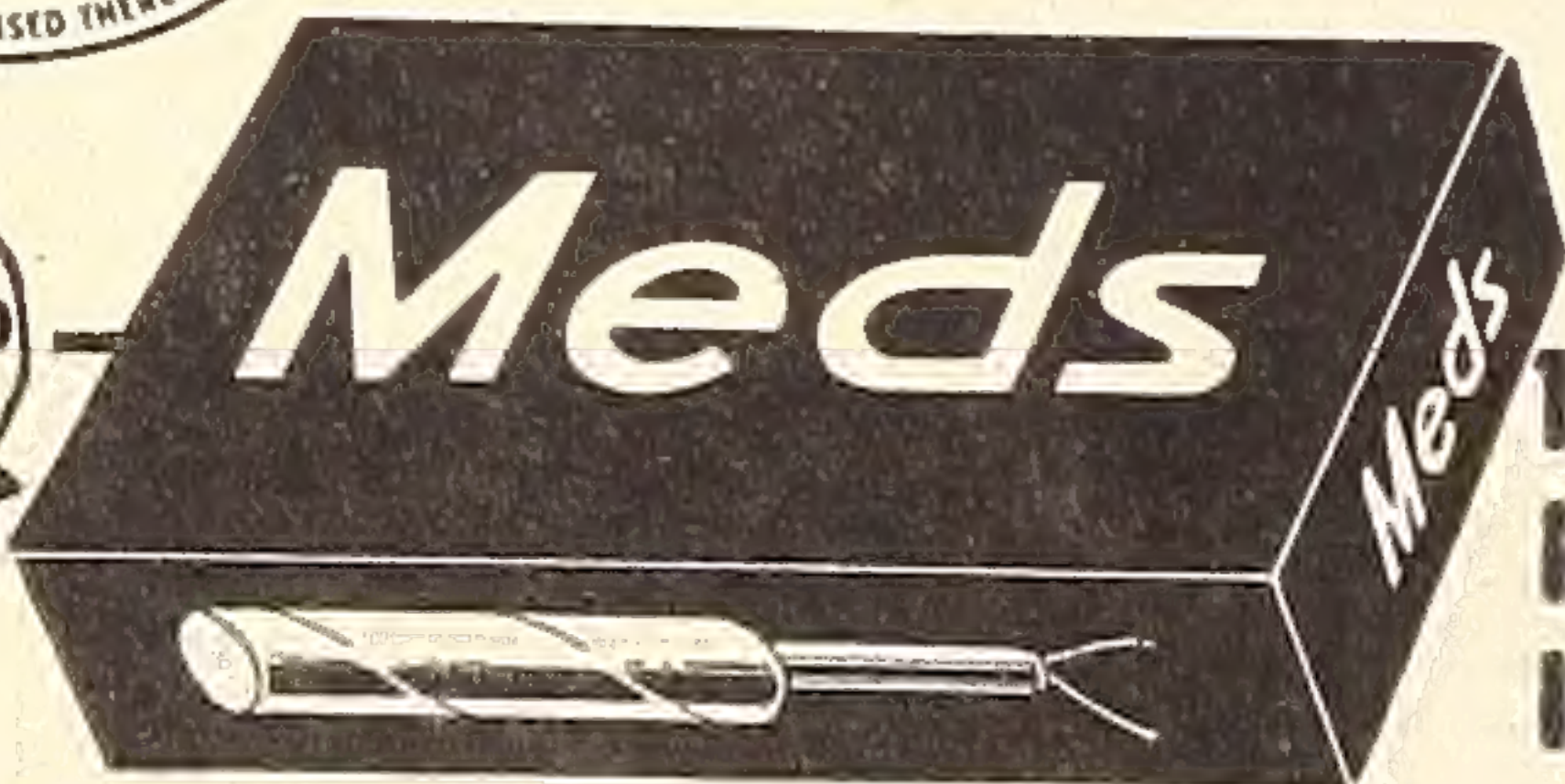
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The wildest tales ever told are those about Hollywood, because to many self-styled reporters fantasy is more exciting than fact. But Modern Screen feels that its readers deserve to know the truth, want to know the truth. **THE INSIDE STORY** is at your service. Write to it c/o Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood 46, California.

Q. I've heard that Bing Crosby and Bob Hope dislike each other, despite the many films and radio programs they've done together. Is this true?

—B. J., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

A. The truth is that Bing and Bob consider it financially prudent to exchange guest appearances and make movies together, but in private life they are not intimates. They both respect each other's great talents, but neither Bing nor Bob give their friendship easily.



Q. I read in the newspapers recently that Bob Hope pays the government 92 cents out of every dollar he earns. Is this so?—R. MCJ., FALL RIVER, MASS.

A. It isn't. Most of Bob's earnings go into Hope Enterprises.

Q. I'd like to know if Frank Sinatra is really going to the Menninger Clinic in Kansas to get himself straightened out mentally. —R. K., TOPEKA, KANSAS

A. Frank says there is not a word of truth to that. There is no indication that he needs any sort of psychiatric treatment, although psychoanalysis is currently very much in vogue in Hollywood. This rumor about him was begun by a Hollywood columnist two days after Nancy Sinatra announced their separation. Right now, by the way, Sinatra's business manager, R. Emmett Burns, is in the process of liquidating Frank's assets. (You can buy Sinatra's desert home in Palm Springs for \$100,000.) It looks very much as if their separation will be legal and lasting.

Q. Is Ginger Rogers going to marry Greg Bautzer, and if so, how many times will she have been married?

—A. H., DETROIT, MICHIGAN

A. Ginger Rogers' divorce from Jack Briggs isn't final until August, so Ginger refuses to discuss marriage plans concerning Bautzer. If she does marry, though, he'll be number 4, and she'll be Mrs. Ginger Rogers Culpepper Ayre Briggs Bautzer.

Q. Who are the "tightest" actors in Hollywood?—O. P., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

A. According to people who have mingled with them socially and financially, Dennis Day, Peter Lawford and Ray Milland enjoy the reputation of being extremely shrewd and thrifty men.

Q. Which stars make the most money per picture?—R. R., PITTSBURGH, PA.

A. Gary Cooper gets \$275,000 per picture; Errol Flynn, \$250,000; Humphrey Bogart, \$200,000. Other top money makers are Cary Grant, Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Olivia De Havilland.



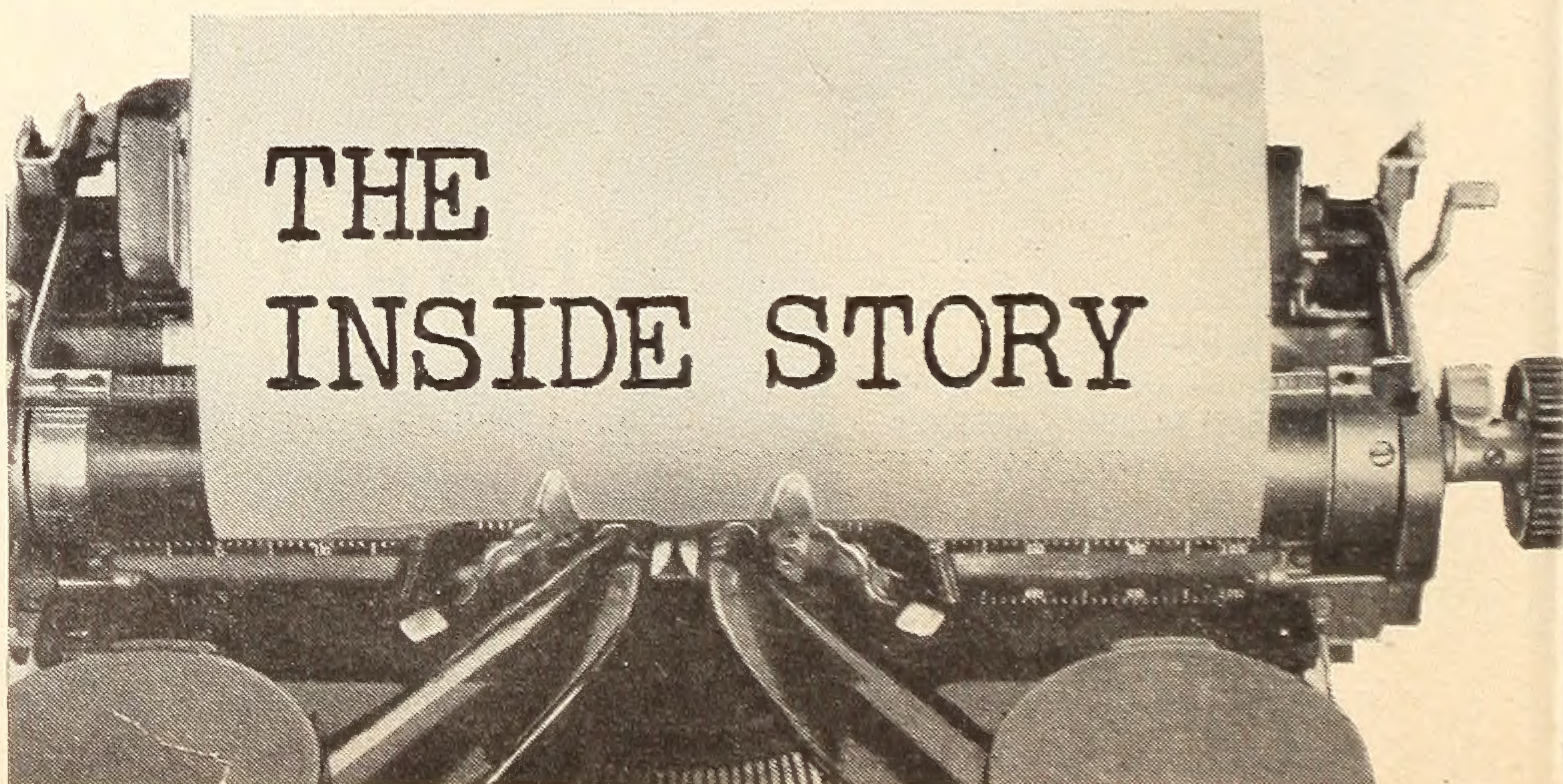
Q. Is it true that motion picture actresses get most of their clothes free in exchange for giving designers free publicity? —H. R., TROY, N. Y.

A. This isn't true. Actresses buy most of their clothes, although, once in a while, a designer or a studio will give them a favorite gown as a gift. MGM, for example, gave trousseau outfits to both Elizabeth Taylor and Jane Powell.

Q. How old is Ann Blyth, and who are the men in her love-life?

—B. T., BILLINGS, MONTANA

A. Ann is 21. At this writing, she has no love-life, and consequently, no men. As an actress she's talented, ambitious, imaginative. As a woman, she's a puzzle.

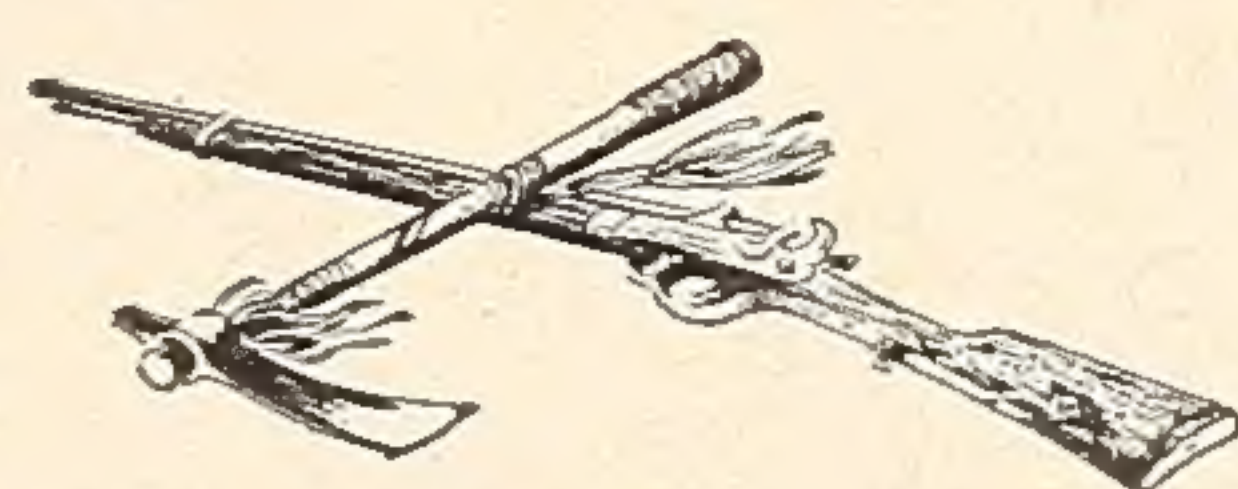


THE INSIDE STORY

When Tomahawk and Carbine Split the West Asunder...
THESE THREE STOOD ALONE IN GLORY!



The fate of the great Southwest lay in their hands, for this was the hour of decision in the last and deadliest of the Indian Wars...A story true as the arrow's aim, powerful as the love that wed a white man to an Indian girl.



James
STEWART
 in

**BROKEN
 ARROW**

20th
 CENTURY-FOX

Color by

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with
JEFF CHANDLER • DEBRA PAGET

Directed by **DELMER DAVES** • Produced by **JULIAN BLAUSTEIN** • Screen Play by Michael Blankfort • Based on the Novel "Blood Brother" by Elliott Arnold



James Stewart
 as Tom Jeffords
 ...who dared the red man's vengeance — the white man's scorn



Debra Paget
 as Sonseeahray
 ...whose soft lips answered a white man's search for love.



Jeff Chandler
 as Cochise
 ...most blood-thirsty of Apaches, who took a white man for his "blood brother."



Joyce MacKenzie
 as Terry Wilson
 ...she waited alone in Tucson, and lost—to an Indian girl.



Louella Parsons presents Olivia de Havilland (*The Heiress*) and Brod Crawford (*All The King's Men*) to the Academy Award radio audience.



LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news

■ No Oscar winner on Academy Award night was busier than your gal reporter—and I doubt if any of them had more fun.

It was my first night out after two weeks of seclusion with a siege of laryngitis and I had to be both "out front" and "back stage" getting material for my radio broadcast of the Awards the following Sunday.

Let me tell you some of the highlights I picked up from being all over the place:

My theater seat couldn't have been better for spying. I sat right in front of Broderick Crawford and his wife and two rows behind Olivia de Havilland, the new King and Queen of Hollywood.

All during the preliminaries, Brod sat like a man turned to stone. I doubt if he knew a thing that was going on until Jane Wyman (looking like a big doll in white lace) called from the stage, "The winner—Broderick Crawford!"

I'd never be able to describe to you the sound Brod made. It was a cross between a groan, a moan and a stifled yell. He actually sprinted down the aisle.



Lovely Claire Trevor, who was last year's best supporting actress in *Key Largo*, handed veteran actor Dean Jagger a supporting Oscar for his role as the kindly, be-spectacled major in 20th-Fox's *12 O'Clock High*.



Post-Oscar celebration goes on at Romanoff's. Jan Sterling congratulates Paul Douglas for being a wonderful master of ceremonies at the Academy Awards. Paul's in *Two Corridors East*—may be a future award-winner.



Ginger Rogers phoned Fred Astaire who was in New York to award him a special award—for everything he's meant to musical pictures. George Murphy took Oscar for Fred. "Closest I'll come to one," he said.



Mercedes McCambridge hit the jackpot with her first try—she copped the best supporting actress award for *All The King's Men*. Tearful but happy, she collects a kiss from her proud husband, Fletcher Markle.

He was so much in a world of his own that I am sure he did not know that Kirk Douglas (the loser—but oh, what a good one) reached out and slapped him on the *derrière* in congratulation! Kirk was seated, so he couldn't reach Brod's shoulder, the usual place for congratulations.

It was a tough beat for Kirk. Early in the year everyone had predicted he couldn't be topped in "Champion." But, if he kept his chin up like a real Champ—his girl friend, Irene Wrightsman, wasn't so brave. She bucked her head and broke into tears.

When Olivia de Havilland's name was called as the best actress winner—she again proved that first, she is a woman in love—second, a two-time Oscar winner. Livvy, bless her heart, didn't run down the aisle as Brod had done. She first grabbed the hand of her husband, Marcus Goodrich, and bent down and whispered something in his ear before she went to receive her trophy from Jimmy Stewart.

Backstage, all was bedlam due mostly to the happy wailing of Cinderella girl, Mercedes

McCambridge, who just couldn't stop crying with sheer joy. Clutching her Oscar to her breast, Mercedes kept saying, "I want my husband! I want my husband!" Well, she's just a bride, so you can understand her feelings.

George Murphy, who accepted the special award to Fred Astaire for what Fred has meant to musical pictures, was kinda wistful as I passed him. George was standing off to one side, rather out of the picture, or I should say pictures, hundreds of them being snapped of the winners.

"That Oscar looks good on you, George," I said to him.

"Honey," he replied, "holding the other fellow's is probably as close as I'll ever come to one!"

And now here are a few over-all impressions left over from Hollywood's great night:

Later, at Romanoff's where most of the winners came for supper, Olivia, who was my supper guest, and I posed for our pictures with California's handsome Governor Warren. Olivia told him, "Governor—now I know how

it feels to run twice—and be elected twice."

One of the surprises of the evening (although I don't know why)—the big, big reception Linda Darnell inspired from the sidewalk crowds both outside the theater and the cafe. Have we been underestimating the popularity of our brunette beauty?

I think Ginger Rogers stole the show among those who made the presentations. She was so gay and vivacious and genuinely happy making the special Oscar presentation to Fred Astaire via radio to New York.

And never, never ever have I seen so many lovely girls in one evening. Absolutely breathtaking was little Ann Blyth in her brilliant red dress. Ruth Roman was another stunner in floating white chiffon. Incidentally, have you ever noticed what a magnificent way Ruth has of walking? Like a dancer.

I got my first look at Miroslava, the Czech beauty from Mexico, in Hollywood for *The Brave Bulls*. She is a blonde, *très* glamorous, and one of the few women with hair long enough to pile on top of her head.

Paul Douglas proved that he can take his

Here's Marvelous Deodorant News!

New finer Mum more effective longer!



**NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW
INGREDIENT M-3—THAT PROTECTS
AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA**

New Protection! Let the magic of new Mum protect you—*better, longer*. For today's Mum, with wonder-working M-3, safely protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm perspiration odor. Mum never merely "masks" odor—simply doesn't give it a chance to start.

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Mum's protection grows and GROWS!

Thanks to its new ingredient, M-3, Mum not only stops growth of odor-causing bacteria instantly—but keeps down *future* bacteria growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular, exclusive use of new Mum!

Now at your cosmetic counter!

New **MUM**
cream deodorant

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



Kirk Douglas, Oscar nominee for *Champion*, was at the Awards with Irene Wrightsman, who burst into tears when Brod Crawford won.

place with Bob Hope and George Jessel as a top master of ceremonies.

It was all so much fun, it's a shame we have to wait another year for the Big Night to roll around again.

Elizabeth Taylor's wedding gift from her father-in-law, Conrad Hilton, was a sizeable chunk of stock in the world's most famous hotel, the Waldorf Astoria!

Has there ever been a bride anytime, anywhere, to have so many wonderful dreams come true? The dream of winning a prince for a husband may have been all right at Cinderella's time. But the modern American girl had rather be beautiful Liz with a handsome young prince of finance and family for a bridegroom, or I miss my guess.

I'm sure by now you must know all the details of the wedding by heart. But I want to tell you this little pre-marriage story about Liz which Jane Powell told me.

Jane, one of the bridesmaids, wanted to have a shower for her girl friend.

"What kind of a shower do you want?" she asked the happy bride-to-be.

"A kitchen shower," was Elizabeth's surprising reply.

"But Elizabeth!" gasped Janie, "what the world do you want with that kind of shower? You and Nicky are going to go to Europe for a three-months honeymoon. And when you come back you'll probably live in a hotel for a year until you find just the home you and Nicky want."

"That's right," Liz nodded.

"Then why a kitchen shower?" Jane insisted.

"Just because it is the sweetest and most married kind of a shower there is," replied the girl who has everything.

The seven-months old son of Esther Williams and Ben Gage—I mean Benjy Gage—was a private riot from the moment he landed in Honolulu right through his entire visit.

First, Master Gage made his radio debut by grabbing a mike out of his mother's hand and giving with a big burp over the air wave.

Then he was wading in the hotel pool, supported by his famous Ma, and his special-made (by the same firm that makes Esther's bathing suits) bathing diapers fell off!

His next stunt was breaking a brand new tooth on an old coconut he was chewing.



Ruth Roman and Barbara Hale, co-starred in *The Window*, awarded the Academy Oscars for bests in art direction and set decoration.

But the climax came when he saw his first gala dancer—and started wiggling his derriere in the most wolfish admiration!

* * *

Royalty visited Hollywood last month—and seldom have I been more proud of our town than I was at the beautiful dinner hosted by the Duc de B. Mayers in honor of Prince Bernhard, consort of Queen Julianna of the Netherlands. Exquisite charm and taste marked everything about the event given for a select 120 guests in the Garden Room of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. Tables set above the sunken dance floor were decorated with the flags and colors of both countries. And what magnificent flowers!

But it was the delightful guest of honor, the hosts, his entourage and the Hollywood beauties who came to be presented which gave the party its last word in elegance.

There was nothing stiff or formal. This may have disappointed some of the belles who, I hear, had been practicing to drop a curtesy before the Prince!

Just as everyone left the room where cocktails had been served before the arrival of the Prince and his party, the guests were politely told to "Please shake hands with the Prince" as they filed past the receiving line. When the music started up for the first time, it looked like a scene from old Vienna as the women in their beautiful ball gowns swayed to the waltz music.

Both Loretta Young and Joan Crawford wore exotic shades of green taffeta dresses—Loretta's having red roses caught up in the folds of the skirt.

But, first, let me say that there was no lovelier lady present than Lorena Mayer, the hostess, wearing "night" blue chiffon and her magnificent diamond necklace. She, of course, placed the first number with the Prince, a charming and most democratic young man who was obviously enjoying every minute of the occasion.

Later, I saw him dancing with Rosalind Russell, who wore white chiffon and they were laughing and talking with great animation.

Ginger Rogers wore an unusual hair-do for the occasion—her hair slicked back from her face and tied like a child's in the back

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



Not a soap,
not a cream—
Halo cannot leave
dulling, dirt-catching
soap film!

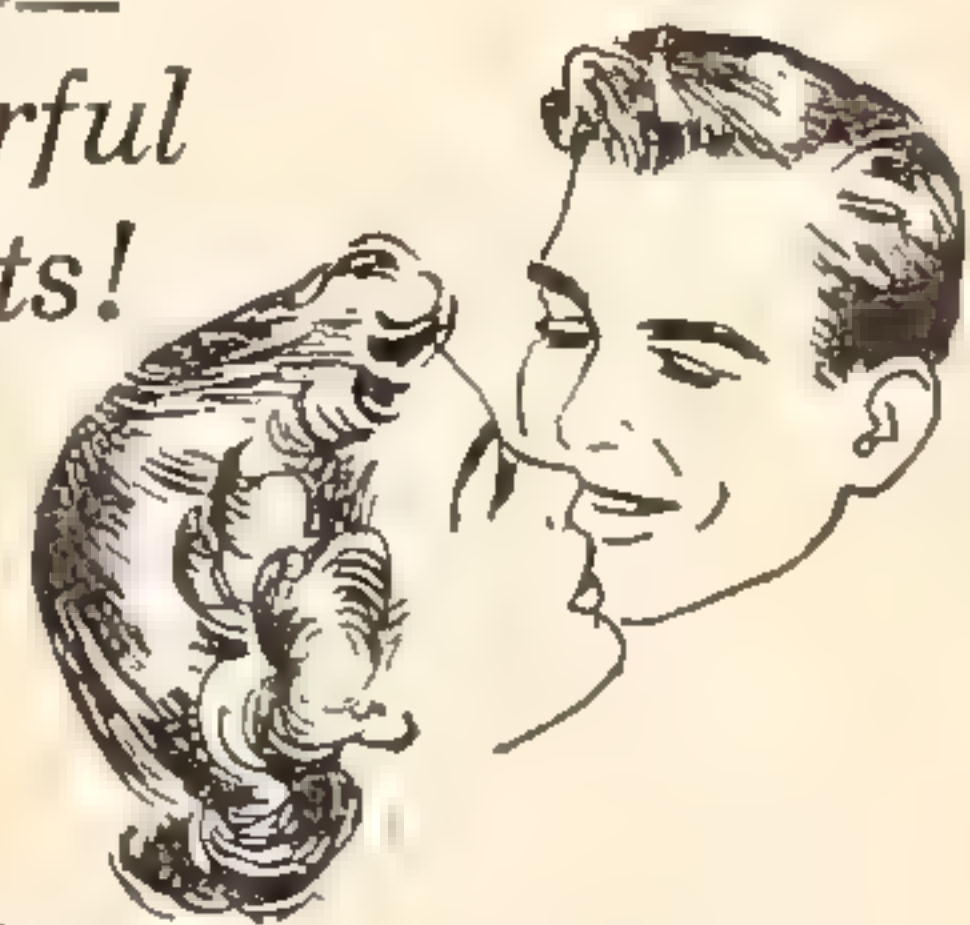


Gives fragrant
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—needs no
special rinse!

Removes
embarrassing
dandruff from both
hair and scalp!



Halo leaves hair
soft, manageable—
shining with colorful
natural highlights!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils.

Thus Halo glorifies your hair the very first time you use it.

Ask for Halo—America's favorite shampoo—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

Everybody LOVES 'Our Very Own'



**HEDDA
HOPPER**
says:

"The kind of
picture America
has been
screaming for"



OUR VERY OWN

A MOTION PICTURE
FOR THE MILLIONS
WITH THE

Samuel Goldwyn
TOUCH!



Sporting a new sophisticated hair-do, Joan Evans arrived at the Academy Awards with Carleton Carpenter—of *Lost Boundaries* fame.

with a black velvet ribbon. Ginger, of course, danced every dance with Greg Bautzer. (Incidentally, no matter what you hear, these two can't think of getting married until August. Her divorce from Jackie Briggs won't be final.)

Betty Hutton has a good time wherever she goes—royalty or no royalty—and she looked like a big, blonde doll in white chiffon and black lace, getting in a few Charleston steps whenever the music permitted.

Barbara Stanwyck looked downright regal with her short gray hair in a most dignified black gown and beautiful jewelry.

At midnight, Louis Mayer proposed a toast to Her Highness, Queen Julianna, and it was a sight to see everyone in the room rise to his feet and hold high a champagne glass in a toast to the popular Queen of The Netherlands.

* * *

Everybody is going down (or sneaking down) to Palm Springs these gorgeous weekends with Charlie Farrell's Racquet Club looking like a fan's idea of Paradise.

That place is just like being on a big house party. More darn fun.

Of course, Ginger Rogers and Greg Bautzer are usually on the tennis courts first thing in the morning. But these experts aren't the only interesting stars to watch on the courts.

One of the best players is Paul Lukas—a whiz in spite of his silvery locks. Ditto for Lex Barker who plays tennis with the same bounce he gives to Tarzan. Speaking of Lex, I think he has a terrific yen for Arlene Dahl—but that lady likes to play the field.

Dinah Shore is just learning the game—but she is getting plenty good. It's a funny picture to see Dinah and George playing a hot game of singles with their baby daughter, sitting in her nurse's lap, cheering them on loudly from the sidelines.

But it isn't all tennis by a long shot. Come the cocktail hour and the gals retire to get into their pretty cotton, linen or print formals before the evening's dinner dance.

Sue Carol and Alan Ladd brought all their children down for one weekend—and with the place so crowded, they had to move into one small bungalow. "It's like living in Grand Central Station," cracked Sue.

Jane Wyman, with her children, had the next bungalow so there were times when you

Mary's DULL

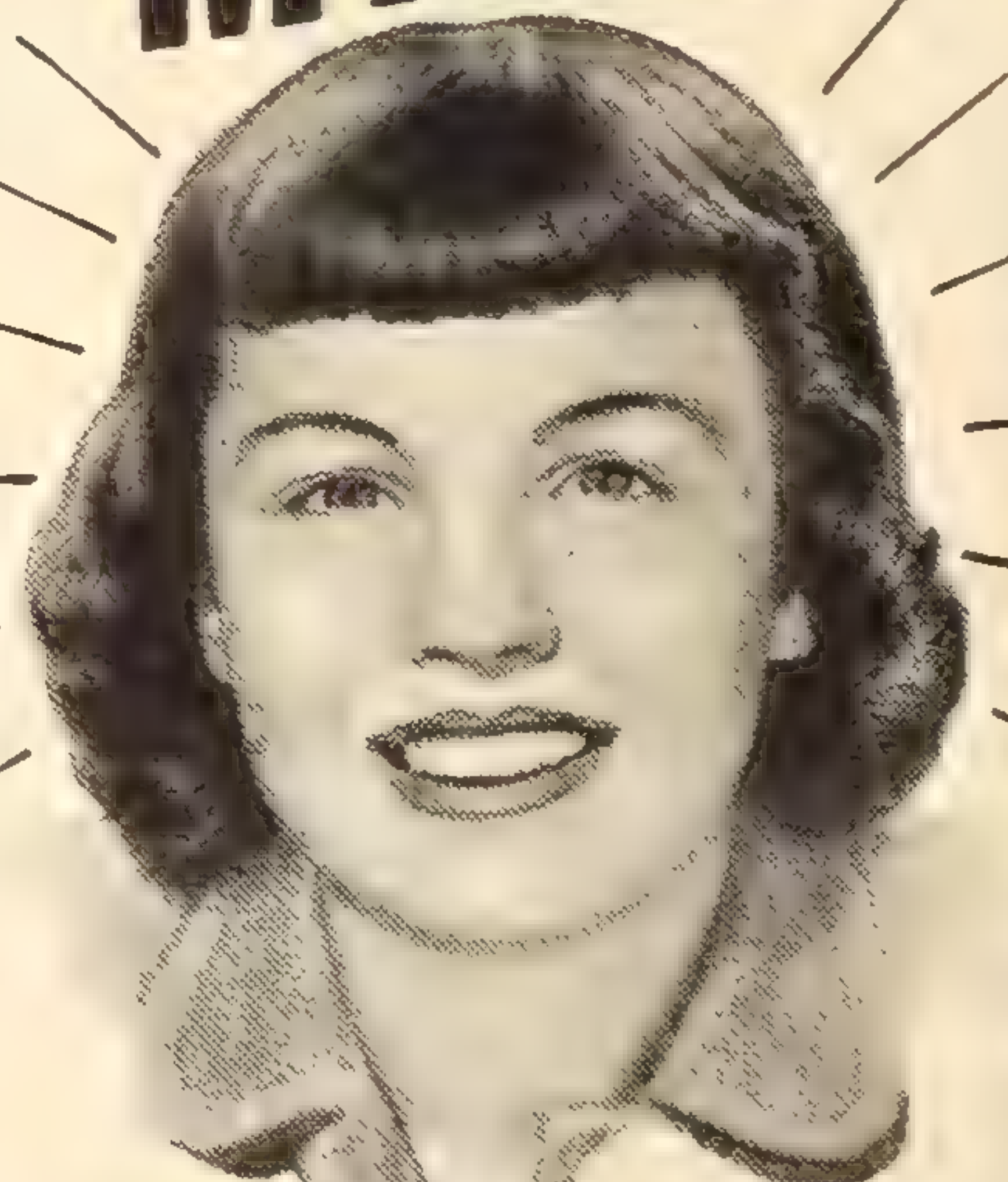


PERIODIC PAIN

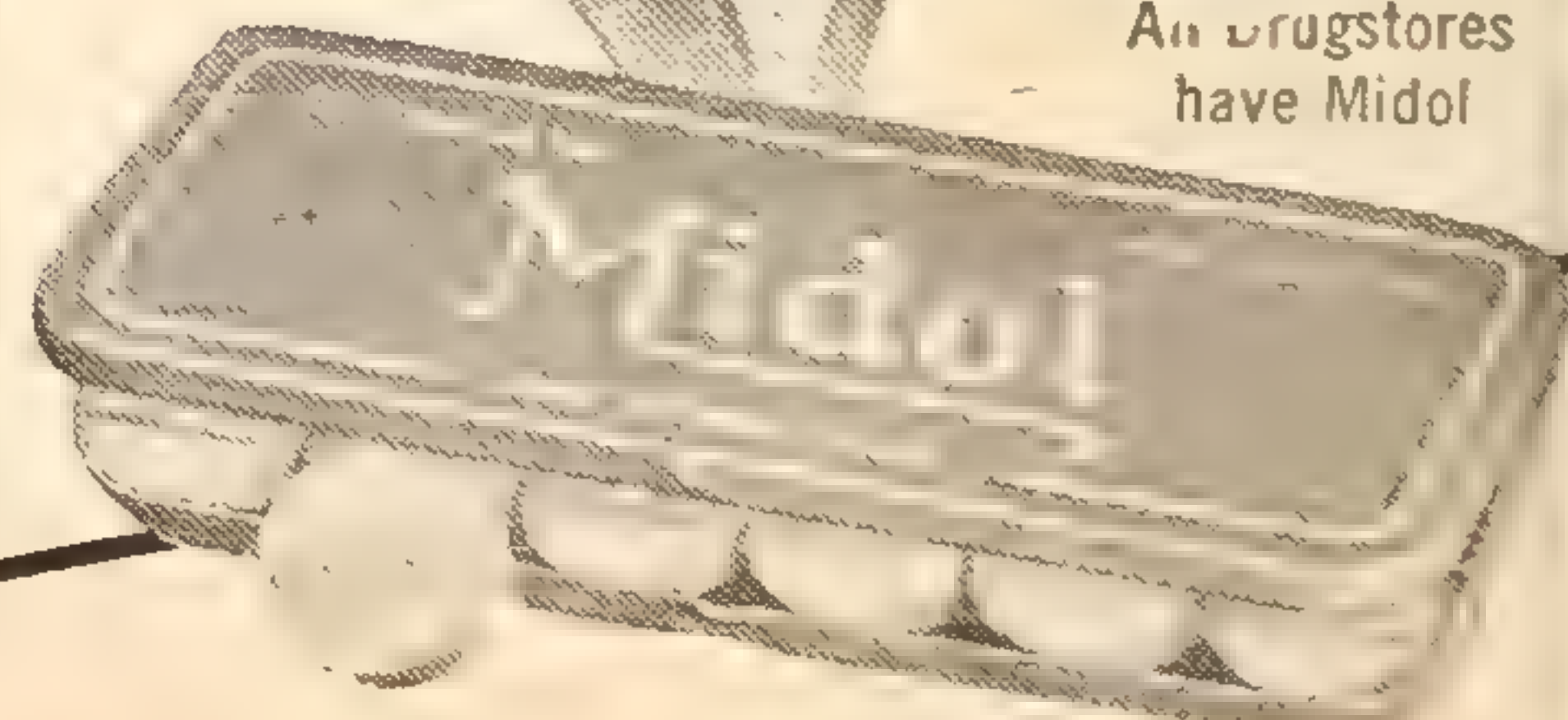
Menstrual pain had Mary down but Midol brought quick comfort. Midol acts three ways to bring faster relief from menstrual distress. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases "blues".

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dep't. C-60, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

Mary's SHARP WITH MIDOL



All drugstores
have Midol



MAKE-UP MIRACLES FROM THE Westmores of Hollywood

THE MEN WHO MAKE THE STARS MORE BEAUTIFUL



Dick Long was Ann Blyth's date on Academy Award night. Ann sang "My Foolish Heart"—one of the five songs nominated for an award.

couldn't see the stars for the kids!

Me? I'll always love this little desert town with its colorful stores and shops. I spent a year of my life there getting well.

Have you ever been completely deflated, laid low and embarrassed right out of your skin?

This pickle, all of it, happened to Jimmy Stewart and here's why:

Knowing how much his stepsons, Ronald, six, and Michael, four, love western movies, he talked Gloria into letting them come to the studio to see "Pappy—all dressed up in his cowboy outfit" for "Winchester 73."

Jimmy parked the youngsters on the set and then went off to get dressed, thinking he would knock them cold when he returned in boots and sombrero.

But, when he returned, strutting his stuff, he was amazed to see the kids didn't even lift an eyebrow.

Suddenly, Ronald leaned over to Mike and said, "He doesn't look much like Hopalong Cassidy to me!"

Yipes!

* * *

Never did two people have a more sudden fight than Bette Davis and William Grant Sherry at the MCA party given at the home of the Tom Mays.

One minute they were dancing lovey-dovey, and the next, you could hear Bette all over the place telling Sherry off in no uncertain terms. For a guy who is supposed to have a "terrific temper" (or so she claimed and he admitted when she sued for divorce before they reconciled), he didn't offer a peep in defense of himself.

Like the other surprised guests, Sherry just watched Bette as she stamped out of the place.

You've heard of million dollar casts—but you should have seen—the million dollar audience that showed up (by invitation) to see the first pre-preview showing of Clifton Webb in *Cheaper By The Dozen*. It was held in the private theater on the 20th Century-Fox lot and, brother, did it bring out the giggles.

Imagine ALL this shining glamor in one projection room:

Clark Gable and his Sylvia, as suntanned as East Indians; Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart—Baby in stunning lounging slacks;



59¢* and 29¢*



'FOR MAUREEN O'HARA,
I chose Westmore Cake Make-Up. It is soapless and non-drying. The glamorously smooth complexion it instantly creates can now be yours, too. No powder needed—just apply with sponge for a flawless soft, natural finish that stays until removed."

BUD WESTMORE, *Make-Up Director*
Universal-International Studios

MAUREEN O'HARA

Starred in

Universal-International's Production of

"COMMANCHE TERRITORY"

Color by Technicolor



"SMART GIRLS FOLLOW the lead of Hollywood's most dazzling stars—by always insisting on Westmore Lipstick! Special Hollywood star-tested creamy lipstick that *stays on* creating a lasting illusion of radiance and beauty. It's a make-up *must!*"

WALLY WESTMORE, *Famous Hollywood Make-Up Director* 59¢* and 29¢*



Certified

COSMETICS OF THE STARS

We hereby certify that the cosmetics advertised and sold under our name are exactly the same cosmetics we use to make the stars more beautiful at Warner Brothers, Paramount and Universal-International Studios.

Bud Westmore
Wally Westmore



*Hollywood's Beauty Secrets
for Your Very Own*



THE COSMETIC SECRETS of Hollywood's most glamorous stars are now yours... in famous Westmore Cosmetics. Westmore... and *only* Westmore... are the certified cosmetics of the stars, the same make-up they use on the screen. Why be satisfied with less? On sale at variety, chain and drug store cosmetic counters.

PERC WESTMORE, *Famous Hollywood Make-Up Director*

Westmore HOLLYWOOD Cosmetics

Certified Cosmetics of the Stars For You

Westmore Cosmetics... 59¢* and 29¢*

LIPSTICK
DRY-ROUGE
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CAKE POWDER MAKE-UP

TRU-GLO POWDER
FOUNDATION CREAM
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Westmore Cosmetics available in Canada at slightly higher prices

*plus tax

Awake or asleep—FILM is gluing acid to your teeth!



Pepsodent removes FILM— helps stop tooth decay!

Tooth decay is formed by acid that film holds against your teeth—acid formed by the action of mouth bacteria on many foods you eat. When you use Pepsodent Tooth Paste right after eating, it helps keep acid from forming. What's more, Pepsodent removes dulling stains and "bad breath" germs that collect in film.

FILM NEVER LETS UP! It's forming night and day on everyone's teeth. Don't neglect it. Always brush with film-removing Pepsodent right after eating and before retiring. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula. No other tooth paste contains Irium* or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent.

Don't let decay start in your mouth! Use Pepsodent every day—see your dentist twice a year.

YOU'LL HAVE BRIGHTER TEETH AND CLEANER BREATH when you fight tooth decay with film-removing Pepsodent!



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

*Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate.



Back from New York, Farley Granger's dating Shelley Winters again. (Farley's photo is now on the Kellogg Co.'s variety cereal package.)

Olivia de Havilland clinging to the arm of her man, Marcus Goodrich; the Ronald Colmans with the Charles Boyers; Dana Andrews favoring one foot because of a nicked ankle bone; Anne Baxter and John Hodiak sitting in front of Rosalind Russell and Freddie Brisson. Whew!

"If I were a modest man," said Clifton addressing the whole group before his hilarious new comedy started, "I would probably be nervous. But modesty has never been one of my besetting virtues. If you do not like the picture you are about to see—don't tell me."

You can't help loving that Clifton. As the picture unrolled, you could hear him chortling at every funny scene, aided and abetted by the delighted laughter of his mother, Mabelle.

It was amusing to see how many of the stars stopped by a popular drive-in on the way home and ate hamburgers and hot dogs in their cars, even as you and I do after an evening spent at a good movie.

I saw Ronnie Colman going for his second hamburger with pickles and onions!

Betty Hutton never plays the field. She likes just one beau at a time. And the lucky fellow she has settled on for most of her date is good looking, agreeable Bob Sterling who was once married to Ann Sothorn.

Where Ted Briskin always used to slow Betty down and was always shaking his head at her for one reason or another, Bob is just the opposite. The most avid Hutton fan couldn't admire Betty—and show it more than Bob.

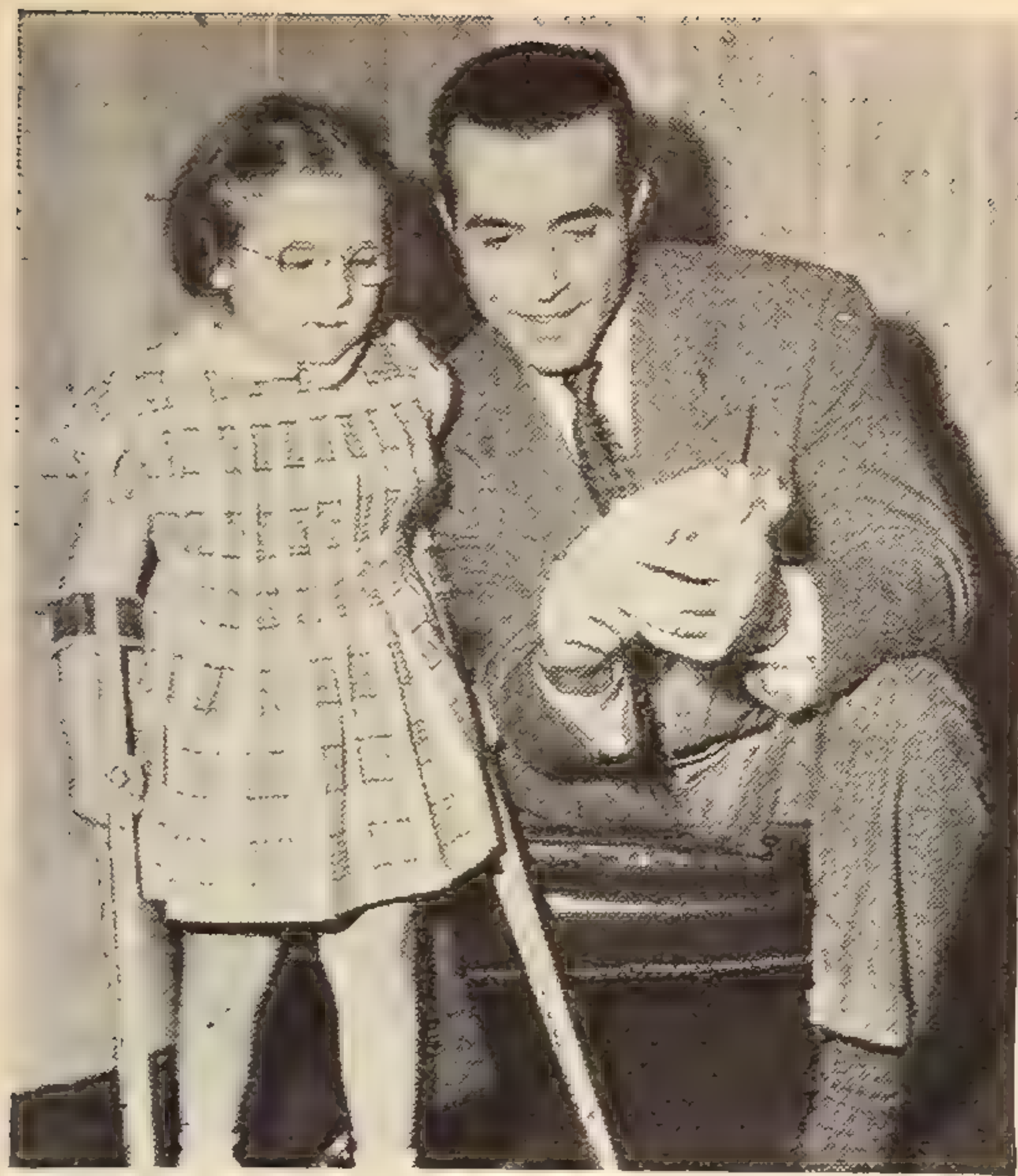
If she gets up to dance or sing, he asks everyone, "Isn't she wonderful? She's the cutest, prettiest gal in town—and she's my girl!"

What girl wouldn't respond to such heartwarming admiration?

In honor of Bob, Betty has junked most of the conservative black suits and dresses Ted insisted that she wear—and she's blossomed out with the smartest wardrobe in town.

One of her most stunning dresses is a strapless navy-blue taffeta cocktail gown worn under a transparent blue lace coat and when she wears it, everybody agrees with Bob—she's the cutest girl in town.

I won't be the one to predict that this romance will end in marriage. I think Betty will be a long time a'marryin' again.



Ricardo Montalban, who is one of the many unselfish movie actors helping young victims of cerebral palsy, chats with Carol Ann Moore.

But she and Bob are certainly finding a lot of fun and happiness and gaiety together.

By the time this is in MODERN SCREEN, Rita Hayworth will have met with Jules Stein, who went to Europe especially to see her, and will have made her plans for her next picture.

Prince Aly's serious ski accident has somewhat changed things for Princess Rita, who had planned to come home in May. Aly won't be able to travel for sometime, and she won't leave him until he's completely well.

When she does, the hottest story, as I write this, is still Rita's own glamorous biography. Where in all the world could you find fiction more exciting and more dramatic?

If she succeeds in getting out of the percentage deal she had with Columbia, and dissolving her company, Beckworth Productions, she will make her next picture for Columbia. If she doesn't, it may go to court.

I gotta hunch Farley Granger is more in love with Shelley Winters than he is willing to admit even to himself. At least, he certainly wants to believe what the gal tells him.

I have every reason to believe that Shelley was having quite a romance with Gene Beardon, the baseball player, when she was in Tucson on location for Winchester 73.

It was certainly hot enough for a studio executive to fly up there and try to stop the romance before they got marriage-minded. He reminded Shelley that she was a more potent attraction at the box office as a single girl.

But on her return to Hollywood, Farley Granger told a reporter:

"Poor kid. Her studio is always bawling her out about something she does that they say is silly. And then they deliberately plant a phoney romance between her and that baseball fellow!"

The letter box this month put Farley Granger back on top of the heap getting his name mentioned most in my mail. And the gals don't want Farley to marry anyone—for a spell anyway.

Ava Gardner should read what they're writing about her—or perhaps she shouldn't if she wants to stay happy!

Janet Leigh is coming up in interest. You like her nice, "natural" type of beauty.

Well, that's all for this month. Be seeing you.

Which Twin has the Toni?



Diane and Barbara Stirling of Los Angeles, California. Says the Toni Twin, "My first Toni was the most beautiful wave I'd ever had . . . my hair never looked so lovely or felt so wonderfully soft." Which is the Toni Twin? See answer below.

Hair styles in this picture by Don Rito, famous Hollywood hair stylist

Toni looks as lovely as a \$20 permanent
—feels as soft as naturally curly hair*

When you choose Toni—for only one dollar you are getting the very finest permanent there is. A wave that's caressably soft like naturally curly hair . . . and guaranteed to look just as lovely—last just as long as a permanent costing \$20. (*Including shampoo and set).

What is Toni's secret? It's the lotion. Toni waving lotion is an exclusive creme formula—especially created to give you a wave that's free of harsh frizziness—a wave that feels and behaves like naturally curly hair. But remember, only Toni has this superb waving lotion.

Wonderful results—again and again! What better proof of Toni quality! Only Toni has given over 67 million

lovely, long-lasting permanents. Some women have used Toni ten times or more and say their waves are always soft, natural-looking, easy to manage.

Letters of praise come from women with every type of hair—even gray, bleached and baby-fine hair. So whether you are buying your first Toni or your tenth, you can be sure of getting a wave that has that \$20 look. Barbara, the twin on the right, has the Toni.

P. S. For a lovelier you—get Toni Creme Shampoo and Toni Creme Rinse, too.



NEW!

**TONI MIDGET
SPIN CURLERS**



**For perfect neckline curls
far easier—far faster!**

Wonderful for new, short hair styles. Winds short, wispy ends closer to the head for longer-lasting curls.

SPECIAL! Toni Refill Kit with 6 Midget SPIN Curlers and Toni Creme Shampoo. \$1.50 value only \$1.33

Glamorous Cathleen Treacy, one of Chicago's loveliest models, says: "Every fashion model agrees that the best permanent is a wave that's soft and natural-looking. That is why so many of us use Toni Home Permanent."



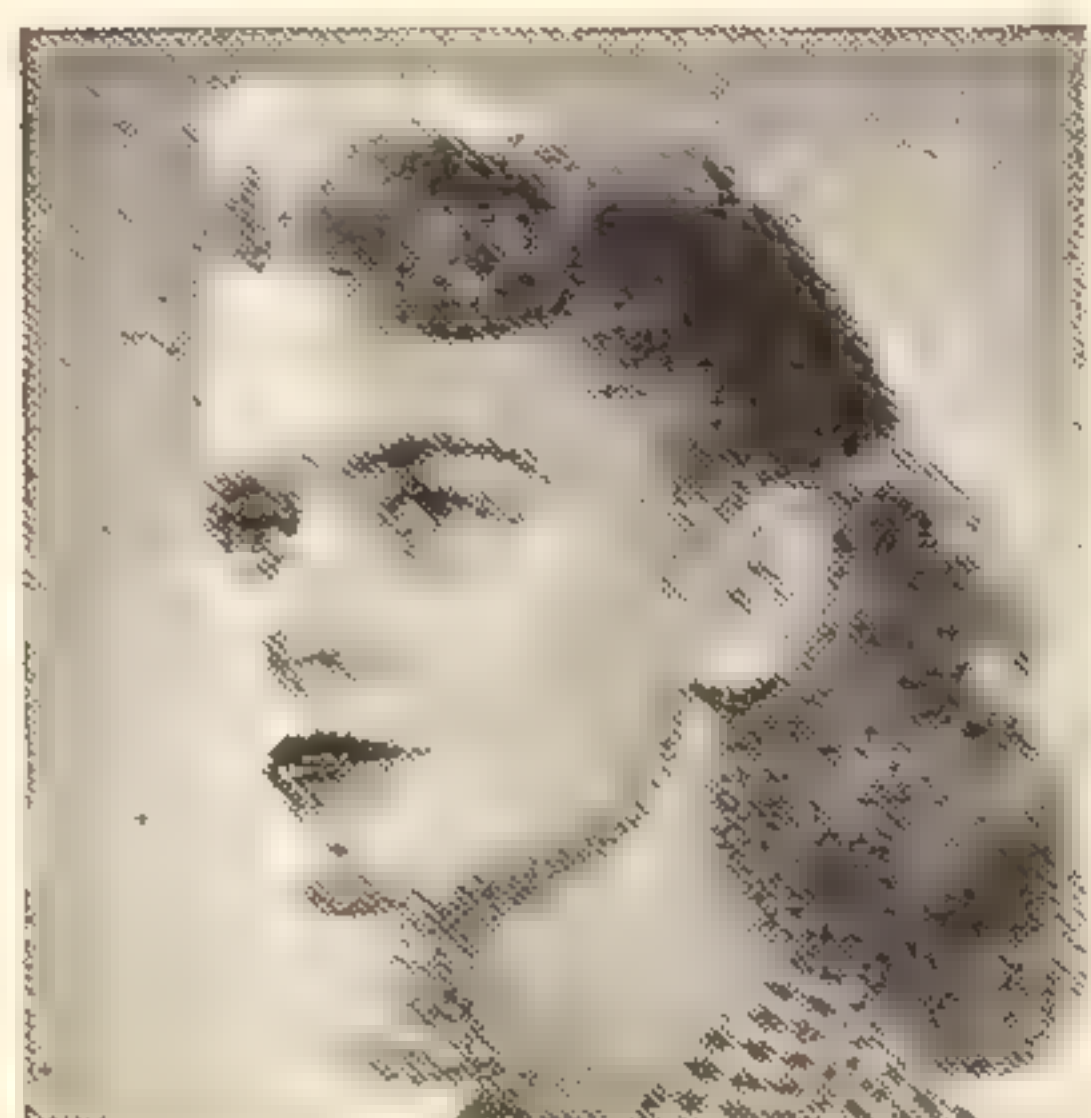
Picture
of the
Month



Reformer Dick Powell runs for mayor with the support of corrupt political boss. Redhead June Allyson hates corruption, loves Powell, reforms him.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



THE REFORMER AND THE REDHEAD

Cast: June Allyson, Dick Powell, Cecil Kellaway, David Wayne.
MGM

■ June Allyson's father (Cecil Kellaway), who runs a zoo better than anybody, has been removed from his post by political maneuvering, and June's on the warpath. Along comes Dick Powell, embryo politician, supposed reformer. June thinks he's going to clean up the town, doesn't know he's really getting support from the corrupt town officials. So then a lion escapes. And David Wayne is Dick's campaign manager, and David and Dick have a secretary (his name is Marvin Kaplan) who's hilarious, and June and Dick fall in love, and Dick gives up his corrupt supporters and turns hero. After that, he captures the escaped lion. Very satisfying. Of course there are really two lions, and Dick thinks he is capturing the pussy-cat type, and really he is capturing the man-eating type, but you know MGM isn't going to let anything happen to Dick Powell. It would make June Allyson too mad.



Wabash Avenue: Betty Grable hates (but really loves) Victor Mature in this gay musical.

BACKFIRE

Cast: Dane Clark, Virginia Mayo, Gordon MacRae, Edmond O'Brien.
Warners

Gordon MacRae is in a veterans' hospital, being nursed by Virginia Mayo. This he likes. But his buddy, Edmond O'Brien, with whom he's planning to buy a ranch, has disappeared, and this he doesn't like. One night a beautiful lady (Viveca Lindfors) comes sneaking into his room and tells him Edmond's got a busted back and wants to die. Then she disappears. The hospital people tell Gordon he was dreaming, but he remembers the mink coat the lady was wearing, and once he's discharged, he goes rushing off to track down the lady and Edmond. He rushes right into the arms of police, who claim Edmond murdered a big-time gambler, and ran away. Gordon knows Edmond's no murderer, so he continues his investigation. Eventually he finds the gal in the mink coat. She belongs to a big-shot gambler (not the murdered gambler, but another one). Edmond's been working for this bigshot, too. But love has blossomed between Edmond and mink coat, and big-shot gambler has crushed Edmond in his car, and given him that busted back. All these fragments of information turn up much later, along with a couple more murders, but I don't want to make things too complicated. I'll simply say I guessed the murderer right in the beginning. I take no credit. Any simp could have done the same.

WABASH AVENUE

Cast: Betty Grable, Victor Mature, Phil Harris, Reginald Gardiner
20th Century-Fox

Betty Grable in Technicolor as a gay nineties chorine, with saloon impressarios Phil Harris and Victor Mature fighting over her. Mature and Harris are always cheating one another at cards, pinning murder raps on one another, blackmailing one another. It's a playful relationship. Betty likes Phil, hates Vic, so naturally she ends up with Vic. (He teaches her to sing more slowly, and rips all the feathers off her costume.) Harris watches the denouement with tears in his eyes. "What does she want with a mug like him when she could have had a mug like me?" he wails. What else do you want to know? Betty's legs are still around, the music is tuneful, if not inspired, there are scenes of the Chicago World's Fair, and you could probably have written the script yourself.

Now!
a single
spray
keeps
you dainty
all day!



NEW SPRAY-ON DEODORANT

JUST SPRAY IT ON! It's the fast, easy, modern way to end perspiration troubles!

ETIQUET SPRAY-ON is made by the exclusive Etiquet safe-and-sure formula! Really ends perspiration odor, checks perspiration moisture! Does not irritate normal skin, does not damage clothing.

AMAZINGLY ECONOMICAL! Many months' supply in a smart, unbreakable blue plastic bottle, at a surprisingly low price. Only 49¢, plus tax.

Fluffy-light Etiquet deodorant cream

If you prefer a cream deodorant, you'll love Etiquet "in the jar." Gives long-lasting protection. Goes on easily, disappears in a jiffy. No gritty particles, won't dry out in jar, won't harm fabrics. 10¢ to 59¢, plus tax. Also in handy tube.





ANSWER:

still wandering

OF COURSE he is wandering . . . and he won't be back. The romance was over scarcely before it had begun. And she'll never guess why*.

How is Your Breath Today?

Your other charms count for little when you're guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath)*.

Why run this risk? Why take your breath for granted—*ever*? Or trust to makeshifts only momentarily effective?

Instead, call on Listerine Antiseptic, an *extra-careful* precaution against off-color breath. Never, never omit it before any date where you want to be at your best.

Freshens Breath Instantly

You see, Listerine Antiseptic instantly sweetens the breath. Helps keep it that way, too . . . not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours usually.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

the extra-careful precaution
against Bad Breath



No Man of Her Own: Unwed mother Barbara Stanwyck skillfully deceives kindly Jane Cowl.

OUR VERY OWN

Cast: Ann Blyth, Farley Granger, Joan Evans, Jane Wyatt
Goldwyn

Samuel (*Best Years*) Goldwyn, who likes to examine American family life as it's lived by the great middle class, presents a picture guaranteed to offend nobody. It's formula entertainment—a laugh here, a tear there, a happy ending—and you can certainly take the children. Ann Blyth is the oldest daughter in the Macauley family. Joan Evans comes next, and Natalie Wood is the baby. Ann's adopted, but she doesn't know it. On Ann's 18th birthday, Joan accidentally finds out the secret, and it's too good to keep to herself. During an argument with Ann about Ann's boyfriend (Farley Granger), Joan tells all. Now Ann starts acting adolescent. She's in a state of shock. She forgets how wonderful her parents have been to her all these years; she insists on being allowed to go see her real mother. Real mother (Ann Dvorak) is a beery young woman from the wrong side of the tracks, and seeing her does Ann no good whatever. Still, she shuns her lovely home and parents. Then her best friend, neglected daughter of a millionaire, starts talking about how nice it would be to have relatives at the high-school graduation (both girls are graduating any minute), and Ann realizes she's been silly. Her whole family will be there to hear her commencement address. That commencement address is supposed to be about the benefits of American citizenship, but it winds up as a eulogy of home and parents, and all the parents love it. Long-suffering mother and father Macauley are beautifully played by Jane Wyatt and Donald Cook. It's a pleasant 93 minutes.

NO MAN OF HER OWN

Cast: Barbara Stanwyck, John Lund, Jane Cowl, Phyllis Thaxter
Paramount

Barbara Stanwyck is about to have an illegitimate child by a very unpleasant soul (Lyle Bettger) who simply doesn't care. On a train, Barbara meets a young couple (the girl is also pregnant), discovers that the couple's going home to the husband's people. Girl's never met husband's people. There's a train wreck. Young couple kaput. Barbara takes the girl's place (for the sake of her baby) and goes off to meet new "in-laws"



Please Believe Me: Mark Stevens and Peter Lawford fight for Deborah Kerr's affections.

(Jane Cowl and Henry O'Neill) who couldn't be nicer. Also dead young man's brother, John Lund. Barbara and John fall in love. But can she be happy living a lie? Nope. Especially since Lyle Bettger turns up in a blackmailing frame of mind, and tries to soak the rich, namely Barbara's benefactors. Now poor Jane Cowl has heart trouble, and when she hears Barbara sneaking off in the middle of the night, after having first loaded a gun, Jane up and dies from the excitement. She's followed in death by her faithful husband, not too many months later. Oh, I forgot to say. The night Barbara sneaked off with the gun, she killed Lyle Bettger. At least, she thought she did. Eventually it turns out somebody else did, so she and John can face the future together with free minds and easy consciences. The only thing they did wrong was to hasten those sweet old parents into early graves, and that's no crime as Paramount sees it. Jane Cowl's nice to watch, and, in fact, the acting's all very good. The story could be a whole lot better but you don't have to take it too seriously.

PLEASE BELIEVE ME

Cast: Deborah Kerr, Robert Walker, Mark Stevens, Peter Lawford
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Cute comedy concerning British Deborah Kerr, who's been left hundreds of acres in middle-western United States by an ancient cowboy. On the boat to the U.S. to claim her legacy, Deborah meets richest boy in the world, (Peter Lawford), richest boy's lawyer (Mark Stevens) and fortune hunter Robert Walker. Stevens is along to protect Lawford from predatory women who are always taking him—Lawford—to the cleaners. He's still pretty filthy (rich, that is) and enjoying it. If a lovely lady wants to make him happy for a hundred thousand dollars or so, he's got it to spare. Well, all three boys—Stevens, Lawford, Walker—fall in love with Deborah, who herself falls in love with Stevens. Stevens loves her against his will, thinks she's after his client's money. Doesn't know she's an heiress herself. Some weeks and a mink coat later, Deborah discovers her western territory is wasteland, she's thousands in debt, she's no heiress, a gangster named dirty louie or big eddie or something (J. Carrol Naish) is out to kill Robert Walker (who borrowed money from him in order to romance Deborah). All very involved, but delightfully entertaining.



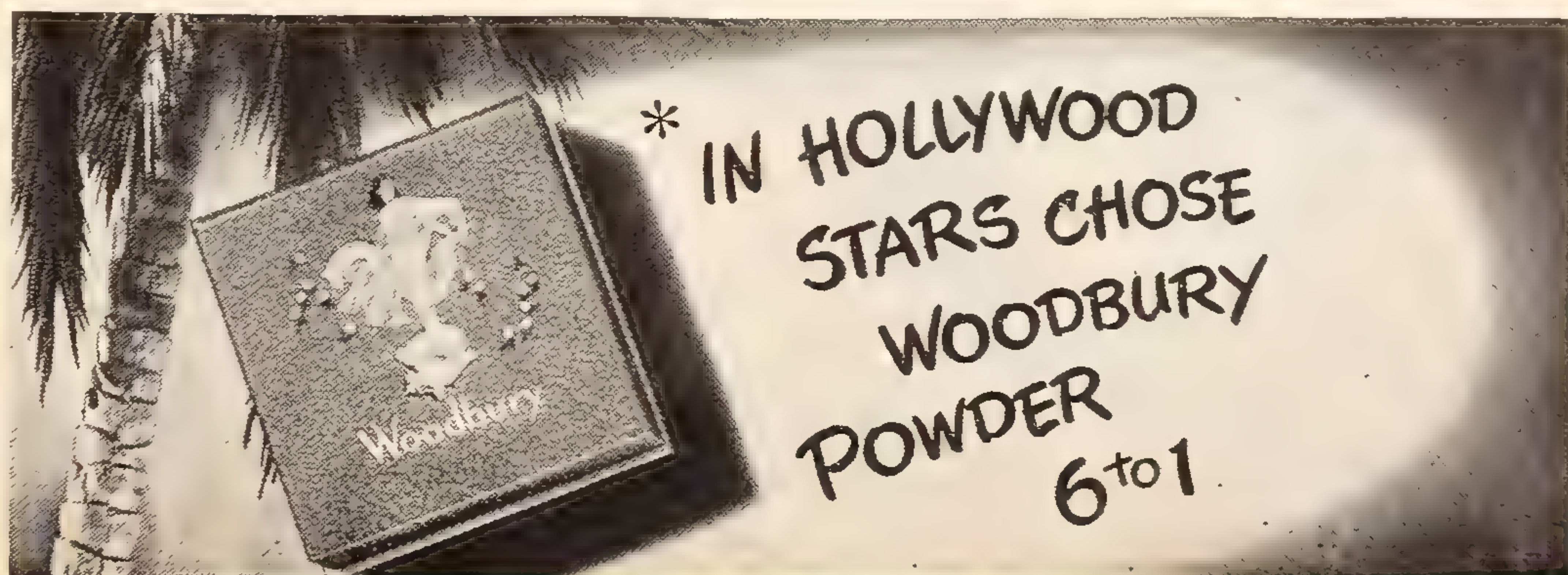
Don't look now...

So this is the Cocoanut Grove where Hollywood stars gather every night! Wonderful to be here, isn't it? *And there's June Allyson!* As we pass her table let's sneak a look. She won't care. She knows that admiring glances measure a star's success. And she knows that the Woodbury Powder she wears (in flattering Natural) plays a big part in her loveliness!



there's
June Allyson ...

June is one of the Hollywood stars who chose Woodbury Powder 6 to 1 in response to a recent survey*. A unique ingredient in Woodbury Powder gives the smoothest, satiny finish you've ever known! Magically warm, infinitely fine in texture, enchantingly fragrant, it clings for hours! 7 heavenly shades glorify every skin type. 15¢, 30¢, \$1.00, plus tax.





I dreamed I went
shopping in my
**maidenform bra*

Wake me quick... this dream's too lovely!
Designer hats... millions of them. What could be lovelier?
Only my figure... so curve-secure in my Maidenform bra!
Maybe you've dreamed of a bra with letter-perfect
fit like this! Shown: Maidenform's Allo-ette*

2-inch band, \$2.00. Just one of
a vast and varied collection of styles,
fabrics and colors, from \$1.50.

Send for free style booklet,
200 Madison Ave., N.Y. 16, N.Y.

There is a *Maiden Form** for every type of figure!

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady: June Haver and Gordon MacRae sing, dance, and romance.

THE DAUGHTER OF ROSIE O'GRADY

Cast: June Haver, Gordon MacRae, James Barton
Warners

James Barton is against the theater. He thinks the hard theatrical life is what killed his wife, Rosie O'Grady, and left him with three daughters to bring up. They're not even good daughters. One of 'em (Marsha Jones) is secretly married to a cop (Sean McClory), and the middle one (June Haver) is tagging around with singer Tony Pastor (Gordon MacRae), though she's endeavoring to pass him off as a college boy. That June. Just loves to sing and dance. When Pa gets so rabid she can't bear it, she leaves home, joins Pastor's show, becomes a real hot star. In the end, the old goat is proud of the kid, but by that time the daughter who married the cop has had twins, June and Pastor have become affianced, and everybody is singing a song about the daughter of Rosie O'Grady in the most unlikely manner imaginable. I think one member of the cast, is a find though. He's Gene Nelson—a dancer with lots of charm and talent.

NO SAD SONGS FOR ME

Cast: Margaret Sullavan, Wendell Corey, Viveca Lindfors, Natalie Wood.
Columbia

It's lovely to have Margaret Sullavan back in the movies—but not in this particular movie. She's so noble it hurts you and her both. Maggie, married to Wendell Corey, and mother of little Natalie Wood, thinks she's pregnant. Nope, says the doctor. That's no baby. It's a cancer. Can't do anything for you. You'll die in 10 months. Well, Maggie doesn't want to tell the family, but pretty soon her husband shows signs of falling in love with his draftsman (draftswoman?) Viveca Lindfors, and that's almost too much to bear. Wendell admits he loves Maggie more, though, and she, grateful for small favors, starts planning his life, after her death. Viveca's not such a bad sort, really, Maggie figures. Bit of a homewrecker, but nice with children, plays the piano, has good table manners. She'd be an ideal second wife for Wendell. Maggie doesn't want him marrying some burlesque queen. (Picture makes the point that widowed men often choose unsuitable mates, in their grief and confusion.) That's the general idea. The acting's good, but the story's hard to swallow, and furthermore, it's pretty grueling to spend 90 minutes watching a lovely, sensitive woman prepare to meet her Maker.



The Skipper Surprises His Wife: Joan Leslie breaks leg, Bob Walker takes over household.

THE SKIPPER SURPRISES HIS WIFE

Cast: Robert Walker, Joan Leslie, Edward Arnold, Spring Byington
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Sailors seem to be crazy about the sea. Hula girls throwing wreaths of flowers, coffee slopped into your lap with every pitching wave, cold stars from a scrubbed deck at midnight. . . . Robert Walker's a navy commander, and loves it. Longest time he ever spent with his wife (Joan Leslie) and kiddies was seven months. Wife wants him to quit the navy, take a job running fishing boats. Walker's home, unhappily toying with this idea (and going to navy school for a special course) when Joan breaks her leg. This leaves the housework to Robert. He puts the place on a navy schedule, turns the kids into a crew, gets everything working efficiently, but nearly wrecks his marriage. The kids are disciplined so thoroughly, one of them starts sucking his thumb in a retreat to babyhood when life was easy, and Joan finally walks—or rather, limps—out on her systematic spouse. Happy ending to all troubles, though.

I WAS A SHOPLIFTER

Cast: Scott Brady, Mona Freeman, Andrea King, Anthony Curtis
United Artists

Beautiful debutante kleptomaniac Mona Freeman falls into the hands of a bunch of crooks. (Professional crooks, not amateurs, like her.) Boss crook is Ina Perdue (Andrea King), so shrewd, so worldly. Assistants include Pepe (Anthony Curtis), a greasy little jerk who pulls a knife if you look at him, and The Champ (Greg Martell), who talks the way Hollywood likes to imagine illiterates talking—i.e., "You shouldn't ought to have done that." Then there's Scott Brady. Unknown quantity. Really a copper, but pretends to be a dip (that's trade lingo with us crooks) so he can save little Mona and put the rest of the bunch behind bars. Once when Mona's on a job, Scott nearly loses her forever, because Pepe tries to make love to her, and this so revolts the poor girl she runs blubbering into the Pacific Ocean, to die. Scott fishes her out, winds up the case, and takes Mona on a honeymoon. The dialogue's entirely predictable, even to the lines of the detective who gets shot by a villain. "You hurt?" Scott asks this detective. "Nah," detective says. "It's only my shoulder." *I Was*

TAPE IT EASY....

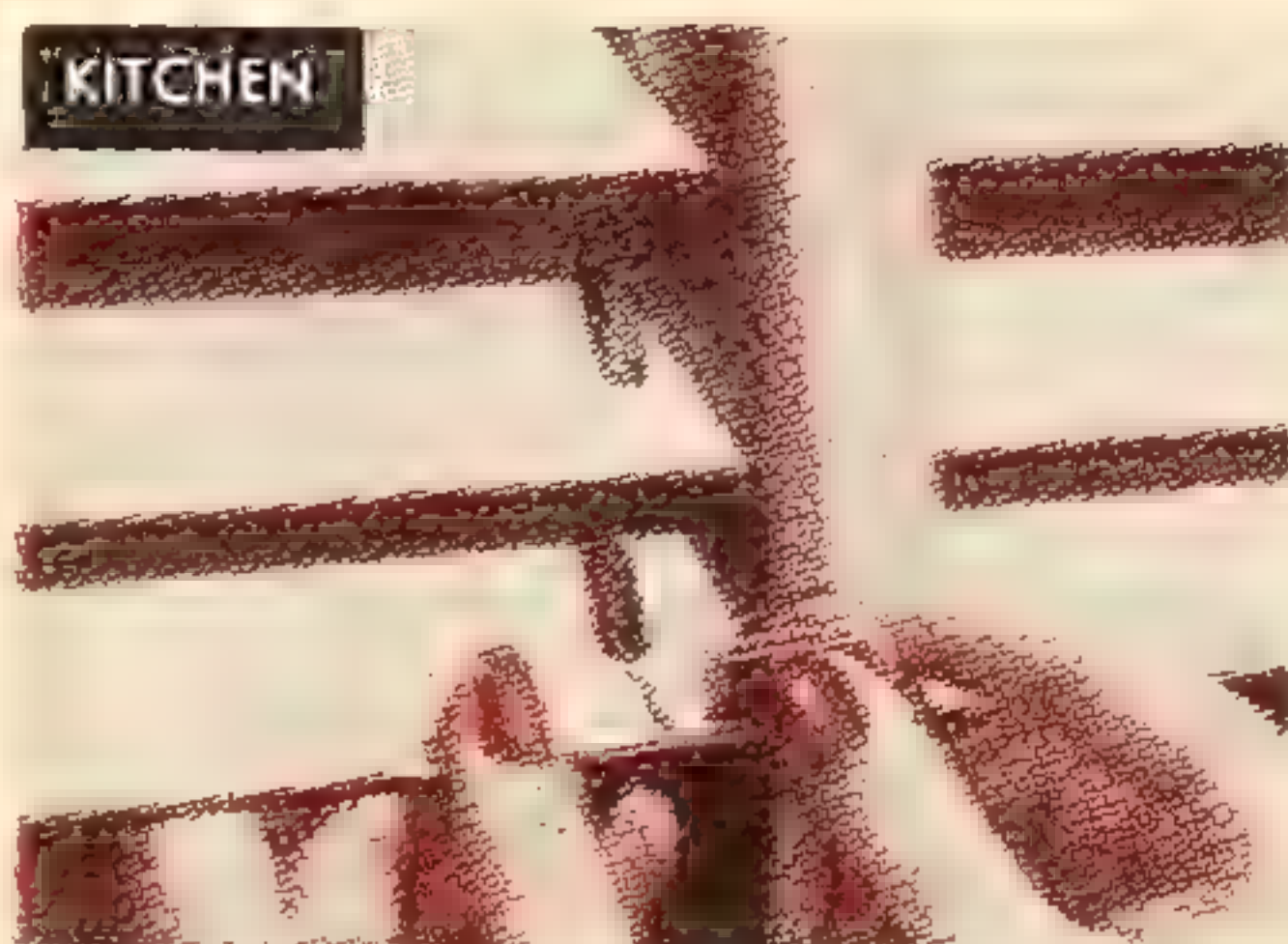
by J. Curtis



"My gun jammed on me, but luckily I had my 'Scotch' Brand Cellophane Tape handy."

How to cut household expenses

WITH EXTRA ROLLS OF THIS THRIFTY TAPE



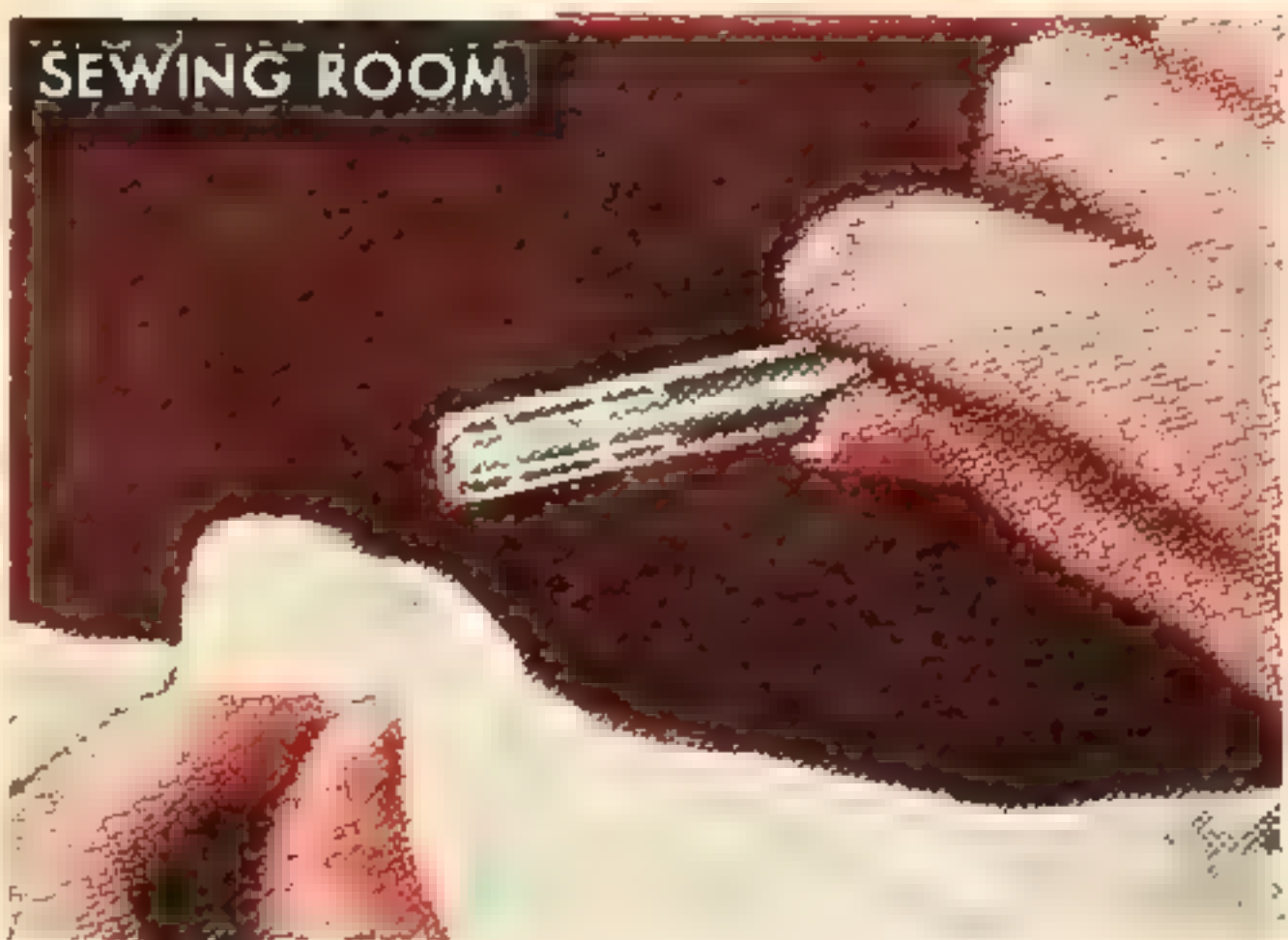
VENETIAN BLIND CRACKED? Make it good as new with a strip or two of transparent "Scotch" Cellophane Tape.



AVOID SCRATCHING costly table tops by covering bottoms of lamps and knick-knacks with smooth cellophane tape.



FASTEN NEW WINDOW SHADES to old rollers with firm-holding cellophane tape. Saves cost of new rollers.



PREVENT SNAGGED CURTAINS by covering rod end with smooth cellophane tape before inserting in curtains. It will slide on without a hitch every time.



METAL SHOELACE TIP come off? Bind end of lace with long-wearing "Scotch" Cellophane Tape and it won't be necessary to buy a new pair.



IMPORTANT: There's more than one brand of cellophane tape—for quality always insist on the "SCOTCH" brand, in the bright plaid dispenser.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SCOTCH Cellophane Tape
BRAND

GET THE TAPE HABIT...IT'S THRIFTY!

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For the skin that doesn't like heavy foundation—

A greaseless powder base—
sating, gossamer sheer

If your skin feels pasty and stifled in heavy foundations, you'll thrill to the fresh, *free* feel of this lighter, sheerer powder base. Completely greaseless, it gives make-up a *natural* velvet-smoothness. No oily shine, no cakey streaks. Just smooth on a thin, protective film of Pond's Vanishing Cream before powdering. This delicate, fluffy cream is transparent on your skin—suits *all* skin tones! And its petal-soft finish *keeps* your make-up exquisite!



Beautifying Mask—in just 1 Minute

When you want your complexion to look party-perfect for a perfect evening—treat yourself to a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Swirl the snow-cool Cream *lavishly* over your entire face, except eyes. "Keratolytic" action of the Cream loosens and dissolves off stubborn dirt and dead skin flakes. After *only one minute*, tissue Mask off. Then admire the sparkling brightness of your "re-styled" skin—the smooth, flawless make-up it takes!



Agnès
de Saint-Phalle
Mathews

daughter of the Count and Countess André de Saint-Phalle, says—"After smoothing on a base of Pond's Vanishing Cream, I just never know it's there—except for the wonderful way it holds powder—for hours! I use it all the time to *protect* my skin, too."



Champagne For Caesar: Intellectual giant Ronald Colman gets rich on radio quiz shows.

A *Shoplifter* won't hurt you much, either. Only your head. One thing, though: That Brady's a real find. He kind of kids his part along, and he's got charm to spare.

CHAMPAGNE FOR CAESAR

Cast: Ronald Colman, Celeste Holm, Vincent Price, Barbara Britton
United Artists

Caesar is a parrot with a taste for hard liquor and dirty words. He lives with a scholarly gentleman (Ronald Colman) and the gentleman's sister (Barbara Britton), a piano teacher. Ronald and Barbara are poor but proud, and Ronald's chief detestation is quiz shows. He thinks they're the forerunner of intellectual destruction in America. In a wild effort to prove his point, he goes on a quiz show, wins a pot, refuses to take it. Says he'll come back next week and continue to run up his winnings. (For every correct answer, the pot's doubled.) Everybody in the country is fascinated, and Ronnie's won 20 million dollars before the program's horrified sponsor (Vincent Price) can collect his wits. Vincent sics a Delilah-type woman (Celeste Holm) on Ronnie to find out his weak spots, but Ronnie fools her, even as he falls for her. There's more, all very funny, authentic satire. Radio's Art Linkletter, playing an emcee, lampoons his own type of emceeing, George Fisher is fine as himself, Vincent Price was never allowed to mug so freely, and Beau-regard Bottomley (that's Ronnie) is a man to make even Lynn Belvedere look at last to his laurels.

THE TATTOOED STRANGER

Cast: John Miles, Patricia White, Walter Kinsella, Frank Tweddell.
RKO

This one's only about an hour long, and it can be classified as somewhere between a documentary and a murder mystery. If you're scientific-minded, you get to learn about modern police methods (laboratory tests, etc.). If you're blood-thirsty, you see a killer brought to a nasty end. Police Lieutenant Corrigan (Walter Kinsella) has a murder to solve. Lady corpse with tattoo is brought to the morgue, only to have some old bum sneak in and try to carve the tattoo off her. Deduction: Bum was hired by killer to eliminate identifying evidence. Corrigan is assigned a young



The Big Hangover: Law student Van Johnson meets lawyer's daughter Liz Taylor—it's love.

detective as helper. Young detective's a college man, likes test tube deduction. Corrigan expects to hate him. But y.d. (John Miles) is a nice boy, the two men get on fine, the case is solved with the aid of a botanist (Patricia White). If you'll pardon my saying so, I think some of the sound was dubbed in. The mouths didn't always move with the words. Anyhow, Kinsella has a nice dry way of playing a cop, and RKO's young hopefuls, John Miles and Patricia White, do very well.

THE BIG HANGOVER

Cast: Van Johnson, Elizabeth Taylor, Percy Waram, Fay Holden
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Van Johnson, home from the war, is top man in law school, has an offer of a job (after graduation) from a big bunch of corporation lawyers, has the top corporation lawyer's beautiful daughter (Elizabeth Taylor) in love with him. No problems? Hah! Has he got problems. One teaspoon of hard liquor, and he breaks into rollicking song, winks at old ladies, and hears his dog making speeches. It's a form of shell shock. He was trapped in France in a cellar floating with hundred-year-old brandy, right up to his nose. Before troops fished him out, he nearly drowned. Now the mere mention of alcohol affects his nervous system, so he's kind of a jumpy boy. Furthermore, he has problems concerning ethics. Should he be a rich corporation lawyer, or should he be an Abe Lincoln type, go to work for the city, act as the agent of the people? Lots of laughs, and a few speeches about laws being the only things that set man apart from the beasts. Rather nice speeches, too. Worth thinking about. *The Big Hangover's* cast is large, and uniformly excellent.

UNDER MY SKIN

Cast: John Garfield, Micheline Puelle, Luther Adler, Orley Lindgren
20th Century-Fox

An Ernest Hemingway short story becomes a very entertaining motion picture. John Garfield's an American in exile. He's a crooked jockey. Likes money. But his motherless little boy (Orley Lindgren) thinks John's Superman, Daniel Boone and the Marquis of Queensbury, rolled into one. Kid doesn't understand why he and the old man chase all over Europe, one jump ahead of the authorities. Thinks it's just for the fresh air. Pop gets mixed up with a master thug

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Under My Skin: John Garfield, American in exile, is in flight with his son Orley Lindgren.

(Luther Adler) in Italy, makes tracks for Paris, where he meets Micheline Prella, who asks him to keep going. "If there's a no good louse in the neighborhood, I always end up with him," she says. That means she loves him. Anyhow, John finally rides a straight race, just to prove himself to his little boy, only to have a riderless horse bump into him and throw and kill him. If the riderless horse hadn't killed him, Luther Adler was waiting in the grandstand, so it's six of one, half a dozen, etc. Picture moves right along, but the hollering should be reserved for Micheline Prella, the French import. She's beautiful, a fine actress, and one of the most exciting personalities in years. Guess I'll have to join a fan club.

ONE WAY STREET

Cast: James Mason, Marta Toren, Dan Duryea, William Conrad
Universal-International

This is a "moving finger writes" drama, and before it's over, you'll discover there's no use messing with fate. Dan Duryea's gang swipes \$200,000 in a bank robbery, only to have the "Doc" (James Mason), a disillusioned hanger-on make off with the money and Duryea's girl (Marta Toren). Duryea resents this performance, and makes plans to get even. Mason and Toren get to Mexico, where their plane is forced down by pump trouble, and they have to stay in a primitive village. Marta's happy, but James keeps talking about Mexico City, and having a ball till his "number comes up." However, under the tutoring of a local priest (Basil Ruysdael), James learns to love the children of the village, does some doctoring, becomes a rehabilitated character, decides to go back to the States, face Duryea, return his dirty money, and start life afresh. So he goes back to the states, a few more people in the bosom of Duryea's gang get murdered (including Duryea), and then Mason's run over by an automobile. Life's funny, ain't it? Come through all that gang war without a scratch, and then suddenly, pfft. The actors are all very nice—Dan gets to run his gamut, slapping, shooting, even dying lengthily, and Mason even looks good in those floppy Mexican hats.

If you like thrillers here's one'll keep you happy.



One Way Street: Mexican scenery for James Mason, a disillusioned gangster turned good.

THE ASTONISHED HEART

Cast: Noel Coward, Celia Johnson, Margaret Leighton
Universal-International

A new Noel Coward production written by, and starring, Noel Coward. *The Astonished Heart* is no *Brief Encounter*; it's neither so simple, so unaffected, nor such a work of art. But it is smooth, moving, and marvelous to watch. Tells of a psychiatrist (Coward), happily married for years (wife is Celia Johnson) who falls in love with another woman (Margaret Leighton). He knows all about the workings of the human brain, and he thinks he can control this new passion, keep it in its place. What starts out to be a rather gay, romantic affair develops into deep tragedy for all three principals, and ends with the psychiatrist's suicide. Even if the story doesn't seem quite real to you, the performances are great.

COMANCHE TERRITORY

Cast: Maureen O'Hara, Macdonald Carey, Will Geer, Charles Drake
Universal-International

Nowadays, in a cowboys-and-indians picture, the Indians are the heroes. It's a new, and I guess refreshing, trend. Here, a white-skinned stinker named Stacey (Charles Drake) is trying to keep the government of the U.S. from renewing a treaty with the Comanche Indians. If the treaty's not renewed, then silver-mad settlers (like him) will feel free to move in and start plowing up Comanche territory because there won't be any law which says they can't, and whammo, you'll have an Indian war. Stacey manages to steal the treaty from the government messenger who's enroute to the Comanches with it, but the messenger, a chatty old man named Seeger (Will Geer) meets up with Jim Bowie (Macdonald Carey), he who invented the bowie knife, and Jim's on the side of right and the Indians. Maureen O'Hara, stinker Stacey's sister, sees the light, and joins Jim and Seeger, and you have these three noble whites, plus a handful of Comanches, against all the greedy maniacs who want to dig for silver. It's a short war but a merry one, and you'd be surprised what can be done with a couple of bowie knives.

THE CAPTURE

Cast: Lew Ayres, Teresa Wright, Victor Jory, Jacqueline White
RKO

This one is too complicated to synopsise. A man (Lew Ayres) kills another man who's supposedly guilty of a train robbery, only



The Capture: Lew Ayres falls for widow Teresa Wright. Only trouble: he killed her husband.

then Lew falls in love with the other man's widow (Teresa Wright), marries her, and develops a conscience he can't live with. Maybe his wife's former husband was innocent. Maybe the big shot Barry Kelley who reported the robbery is himself the thief. Before you can say eh? how's that? Lew's gone off and murdered old Barry (quite by accident) and then he develops a psychic block about raising one arm, and he almost gets himself air-conditioned by the bullets of the local police. Whole thing takes place in

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Mexico, and there's stuff about oil fields, and
ranches, and posses, but mostly it seems to
be an action picture where they forgot about
the action.

THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK

Cast: John Payne, Dennis O'Keefe,
Rhonda Fleming.
Paramount

It seems that during the Civil War the
French were planning not only to overthrow
Juarez in Mexico, and establish Maximilian
there as Emperor, but also to march an army
into Texas and annex that state. Texas, being
so busy fighting the North, would hardly
notice until it was too late. Which is why we
find a Yankee spy (Dennis O'Keefe) and a
Suth'n gentleman (John Payne) riding off
to Mexico together, to foil this dastardly plot.

The situation they find in Mexico is so con-
fused I doubt if I can explain it. There's a
simple old slob of a general (Thomas Gomez)
who thinks he's collecting an army for Juarez,
because a rat named Danzeeger (Fred Clark)
tells him so. The truth is that Danzeeger's an
agent of the French, and the money he gives
the general for his soldiers is French money,
and the guns they'll march on Texas with are
French guns, etc. There are more complica-
tions. Danzeeger's wife, Rhonda Fleming,
goes for John Payne, who likes her too. Next
time you see John Payne, he's being spread-
eagled between two wild horses, a position
which is very hard on a man. Everything's
in Technicolor, even the blood, and, crazy as
it may sound, it adds up to good enter-
tainment.

EASY MONEY!

Start singin' Happy Days Are Here Again, because here we go with a brand new
idea—how to get rich quick! Well, okay, so it's not so new, and maybe you really
won't get quite as rich as a movie star—but we have to admit that this is one
way to make pin money. Here's how! Fill out the questionnaire below, following
the directions and answering the questions with care. Then clip it from the
magazine and mail it back to us—post haste. The first 100 people to do this
will receive, absolutely free, a crisp new green-back (in other words, a dollar bill).
That means we're literally giving away \$100—so get going—quick!

QUESTIONNAIRE

Which stories did you enjoy most in our June issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2
and 3 AT THE RIGHT of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

- | | | | |
|--|--------------------------|---|--------------------------|
| <i>What Future for Pia?</i> (Ingrid Bergman) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>The First Year</i> (Jane Powell, Elizabeth Taylor) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>My War with Betty</i> (Betty Hutton) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>She Didn't Say Yes</i> (Peter Lawford) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Love Walked In</i> (Clark Gable) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Wonderful Madman</i> (Mario Lanza) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>My Dear Husband</i> (William Holden) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Bringing Up Susan</i> (Shirley Temple) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>The House with The Shamrock Gate</i> (Ann Blyth) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Hollywood Pictorial</i> (Betty Hutton, Piper Laurie, etc.) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>My Faith</i> (Ronald Reagan) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Joan Crawford's Other Life</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Elizabeth, The Bride</i> (Elizabeth Taylor) by Hedda Hopper | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>The Husbands of Janet Leigh</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Elizabeth Taylor's Trousseau</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>"I Couldn't Say No"</i> (Elizabeth Taylor) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Modern Screen Fashions</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>From This Day Forward</i> (Elizabeth Taylor) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Louella Parsons' Good News</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| | | <i>The Inside Story</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

Which of the above did you like LEAST?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

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FROM THE MOVIES

ADAM'S RIB—*Farewell, Amanda* by Ralph Flanagan* (Victor), Guy Lombardo (Decca).

MY FOOLISH HEART—Title song by Mindy Carson (Victor), Billy Eckstine* (MGM), Hugo Winterhalter* (Columbia), Gordon Jenkins (Decca), Richard Hayes (Mercury).

RIDING HIGH—*Sunshine Cake* by Tex Beneke (Victor), Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Bing Crosby* (Decca), Peggy Lee* (Capitol), Robert Lenn (MGM), Ann Vincent (Mercury). *Sure Thing* by Fran Warren* (Victor), Billy Eckstine (MGM), Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Bing Crosby* (Decca), Margaret Whiting (Capitol), Kay Armen (London). *The Horse Told Me* by King Cole (Capitol), Bing Crosby (Decca), Dennis Day (Victor).

THE THIRD MAN—*The Third Man Theme* and *Cafe Mozart Waltz* by Guy Lombardo (Decca), Owen Bradley (Coral), Cafe Vienna Quartet (Columbia), Anton Karas* (London), Dave Apollon (National), Ethel Smith (Decca).

Since our previous mention last month of this theme, this opus has caused a musical revolution. Originally known as *The Harry Lime Theme* (that's Orson Welles' character in the picture), it's coupled on all these versions with *The Cafe Mozart Waltz*, which is an integral part of the same fabulously successful all-zither background. But, of course, Karas' version, which is taken from the original movie sound track, is the one you'll want. Most of the other versions feature either zithers dug up urgently from out of nowhere, or various vocal and instrumental noises trying to sound like zithers.

WABASH AVENUE—*Wilhelmina* by Jan Garber (Capitol), Art Lund* (MGM), Kay Kyser (Columbia), Curt Massey (London), Freddy Martin (Victor). *Baby Won't You Say You Love Me* by King Cole* (Capitol), Ella Fitzgerald* (Decca), Billy Eckstine (MGM), Herb Jeffries (Columbia), Curt Massey (London).

JAZZ

WOODY HERMAN—*Detour Ahead** (Capitol)
Another fine vocal by Mary Ann McCall, coupled with a good bop instrumental called *Not Really The Blues*.

CHARLIE VENTURA—*Flamingo* (Victor).

A very interesting Rugolo arrangement, but Charlie has played better.

CHARLIE PARKER—*Parker With Strings Album*** (Mercury)

This was a brilliant idea—take a tremendous bopular musician, equip him with pleasant popular tunes such as *April In Paris*, *Everything Happens To Me*, *Summer Time*, and surround him with sweet strings, woodwinds and rhythm. As a result you get six sides of superb saxophone by Parker in an album that should appeal to anyone.

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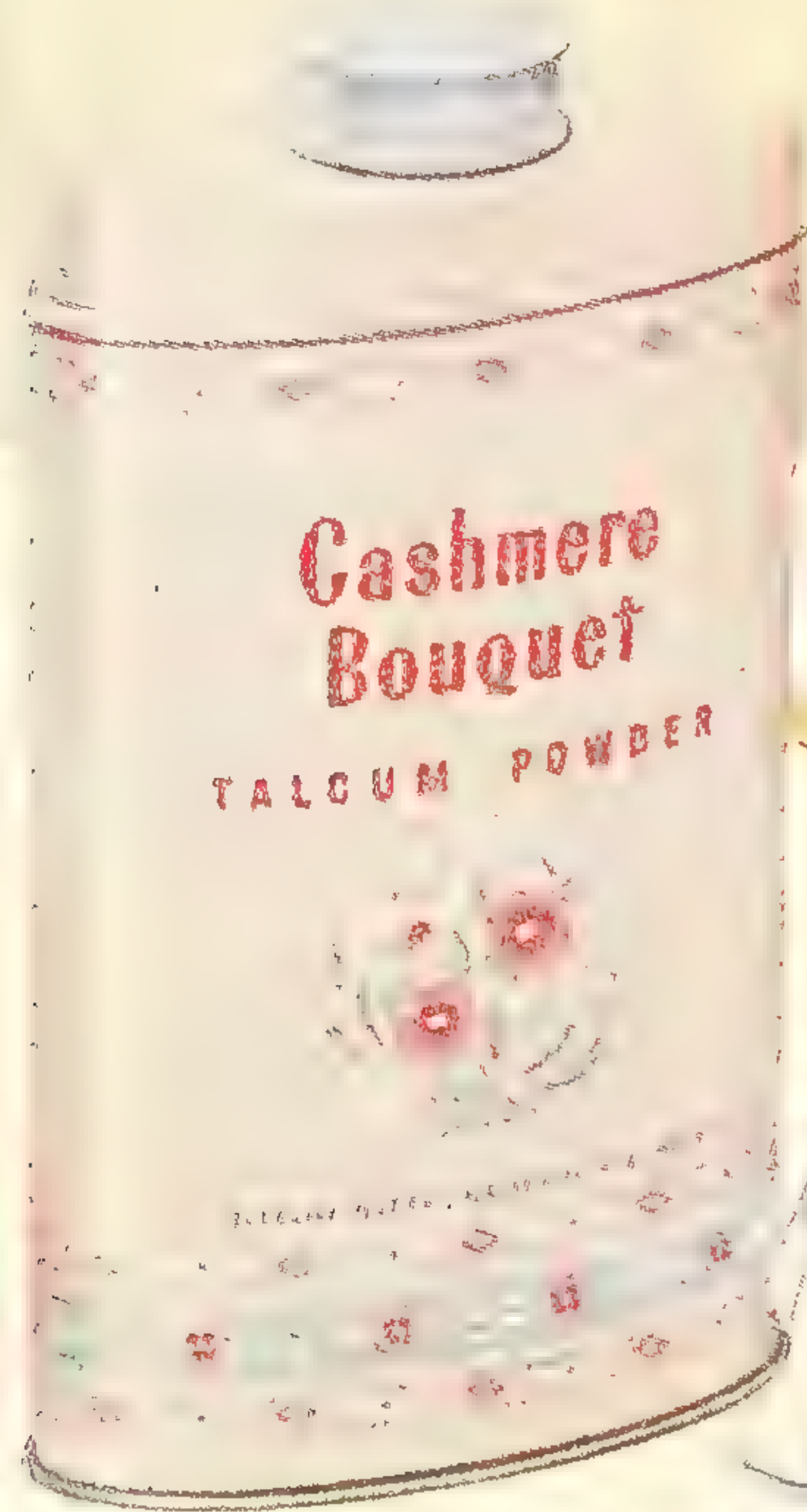
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What Future for Pia?

BY CHARLOTTE EATON

Which parent will she choose to love? For how long will Ingrid's daughter bear the scars of scandal?

■ The newspaper headlines were two feet tall about Ingrid's romance and Dr. Lindstrom's outraged heart. Wherever people gathered Bergman's name was on their lips and no one had to search for conversation. But untouched by the scandal, almost unnoticed in the heat of the gossip was twelve-year-old Pia, the innocent victim of her mother's indiscretion.

Now the spotlight is on her. Now in the fight for her affections she is suddenly being thrust into the harsh and often cruel world of adults, and somehow she must grow up to cope with it.

In two years, according to California law, she will be old enough to choose between her mother and father. What will her choice be? And how long will the scars of her parents' divorce remain with her?

Until Pia makes her decision, and probably for long after, people will argue about the rightness of it; they will rehash the story of the Bergman-Rossellini affair until it dies of exhaustion. Even now, Ingrid, more than Pia, is staggering under (*Continued on page 36*)



Pia plays beside the swimming pool of her home while a custody battle begins between her mother (*below*, with Rossellini) and her father (here with his attorney).



by Mabel Hutton

my War with Betty...

■ I warned Modern Screen I wouldn't give them a story oozing with mother love. I'm not the Stella Dallas type. Besides, Betty would read it and laugh me right out of the house.

Right now we're engaged in a sort of hit-and-run battle, but before I tell you more I want to get something straight: This warfare has nothing to do with the way I feel about my daughter. Nothing could change that.

Anyway, we fight about her children—Candy and Lindsay. On that subject we've come to a parting of the ways. I guess it isn't unusual. I've never known a woman with children to listen to *her* mother's lectures about bringing them up. But I've never known a woman with Betty's ideas, and if she asks me (which she doesn't) I think she ought to bury them. She's often offered me the same advice, but of course, I don't take it.

The big trouble between Betty and me is we're too much alike. When we disagree with each other we blow up. There's no stopping either of us until we run out of breath. Then we apologize and cry like babies and make speeches about how wonderful we are because we understand each other so well.

Only last week I held the floor for half an hour, and for a lady my size, I held it pretty well. Betty just stood there and listened until I collapsed in a chair. "Well," she said calmly, "now that you've laid me out in lavender, how do you feel?"

I felt like shooting myself. But I didn't, because I knew that next week Betty would probably let me have a dose of the same.

I do try to keep a lid on my temper at times, particularly when I feed my two grandchildren their lunch. It seems they enjoy music while they eat, their trays are so gorgeous you're ashamed to serve them mashed potatoes, and they have a prescribed diet. Not only that, I tell them stories to order.

Now when my girls (Continued on page 97)

"You're old-fashioned!"

she screams. "You're new-fangled!" I shout.

And the fight begins—

but when it ends,

I'm holding Betty

in my arms.



Candy and Lindsay listen wide-eyed when Grandma reads to them. Mrs. Hutton's views on child-rearing differ considerably from her daughter's but they agree on everything else (right, Betty, Marion, and their mom)



Love walked in

... and chased the haunting shadows away. Love walked in and



by Jack Wade

with it came those magic moments that Clark had once known—and almost forgotten.

■ For the actor he is, Clark Gable put on a bad performance these past few years. Loneliness stood out on him like a neon sign. The evenings he spent at his Encino ranch home, he'd wander from room to room, pick up a book and drop it, pick up a phone and decide not to call, sink into a chair and stare at nothing.

The nights he went out the newshounds followed him to parties and theaters and nightclubs for hot gossip about this man of the world. They got the gossip. But anyone with half an eye could see that Gable wasn't happy.

Then, at one of the parties, he met Sylvia. He'd known her before, but this was different. He'd never married her before . . .

Everyone knows the story of their elopement and honeymoon. Only his friends know that Clark has changed, that for the first time in many years he's come out of his shell. (See picture at left for proof of this.) They can trace the change back to the beginning of his marriage, to Hawaii . . .

There were ten thousand people mobbing the dock at Honolulu to greet Clark and his bride. Time was when he would have faced a crowd like this black-browed and scowling. He'd have stalked straight through them, or slammed himself into a stateroom. This time he loved it. They couldn't drape him with enough leis; he couldn't shake enough hands or joke with enough people whom he didn't even know.

No sooner did he hit the Islands than he blossomed out in South Sea shirts that would have made Bing Crosby jealous. He went overboard for every dreamy Island tune. He bought himself a ukulele and crooned off-key to Sylvia. He padded in sandals around Honolulu's streets, and sunned his chest at Waikiki for the Royal Hawaiian hotel guests to see.

Everywhere he went he (Continued on page 66)



Clark wasn't enthusiastic about a guest house for their Encino ranch, but Sylvia won him over and construction began. Now he calls it the "Tree House."



my dear husband

by Brenda Marshall

For eight long
years he's picked my
friends and planned
my politics and
ordered me around.
And now I'm mad,
really mad—about
that man, Bill Holden.

■ One afternoon, a few years after we'd been married, my husband telephoned me at the studio. "When are you coming home?" he said.

"Why?" I asked.

"I want to show you my etchings," he replied.

Driving back to the valley I had to snicker over how that conversation would have sounded to an eavesdropper. But when I got home, well, there they were—two lovely etchings by Toulouse-Lautrec.

"Like them?" asked Bill.

"They're beautiful," I said.

"Good," my husband announced. "We're going in for these."

"We?" I thought to myself. "What do you mean—*We*?" and planned all sorts of resistance to this authoritative attitude of his.

But, you know, now that we've been married eight years, I find that he still has it and I don't mind. In fact, it's a part of marriage—the protected, wanted, included feeling part that I would miss very much if it were lacking. So Bill still speaks for both of us—and once in a while he's right. He was right about the etchings.

On the other hand, he was wrong about my taking up skeet shooting, getting to be the greatest cook in Hollywood, and riding horseback like a rodeo queen.

Not that I undermined him or failed to cooperate.

"We'll go out on the range and do some skeet shooting every Sunday," he said. "You'll love it."

I went. I hated guns but I practiced. Just when I was beginning to hit the targets we stopped going every Sunday. In fact, we haven't gone since the first Sunday we missed. The same thing happened with horseback riding.

As for the cooking—well, I didn't even try. All during my girlhood I felt I'd never be able to cook and every time I tried it as an adult I proved I was right. It puzzles Bill because he is a wonder in the kitchen. And I don't mean just a barbecue man. I have seen him take the most hopeless-looking piece of meat, sprinkle it, mutter over it, pop it into the oven, and then pull out the most savory dish I've ever eaten.

Away from the kitchen, though, my husband Bill's a different man.

He's inclined to take life much too seriously, I think, and he can get awfully stubborn. But, on the other hand, he has a wonderful sense of humor. When he has to backwater on an issue, for instance, he has his own way of laughing it through so there's no sting for either of us afterward. This is important, because, as every wife knows, a husband's resentment over losing an argument can linger long after the triumph of the little victory has disappeared.

Take a little incident like this: We were driving home from a party at one-thirty in the morning, when Bill remembered that he promised we'd attend another affair at the home of an old friend.

"Darn it all!" he muttered. "I gave him my word!"

"Well," I said, (*Continued on page 77*)



Ann Blyth spends much of her leisure in the den where she keeps her growing collection of records, mementos, and photographs of friends



Boldly patterned wallpaper and the handsome dark lines of the Governor Winthrop secretary give Ann's bedroom an uncluttered elegance. When she can, she relaxes here with a book that teaches her more about acting.



Many of the living room pieces, including the fine old Queen Ann sofa, are prized heirlooms. Ann brought them from her Connecticut home when she set up housekeeping with her aunt and uncle.

the house with the shamrock gate

No butlers in
the pantry, no peacocks
on the walk—for
this is the house where
Ann Blyth lives—
with Cis and Pat and
a fat canary.

BY DUANE VALENTY



When guests come they gather round this corner fireplace in the living room. Ann prefers quiet evenings here to nightclubs.

■ All Ann Blyth wanted was a little house with a few flowers in the garden. The real estate agent couldn't believe it. "We have castles for girls like you," he said sternly.

So Ann collected her dignity and her Uncle Pat and her Aunt Cissie. They rode down into the San Fernando Valley where the sun was brighter than Hollywood's gold—and there they found the place. . . .

It was completely covered with ivy and almost hidden by foliage, but Ann pointed to it excitedly. "That's it!" she cried. "That's it!"

"That's what?" asked Aunt Cissie.

"My dream house," sighed Ann.

"I am too old," said Uncle Pat, "to live in a tree."

But they bought the place, and as it turned out, it was more than fit for human habitation. Uncle Pat trimmed the outside with an axe, and what finally emerged was a lovely white house, Spanish-style stucco, rambling and roomy. Around it now is a low wall, covered with berries and flowers. And at one end of the wall is a swinging gate with a shamrock cut into the center.

The gate swings out onto the huge back lawn where Mickey, a black cat with white paws, lives. It swings into the arched doorway of the one-story house where Ann and Cissie and Pat have settled down. (*Continued on next page*)



In front of her bedroom chests, littered with perfume bottles, figurines, and a wooly lamb, Ann Blyth begins the evening phone calls.



Aunt Cis usually shoos Uncle Pat out of the kitchen, but when Ann's entertaining, he pitches in and whips up hearty snacks.



Ann tries to spend a few minutes each morning practicing her golf swing. She's new at the game but she's a fiend for it.

Their day begins in the breakfast nook which is lit up by the morning sun and the red and blue wallpaper and the chirping of Willie, the fat canary.

Sometimes, even during breakfast, they wander around the house admiring their own taste and ingenuity. A decorator didn't come near the place. (A decorator would have paled before the quantities of bric-a-brac and mementos and photographs that add so much to the charm.) They painted some of the walls themselves, and some of the chairs, and they still rearrange the furniture at the drop of an idea.

"I'm thinking of a swimming pool," said Uncle Pat one day.

"I like the living room the way it is," laughed Ann.

"Oh, it'll be just a little pool," said Pat. And soon they may build one—but out in the backyard.

Ann's favorite room is the den. The walls there are panelled and stained redwood. She keeps her record collection in the den, and a stack of photographs, and souvenirs of times that are important only to her.

The walls are lined with pictures. On one side, there are about 12 framed plaques awarded to her. The United States Army gave her one "in grateful appreciation of your fine spirit and public service." Another came from the famous wartime Hollywood Canteen "for loyal service," and still another from the War Activities Committee.

On the opposite wall pictures of Ann's friends and co-workers are grouped. There's an unusual photo of Bing Crosby standing with a gun tucked under his arm, and hunting dogs beside him, with the inscription: "I'll have to hunt a long time to find a co-star as nice as you . . . Fondly, Bing." The picture he was referring to was *Top O' The Morning*, where Ann spoke with an Irish brogue and charmed everyone, including the critics.

Ann studies her scripts in the den, and entertains her friends (Jeanne Crain and Joan Leslie are among her closest), and sometimes, she just lounges dreamily before the brightly burning fireplace. She rarely goes to nightclubs or makes the gossip headlines. Her greatest loves so far are her work and her home. She's taking her time about men.

"So much of the unhappiness I've seen is so unnecessary," she'll tell you. "The quick marriages and the lightning divorces. Look at Aunt Cissie and Uncle Pat. They've been married almost all their lives, and only to each other. What they have is real. It's what I want."

And these two are giving her what she needs—the warm family life and the easy understanding that so many young stars hipped on glamor don't want or don't get. The house, itself, exudes this atmosphere.

The living room, for instance, is wide and inviting. The decorations don't resemble stage settings. Much of the furniture is old and comes from Ann's former home in Stamford, Connecticut. There's a "what-not" at one end of the room full of china and porcelain that Ann collected bit by bit. Among these is a figurine given to her by the Los Angeles Gaelic Association. She was chosen by them as the Actress of 1948. A fireplace is in another corner of the room. It has a red brick hearth which is always stacked with logs.

The house has three large bedrooms (Ann's aunt and uncle have a separate wing), as well as a huge guest room. Ann's own bedroom is feminine, with its gay flowered wallpaper, its pink ruffled lampshades and the soft blue scalloped bedspread. Her dressing table and chests are cluttered with perfume bottles, tiny animals and dolls. The furniture is heavy but simple, and in dark wood. A Governor Winthrop secretary, filled with books, is near her bed. A painting of her mother, and a crucifix are also in her room.

Ann is very devout and a frequent church- (Continued on page 83)



my Faith

by Ronald Reagan

What do the
stars think about
life, about God,
about immortality?
Here is the
first in a unique
series of articles.

■ I wouldn't attempt to describe what God is like, although I place my greatest faith in Him. I think the wonderful line in the Bible which says God is love comes as close as words can.

In school I learned about two basic philosophies: All people are bad until proven good; all people are good until proven bad. I believe the latter. I believe in a force of God behind most people, and so I put my trust in them.

I wouldn't attempt to describe what heaven is like, either. I certainly don't expect to spend eternity on a cloud, but I do think there's something beyond the grave, that we were given souls for a reason, that if we live as the Bible tells us to, a promise will be kept.

I don't believe in hell. I can't believe that an all wise and loving Father would condemn any one of his children to eternal damnation.

(Continued on page 88)



Modern Screen
presents the
complete story of
Hollywood's loveliest
wedding...

ELIZABETH, THE BRIDE

by hedda hopper



■ Picture yourself seated primed, powdered and dressed in your best, in the beautiful little Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills, California. You're waiting excitedly for the moment of moments on this day of days, for when at last Elizabeth Taylor becomes Mrs. Conrad Hilton, Junior, the most beautiful, most adored bride in the whole wide world.

All around are packed the chosen three hundred close friends, neighborhood friends, studio friends, people who've known and loved this gorgeous girl and her handsome groom since they both were kids. Along the aisle stretches a white satin carpet, and down both sides, draping the oak stalls, are white satin ribbons with bows. Bright spring flowers bank the aisle and scent the air.

Maybe the postman didn't slip a white envelope into your mailbox with an engraved card inside reading, "Mr. and Mrs. Francis Taylor request the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter, Elizabeth Rosemond, to Mr. Conrad Nicholson Hilton, Junior. . . ."

But that doesn't matter, really. If you love Elizabeth as do all of us gathered there you can share her joy a thousand miles or more away.

You can feel the thrill that ripples beneath these vaulted ceilings as the wedding music starts, softly at first, then swells into the familiar strains. Nick Hilton steps out from the chapel, a little pale but immaculate in cutaway, striped trousers and stock, a white carnation in his button hole. Behind him is his best man, his brother Barron. There's barely time to follow Nick's anxious glance up the aisle before the first smiling bridesmaid is floating past on an usher's arm. Soon they've passed—Jane Powell, Marjorie Dillon, Marilyn Hilton, Betty Sullivan, Mara Reagan, Barbara Thompson, and Ann Westmore, too, Elizabeth's maid-of-honor—all fresh and lovely as this May day in their bouffant organdy gowns. The ushers, (*Continued on next page*)

Helen Rose of MGM created the bouffant skirt and tiny bodice of Elizabeth's wedding gown (center) from 25 yards of off-white slipper satin with tiny seed pearl embroidery lending a floral motif. Mrs. Taylor's dress (left) is of toast-colored lace over a full, chiffon skirt. The bridesmaids (right) wear palest jonquil organdy, trimmed with satin ribbon, and carry white picture hats filled with jonquils and lilies-of-the-valley.

(Continued from preceding page) in their trimly tailored morning coats, sharply creased trousers and *boutonnieres* are Elizabeth's brother Howard, Bentley Ryan, Ed Crowley, Frank Freeman, Jr., Joe Drown.

Hardly have they parted for their wedding stations at the flower-festooned altar before Lohengrin's majestic chords sound the joyous phrase, "Here comes the bride!"

You look. She's lovely—so lovely that your breath stops and something like pain grips tight in your chest. I've seen Hollywood brides, pretty ones like Shirley Temple and Jane Powell and Deanna Durbin—and beautiful ones, too, clear back to Norma Shearer and Vilma Banky, who were heavenly visions indeed. But none as beautiful as Elizabeth Taylor, taking her measured steps on the proud arm of her handsome, white-haired father, her sapphire eyes looking straight ahead, and a rose flush on her ivory cheeks. Radiant is an overworked word, but how else can you describe beauty like this? No scene Elizabeth will ever play can have this glow. Not if she turns into a second Bernhardt can she recapture the reality of these emotions. This is the Hollywood wedding of weddings, Elizabeth is the bride of brides to me, and I'm an old campaigner.

The traditional white satin wedding gown which her pet studio designer, Helen Rose, labored over for months and which MGM presented to Elizabeth, accents her dark beauty. It's snug around the middle with a voluminous skirt to emphasize Elizabeth's amazingly small waist. The bodice is hand embroidered with rich seed pearls and glistening crystals. Her gossamer veil flows to the white aisle runner; on her third

finger, left hand glows the 4-carat emerald-cut diamond engagement ring Nick gave her. On one arm is a white bridal bouquet. The picture is perfect.

But almost before you can take it all in she's at the altar, and Nick is stepping to her side, bursting with pride and there's a look between them which says, "Forever." There's always that same shy, quick look of trust, a premature vow of the eyes, when it's a true love match—as surely this is.

The age old and lovely vows of marriage begin, and in the family pews in front, Sara Taylor and Francis hold hands and keep back the tears. Howard and Liz's favorite Uncle Howard Young, here from

New York, stare straight at the girl they both worship.

They are kneeling for the benediction. They rise, embrace, and turn to leave, more swiftly now, back up the aisle as Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Hilton, Junior. Elizabeth's face is relaxed, happy, sparkling, and Nicky starts to grin. The rustle of satin and the swish of the train passes on. Only twenty minutes have passed from the time she entered, until the church doors flood in the waning sunlight and you hear the shouts of the hundreds outside and the congratulations and the roar of a motor. They're on their way to the Bel-Air Country Club and the wedding reception, where six hundred will gather to congratulate the happy pair.

Minutes later they are kissed and toasted in champagne. Your place in line comes up and you kiss Elizabeth and whisper "Bless you" and know again there was never a more beautiful bride. The cake is cut and eaten and wrapped up in little handkerchiefs to be carried home and slept on, and the bridal bouquet is tossed amid squeals, and caught. Elizabeth has gone upstairs—to run down soon in her chic pale blue going-away suit, and be whirled out of the door by her new husband. Inside their shiny convertible is the polished new suitcase so carefully packed with the white satin night gown and the negligee of sheerest marquisette with two huge pockets of rose point lace at the bosom.

By now the new Mr. and Mrs. Nick Hilton are safely sailed (Continued on page 79)

Elizabeth



Elizabeth's 4-carat ring.



Liz' pearl and diamond earrings.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Lem Taylor
have the honor of
announcing the marriage of their daughter
Elizabeth Rosemond
to
Mr. Conrad Nicholson Hilton, junior
on Saturday, the sixth day of May
five thousand nine hundred and fifty
Church of the Good Shepherd
Beverly Hills, California

The engraved wedding announcement.

the bride: her trousseau is elegant, lavish, keyed to her beauty



Paramount's Edith Head designed Elizabeth's traveling suit in black wool. With sloping shoulders and standing collar, the jacket neatly sets off the skirt's sheath-like lines. Miss Head also did five blouses for the suit (here are three), each one completely different in mood.



Elizabeth fell in love with this sleek Italian shantung at first sight. Ceil Chapman made up the dress in muted shadings of honey, amber and tobacco, softly draping the stripes. More of Miss Chapman's designs for Liz are on the next page.

For Elizabeth's honeymoon in Europe, gown



ABOVE: This shimmering cocktail dress and jacket of gold-embossed blue cotton jacquard seems destined for twilight dining beside Venetian waters.

RIGHT: Made for gay nights in Monte Carlo is this yellow and blue checked evening gown of rustling silk organdy.

that whisper romance . . .



Carfarrow

ABOVE: For strolls along the Bois de Boulogne, for bullfights in Madrid—an imported pure silk letter-print. (All gowns by Ceil Chapman.)

LEFT: A bouffant white dress of imported Swiss organdy highlights Elizabeth's party collection. The rich blue embroidery matches her eyes to perfection.

“I couldn’t say no”



The father of the bride nostalgically looks through Liz' album.

Like the father of any other lovely girl, Francis Taylor was hesitant about giving Elizabeth in marriage. But when Nicky asked the age-old question, he knew there was only one answer.

BY KATHERINE ALBERT





Mr. Taylor stayed home while Mrs. Taylor, Nick, and Liz shopped—and stepped out with Conrad Hilton, Sr. *above* in New York.

■ The father of the bride has his responsibilities. He has to flatter the caterers, pour the champagne, charm the guests—and foot the bills. Not only that. Even after his daughter has promised her hand, his future son-in-law comes and asks for it.

This last, though, was the least of Mr. Taylor's worries. As far as he was concerned, Nicky Hilton could have both his daughter's hands, and all her gloves as well.

"He's everything I want for the husband of my daughter," Mr. Taylor has said. "So when he asked to marry her, I couldn't say no."

What Mr. Taylor asked Nicky was, "How do you feel about Elizabeth's career?"

"I feel fine," Nicky said. "I wouldn't want her to give it up."

Mr. Taylor smiled with relief. Bill Pawley had asked her to give it up, since his home and business were both in Florida, and Hollywood was not. Elizabeth thought a while, and decided to give *him* up.

"I feel I ought to tell you," said Mr. Taylor, "she can't cook."

"Neither can I," said Nicky.

"Or run a house. . . ."

"In the hotel," said Nicky, "all she has to do is call room service."

Nicky took a deep breath. "I—I guess you know how I feel about Elizabeth. . . ."

"Yes. I—I suppose you know how *we* feel about Elizabeth. . . ."

(Continued on page 102)

With the memory
of this day always in her
heart, Elizabeth begins
the life of every bride—
making plans, meeting problems,
sharing great joys . . .

BY CYNTHIA MILLER

FROM THIS DAY FORWARD

THE NEWLYWEDS' FIRST HOME . . .



Blond modern furniture predominates in the two-room suite at the Bel Air Hôtel, where Liz and Nicky Hilton will live after their honeymoon.

"I, Elizabeth Rosemond, take thee, Conrad Nicholson, for my lawful husband, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do us part."

■ May 6th, 1950. Father Concannon stands at the altar of the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills. The afternoon sun comes through the stained-glass windows in shafts of light, and a sudden silence falls over the many guests as the bride and groom kneel.

Father Concannon looks at Elizabeth and Nicky before him, and begins the ceremony. "My dear friends," he says, "you are about to enter into a union which is most sacred and most serious. It is most sacred, because it is established by God Himself; most serious, because it will bind you together for life in a relationship so close and so intimate, that it will profoundly influence your whole future. That future, with its hopes and disappointments, its successes and its failures, its pleasures and its pains, its joys and its sorrows, is hidden from your eyes. . . .

"Truly, then, these words are most serious. It is a beautiful tribute to your undoubted faith in each other, that recognizing their full import, you are nevertheless so willing and ready to pronounce them. . . . Henceforth, you will belong entirely to each other: you will be one in mind, one in heart, and one in affections. And whatever sacrifices you may hereafter be required to make to preserve this common life, always make them generously. Sacrifice is usually difficult and irksome. Only love can make it easy; and perfect love can make it a joy. . . ." (Continued on page 94)





THE FIRST YEAR

by Jane Powell

When you're in love,
says the bride's
best friend—small faults
seem to grow smaller
and your
happiness increases, and
the first year is only
the beginning. . . .

■ Dear Elizabeth,

I keep remembering the peanut butter sandwiches you sneaked into my valise when Geary and I left on our honeymoon. They fell out of my bedjacket as I unpacked, and Geary suddenly got a pained look on his face.

"Oh, Janie, no!" he said.

"No what?" I asked, ready to burst into tears.

"Crackers in bed! That's grounds for divorce. That's practically illegal."

"Well, darling," I told him, "you've got a case." And we started to laugh as if it were the funniest thing in the world. But after a while, I got to thinking about how even silly things like that can start trouble, if you're in the mood for trouble. And right then I promised myself never to be in the mood.

Now that you're a bride, I feel awfully sentimental. I remember how lovely you looked as my bridesmaid in that blue taffeta gown with the velvet ribbons in your hair, and even though I was too excited at the time, I pictured you later as a bride in white, and I knew someday soon you'd be one.

I can think of a million things I want to say to make you stay happy—as if Nicky weren't enough. Of course, I'm not the voice of experience. I haven't been married even a year, but I can tell you right now the first year isn't the hardest. I'd say it was the best, if I weren't so sure that the second year is better still, and the third more so.

Probably I don't even have to write this letter. I know you. I know Nicky. You go together. But it's those peanut butter sandwiches. They made me remember what you must have recalled when you gave them to me. The time we were kids together at MGM. The problems we had—first, geography, then learning how to jump Double-Dutch, then boys. We always talked about everything until we collapsed into giggles.

Remember how none of the boys would look at us even after we put on the lipstick we weren't allowed to use? Remember how your brother would always tell us to scram when we wanted to meet his friends? We'd go out behind the schoolhouse between classes, and munch those peanut butter sandwiches, and have crazy conversations about how someday we'd be beautiful and famous and sought after.

It seems so long ago. . . . I guess we're a couple of lucky kids the way things turned out. But you know, even after I got married, I found there were still some childish ideas rattling around in my head, and I have to tell you what I learned. So listen to old Granny Powell.

I'm not the girl I used to be, even though I may look the same. I remember proclaiming to you that a girl mustn't let marriage change her personality. Well, that's ridiculous. Marriage will change you in (*Continued on page 104*)

Liz, bridesmaid at Jane's wedding, caught the bridal bouquet with another girl and kept her half until the charm worked.





IT ALL BEGAN when Sharman Douglas *left*, came to a Hollywood party given by Elizabeth Firestone *right*, and met Peter Lawford.



THE END CAME, at least for now, when Sharman boarded a plane for England—leaving Pete behind.

Love 'em and leave 'em—
that was Peter
Lawford. But an international
charmer discovered his
technique and now that he's
sighing—she's flying.

BY STEVE CRONIN

She didn't say yes

■ Today, Peter Lawford is lost. Lost somewhere between Roddy McDowell and Ronald Colman.

Like Huckleberry Finn, Frank Merriwell, The Rover Boys and all the lamented Alger heroes, the eager lad from Britain who crept into our hearts a few short years ago with his wistful eyes and manly husbanding of the canine, Lassie, is gone—part of another day.

Peter Lawford is in love.

"Will you marry me?"

"No. Thank you very much."

Sometime, somewhere during the past few months, Peter Lawford, movie star, spoke those words to Sharman Douglas, toast of two continents—and it is fair to deduce that she answered him as indicated above.

The place where the question was popped is unknown. It may have been one night driving along the ocean front under a pale moon with the thundering Pacific thumping out an accompaniment. It may have been in a nightclub, or at supper in some quiet restaurant. It may have been at the Douglas ranch near Tucson, Arizona, as they lay tanning themselves under a hot desert sun. It could have been in New York, as they said farewell for now, Sharman to go back to England—and Peter to go back to Hollywood and his movie-making.

At any rate, the words were said.

Yes, Peter Lawford is in love. Emotional maturity has caught up with him. At twenty-six, to all professional intents and purposes he is still a boy, still rather breathless and reserved, the casual collegiate lovmaker of MGM musicals. But privately, he is now a man, thwarted and melancholy, willing and ready to leap into matrimony.

Despite this sudden manhood, Peter Lawford is pitifully, (*Continued on page 90*)

HIS FORMER LIFE centered almost exclusively about married couples. Pete, with Pat Walker, *left*, palled with the Jackie

Coopers, dined with the Keenan Wynns (now Evie's Mrs. Van Johnson) and went formal with Molly and Charles Dunn.



He's loud and lusty
and full of laughter.
He has a voice you'd
like to own.

He's Mario Lanza—
the magnificent!

BY JIM HENAGHAN

Wonderful madman

■ Mario Lanza is a big, barrel-chested, vigorous American of Italian descent who is twenty-eight years old, married, and has an Italian-Irish daughter of two named Coleen.

Mario Lanza, some people will tell you, is a lunatic. Mario Lanza, some other people will tell you, is this country's first really great operatic tenor, an artist and musical find of such importance that no man since Caruso himself can equal his stature. And, Mario Lanza, movie-wise Hollywoodites will tell you, is the most exciting screen personality to trot onto a sound stage since the films began to talk.

Some, or all of these things, may be true. The family, of course, is a fact. The rest will be confirmed or denied by time. At any rate, your reporter's first meeting with him took place in the office of a business associate. Frankly, not being of a very cultural turn of mind musically speaking, I rather dreaded the interview. I had pictured a bulky stuffed shirt with a Latin leer for any but his own kind; a condescending artiste stewing in his own magnificence. I couldn't have been more wrong.

The door flew open and a very handsome, grinning young man made a Harpo Marx entrance as though he were walking on springs. He burst into a voluble, completely American monologue on the occurrences of the day directed toward his friend, while your reporter cringed in the corner (*Continued on page 107*)



As a boy Mario lived in the slums of Philadelphia. Now he has a mansion in Hollywood for his wife, his parents and his daughter, (below). His second starring role is in *Toast of New Orleans*.





Linda takes a deep breath and blows out all two of the candles on her birthday cake. The time: January 30. The place: Hawaii.

Bringing up susan

by Shirley Temple

■ As we flew toward Honolulu I began to wonder if the trip was such a good idea. For all that Linda Susan knew I could've walked her into the backyard, sat her under a tree and said, "Now we're in Hawaii,"—and let her try to convince me that we weren't. You can bet that would've been a hard job, because even though Linda Susan can talk, I can't understand her.

I tried to remember how I felt when I was two, and if I'd have been insulted by such a trick. I'm sure I would have been. Anyway, all I could think of was how it felt to be twenty-one and on my way to Honolulu. It felt very good.

My really big worry was that Linda Susan might miss home—the nursery, the toys, the familiar surroundings. Of course, Mom and Dad came along, as did Mrs. Halverson, Linda Susan's nurse. With all those familiar faces how could anyone be lonely? As it turned out, my worrying was for nothing. Three days after we'd arrived, I couldn't tell Linda from the natives. (Continued on next page)

"My heart was filled with nostalgia as Linda Susan and I left Hawaii." writes Shirley Temple in this last of three articles.

Bringing up susan

(Continued from preceding page)

We stopped for a while at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, but then we took a house away from the busy shops. It was quiet and peaceful with a winding beach and swaying palms. The view was the kind you see on travel posters and never quite believe is real.

After we'd got settled, I took Linda Susan on lots of drives through the Island. We went up to Pali one day. That's at the top of the cliff which divides the island into windward and leeward sides. The prevailing winds come from the windward side, and the leeward side faces the sheltered part of the island. It was so beautiful up there it took my breath away.

"Su-Su," I said, lifting her up, "look at this. I want you to remember this gorgeous, incredible sight!" Su-Su threw up her arms and laughed into my face.

On the way down from Pali we stopped at a bird sanctuary. This was one place Susan loved. She chirped all the way home.

The Hawaiian sun did its job swiftly and wonderfully. Linda Susan was turning a golden tan and all the health in the world was in her face. She seemed to enjoy this tropical life.

She learned her first native custom when I took her to a *luau*. A *luau*'s an Hawaiian barbecue picnic. She watched in awe as a roast pig which had been buried in the ground for twenty-four hours was uncovered and served. The hot rocks underneath and above the pig had given it a delicious, unforgettable taste. Linda sat cross-legged on a bamboo mat with a positive expression of glee on her face as she wiped her sticky hands over her dress. But I couldn't scold, even if I'd wanted to, because much of the food was supposed to be eaten with the fingers.

There was the *poi*, for instance. It's made from the roots of tropical plants and comes in three ways: one-finger-*poi*, two-finger-*poi*, and three-finger-*poi*, depending on the number of fingers you feel like dipping into the bowl. Linda Susan started a custom of her own—ten-finger-*poi*, and if the bowl were a little larger I guess she would have hopped right in.

Sitting cross-legged on a bamboo mat wasn't too much of a problem for me, but trying to eat from that position almost broke my back. Naturally Linda Susan didn't mind at all. She's so limber she

could probably eat a whole meal while swinging from my left arm (of course, I'd then be crippled for life).

I thought that once she'd mastered the business of eating from a straw mat she'd give it up and go on to something more difficult. She went on to many things, but she didn't give up eating Hawaiian style.

During the rest of our stay on the island, whenever I'd sit down for a meal I'd look around for Linda Susan, and find her sitting cross-legged under the table, shrieking for food.

I don't know if it was the newly-acquired eating habit, the food or the air, but whatever it was it certainly agreed with Linda Susan. She gained almost two pounds during our five-week stay.

It's a wonder she didn't lose four the way she did her version of the hula. How she ever learned it is a mystery to me. Maybe the dancers at the barbecue had made an impression on her, but whenever the soft sounds of Hawaiian strings or the tom-toms came to her ears she'd drop whatever she was doing and start to move her hips. Her rhythm was a little peculiar. It was almost as if she'd been stung and the bee wouldn't let her alone. The more anyone who watched her laughed, the more she jerked and laughed with them.

"Linda Susan," I said once, "you're making a spectacle of yourself." She thought that was a lovely compliment and gave one final bump that landed her on the floor.

Naturally my daughter had a colorful hula skirt in her ensemble. Fond of clothes, she loved the island styles. The day after we arrived I bought some mother and daughter outfits which looked as tropical as the island itself. It'll take Linda Susan a long time before she gets used to her dainty organdy dresses again. At home she used to love strutting about in my fur cape that dragged on the rug behind her, but I suppose even that may have lost its attraction.

Of all the exciting things that happened to Linda Susan in Hawaii nothing could compare with her passion for the beach. The miles of white sand, the brilliant blue sky and the sparkling ocean fascinated her.

"Prett—ee, Mommy," she'd say over and over again. "Prett—ee," and she'd love it when I'd build castles for her down near the water's edge. But what she enjoyed most was to jump on the mounds of wet sand and feel the (Continued on page 65)

modern screen's hollywood pictorial

■ The girl on the right is Jackie Barnes. According to a Lux Radio Theater contest, she's the most beautiful 15-year-old in the U.S.A. Jackie's photo was among 50,000 submitted to the contest judges. The judges chose 168 finalists, sent their pictures to 20th Century-Fox, and waited for the verdict. Over at Fox, June Haver and Mark Stevens went into a huddle. They came out of it with Jackie's photo clutched in their hands. "The winner!" they cried. Lever Brothers (the soap people) invited Jackie to Hollywood. She came, looked around, and went home to New Mexico to dream. The next day Modern Screen had her on the phone. "Come back," we said. "You're our guest now." So she flew back with her mother, and saw Hollywood on us (which is the reason for her sore feet). Said feet and Jackie's visit are all accounted for on the following pages.



HOLLYWOOD OPENS ITS GLITTERING DOORS TO JACKIE BARNES, AN ALBUQUERQUE



1. 20th-Fox's Ben Nye gives Jackie Barnes the star treatment—a complete makeup. Jackie, Lux beauty contest winner, was awarded a plaque by MS for being America's most promising teen-ager.



2. Touring the studio wardrobe department, Jackie stops to imagine how she look in the evening gown worn by Ann Sothern in *A Letter to Three Wives*. She asks Charles LeMaire, Fox designer, for a few pointers on her own wardrobe.



5. Thrill of a lifetime: Jackie meets Dana Andrews on the set of *Where The Sidewalk Ends*. Afterward, she sat near the director during the filming of a fight scene and admired Dana in action.



6. Jackie gets a glimpse of Hollywood's sparkling nightlife with Dick Long, rising young star. They dined luxuriously at Tail O' The Cock, then rushed to the famous Mocambo where they danced and watched celebs the whole evening.

SCHOOLGIRL, WHO MEETS THE STARS—AND DREAMS OF BECOMING ONE HERSELF.



June Haver lunches with Jackie and her mother at the studio commissary. June and Mark Stevens, final judges in the Lux contest, chose Jackie from among 168 finalists. She advised the screen-struck girl to keep up her studies.



4. Harry James plays his fabulous trumpet just for Jackie on the set of *I'll Get By* during his rehearsal with Gloria DeHaven and June Haver. Jackie fell in love with the songs they recorded.



She's an excited guest at a Lux Radio Theater rehearsal. Here, Jackie and Veronica Lake listen attentively as Director William Keighley briefly goes over Veronica's starring role in the radio version of *Slatery's Hurricane*.



8. Jackie admires Maureen O'Hara's charm bracelet at the Lux rehearsal. A few hours later, with her heart sold on Hollywood and determined to return, Jackie boarded the plane for home.



Ronald Reagan hurries out of his dressing room toward his date, Piper Laurie.

"Papa" dates Piper Laurie

■ Piper Laurie was 17 when Universal spied her in a school play, whipped out a seven year contract, and started paying her for nothing. "I can't take your money," she said indignantly. So to make her take their money, Universal cast her as Ronald Reagan's daughter in a movie called *Louisa*. That solved her money problem, but not her date problem. The day *Francis* (the talking mule) premiered, Piper's escort got lost and she was left holding the invitation. "Don't worry," said Ronald Reagan modestly, "I'll take you." "You?" said Piper. "But you're my father!" "See here," said Ronald, "let's not carry this thing too far." Piper dropped it right there. Immediately after work (as you can see in these pictures) Ronald changed his tie, bought a corsage and showed Piper the première and the town. Same night, Betty Hutton (opposite page) was showing another part of the town her version of the Charleston. Bill Daniels, dance instructor, had lured her onto the floor at Mocambo, where the crowd dissolved in cheers.

NIGHT LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD CAN ME



They dine quickly at the Brown Derby. In her eagerness to make a lasting impression on Ronnie, Piper tripped and fell flat on her face as she entered the restaurant.



Ronnie and Piper stop to chat and sign autographs in the lobby at the *Francis* (the talking mule) première. Guests of honor were young infantile paralysis victims.



After the show they sip limeades at a drive-in. The next stop's home: they're due early on the set, for more dad-daughter scenes in *Louisa*—Piper's first big role.

QUIET DINNER, A FUNNY MOVIE. AND SOMETIMES, FOR BETTY HUTTON, IT'S MUSIC—HOT AND JAZZY.





Joan and Doug Fairbanks Jr., her first husband, stroll in Paris with wealthy race-horse owner Jefferson Davis Cohn soon after their marriage in 1929. She felt out of place in Doug's circle of international sophisticates.



At a party in 1933, Franchot Tone looks fondly at Joan, his bride-to-be. (With them are actress Elizabeth Allen and designer Adrian.) Joan still "worships" Tone's intellectuality.

Four men, three of them her husbands, played major roles in Joan Crawford's life. They

joan crawford's other life

by
Frances
Clarke

■ She was very young, and very shy, and her eyes told you how desperately she needed to be liked. As she entered the powder room at the highschool dance, there was a sudden silence among the girls—the sort of silence that meant she was the one they'd been saying nasty things about.

She forced a weak smile. "Hello, Mary . . . Alice . . . Ruth." There was a cold murmur of greeting. Miserably she hung her worn cloth coat on the rack—among the sleek furs and velvets. As she turned to the mirror to straighten her hair, she realized now how foolish had been her frantic hope that, somehow, her dress would not betray its origin—this creation of shirred taffeta, with artificial rosebuds caught here and there in a frill of silver lace, that had cost \$4.95 in Kansas City's bargain center, Jones Basement.

She pushed at her hair hastily, quickly applied lipstick and hurried out. Before the door was closed, she heard behind her the clear voice of a young lady exclaiming, "Well! I wonder what he thinks of that *dress*!" And there was harsh laughter.

That was how Joan Crawford arrived at her first dance. She was the only student in the private co-ed school



Joan happily holds hands beneath a Mocambo table with her third husband, actor Phil Terry, in 1944—two years before they were to be divorced. Very upset when they separated, Joan still refuses to discuss that marriage.



For a long time, man-about-town Greg Bautzer and Joan were one of Hollywood's steadiest twosomes. Now, he's dating Ginger Rogers whom he's expected to marry.

transformed her from a painfully shy, and uncertain girl into a poised sophisticate.

who had to work her way through its elegant halls. She was there because her mother, making little by running a laundry agency, could not support her, and only at a private school could a girl earn both her education and her living—doing dishes, making beds, cleaning and cooking. The other girls, with the cruel snobbery of the young with secure backgrounds, ignored her socially. And then one day, to their amazement and rage, the best-born and wealthiest lad in the school asked her to be his date at this, the biggest school dance of the year.

As she made her way from the powder room to meet her escort at the ballroom entrance, the music started. Further qualms assailed her now—for the simple reason that she'd never danced with a boy before in her life.

She went up to her date. "Why," he said, "how beautiful you look. And what a pretty dress. . . . Well—shall we show the people how to dance?"

She had a moment of near panic as she found herself walking out on the floor beside him. And then—they were dancing. Dancing smoothly and beautifully. Her feet meshed perfectly with the rhythm and her partner's steps.

So great was the natural *(Continued on next page)*



Joan and the twins, Cynthia and Cathy, and Cliquot, the poodle, attend an earnest duet by Christopher and Christina. The children now give Joan's life its deepest purpose.

Lovely lady... Lovely hair

She's a "Rayving Beauty" now!

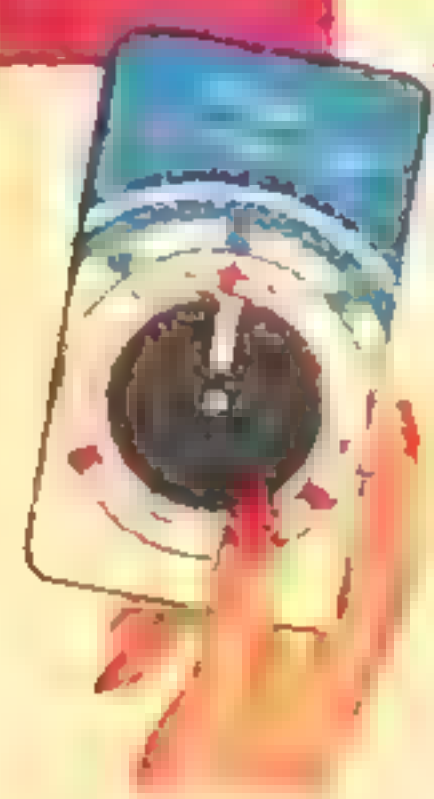
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Joan Crawford's other life

(Continued from preceding page) dancing ability she discovered she possessed that before the evening was half over, many an expensive gown on the sidelines was quivering with indignation as its wearer watched the girl in the gaudy bargain dress dominate the dance floor. . . .

Success is sweet no matter how or where it appears. So it's little wonder that the girl from the wrong side of the background ledger, finding she could meet all comers successfully on the dance floor started haunting dances. At one of them, she met a quiet, studious, poetic college boy named Ray Sterling. He looked beyond her too-high heels, her too-brief skirts, her too-vivid lips, her too-too everything—and saw the very fine young girl with a great hunger for life and a great vitality. He sensed that if those driving forces were properly channeled she could and would be a great person.

He told her so. He told her what he knew of the world of art, music, literature and philosophy. Eagerly she listened. She tried to get more formal education. But at Stephens, a very good Mid-Western college where she could work her way, she flunked out because a diploma from the private school—despite what it said—had been awarded for the extra-curricular chores she'd done, not for classroom work.

up the well-worn ladder. . . .

So she returned to Kansas City and turned her heart to dancing. Working as a department store clerk, she painstakingly saved some of her earnings toward a nest-egg to set her on her way as a professional dancer. Before she'd saved much she quarreled bitterly with her mother and went off to Chicago. With less than five dollars in her purse, she auditioned in the office of Erne Young, a show producer. He gave her a job singing and dancing in a frowsy side-street nightclub. Two weeks later, he sent her to dance in a chorus in an expensive Detroit nightclub. There she was spotted by J. J. Shubert, a really great theatrical producer who couldn't fail to notice her when her swirling skirt spun a glass off a table into his lap. The result was that she became the chorus girl third from the left, back row, in his Broadway hit, *Innocent Eyes*. Then came another show, *The Passing Parade*. While in this, she took a proffered screen test only because her roommate insisted.

Before the result of this was known, she went home to see Ray Sterling—whose letters, filled with affectionate encouragement and advice, had followed her—and to make up with her mother. There, on Christmas Day of 1925, came the wire from MGM offering her \$75 a week.

"I don't want to be a movie actress—I want to be a dancing star!" she protested against her mother's and Ray's excitement. But Ray persuaded her to accept as a short-cut to her goal, pointing out she could use the money she'd be making for really good dancing lessons.

So, on New Year's Day of 1926, she boarded the train for Hollywood. . . .

As Joan Crawford told me all this, we were sitting in the recreation room of her beautiful Brentwood home. Everybody had warned me that she wouldn't talk about the past. And at first, she didn't want to.

"One day I sat down and made a table of my worries," she explained. "I found thirty per cent of them were about something which of course I couldn't alter—the past. So I decided then and there to quit thinking or talking about it."

"Well," I said wistfully, "I hoped you would—because I'd like to know how you

developed your capacity to grow. The first movie I ever saw you in was *Dancing Daughters*, in 1929. You had a terrific effect on me. At first, I used huge quantities of mascara and lipstick trying to imitate your big eyes and your vivid mouth. Then, later on, I began to listen to symphonic music—because you gave a big party for Stokowski and raved so much about him as a conductor. I began to read the philosophers more seriously in college because, in a movie magazine, you advised it. And to me you became the most never-stop-growing person I've ever known."

"'Never-stop-growing person,'" she repeated slowly. Then she said briskly, "I have to be. I can't possibly sit back and say, 'I've grown up now, so I can quit studying.' Why, as many times as I look up some words in the dictionary, I still tumble over them when I try to use them. No matter how much I study there are lots of things I haven't got the assurance to discuss. I'm still trying to make up for all the education I missed in school. The only real assurance I have is in dancing. I guess I'm just a frustrated dancer."

Time stood still . . .

She was wearing a brief, bared-midriff playsuit. Any ideas I might have had that Joan Crawford has become a make-up man's work of art were certainly exploded when and there. The only make-up she wore was a little lipstick. As far as I'm concerned, she can take her place right now as one of the fabulous women whom time forgets to touch.

Finding during her first few months in Hollywood she was little more than a glorified extra-girl and a queen of the publicity department's cheesecake art, Joan had turned again to dancing. Es-corted by various playboys, she entered Charleston contests then being held at Hollywood night-spots. She won so many cups she became known as the Charleston Kid.

"In my rented bungalow in Culver City," said Joan, "I placed my cups against a background of which I was particularly proud—a blue velvet scarf on which a dancing girl was embroidered in glittering rhinestones. When Paul Bern, then an associate producer, saw that rhinestone girl, he couldn't keep from laughing. It gave me a jolt. I knew then how cheap and gaudy it was . . . and all the other furnishings I'd acquired, too. So I began to study seriously how to improve myself."

When *Dancing Daughters* came along in 1929, she was still a "flapper" and could understand the problems of the heroine. So it was tailor-made for her spirit. She had improved herself enough so that she could put that on film well enough to make herself an overnight star.

"When I was told I was to be starred hereafter and that my salary was increased to \$500 a week, I could hardly wait to get to a telephone and call Ray and my mother in Kansas City to tell them," she said with a smile.

Next she looked around for a house to buy. She was determined to pay cash for it and to improve it as she was financially able. She found a seven-room one with ample grounds around it out on a lonely, country road. She bought it.

"This room is one of the original ones," she told me. "The first night, I slept on a mattress and kept my personal things on a tea-cart while the maid had a bed and a tiny table in her room. That was practically all the furnishings we had. It scared us half to death driving that dark distance out here. But I was determined that I'd have real beauty around me."

At this time, she was listening to another sensitive, quiet young man—Douglas

Fairbanks, Jr. So her dream of becoming familiar with the world of art, music, literature and philosophy was intensified. She married Fairbanks in 1929.

To the public, it was exciting to read the headline, "WILL EX-CHORUS GIRL BE RECEIVED AT PICKFAIR?" To Joan, it was humiliation—because Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and his second wife, Mary Pickford, waited a full year before receiving her. When she finally was invited to one of their very formal dinners, she was painfully self-conscious. Brilliant conversation on all sides went over her head.

She yearned desperately to forget such parties and to resume the evenings of studying with her young husband. But he, by that time, was a man turning into the international sophisticate he has now become. By 1933, their paths had diverged so greatly that Joan left him.

"To this day," she says, "I'm scared of big parties. For a long time when I received any invitation, my first question was, 'How many guests will there be?' If it was a large party, I'd refuse. After I began to try to face that fear, I'd accept—but nine times out of 10 I'd phone practically at the last minute excusing myself on the grounds I had an early studio call. I do go to big parties—but I die until I can grab onto a few congenial couples with whom I can be co'fortable."

Right after her first divorce, Joan was lonely. There were tears, and she was singing "marriage is not for me" blues. Her unhappiness showed in her work. "They" began saying Crawford was through. In a sense, dancing once again came to her rescue—she was teamed with Clark Gable in *Dancing Lady*. It put her back in the top brackets.

Emotionally she was recovering, too. She was listening to another sensitive, articulate young man—Franchot Tone.

Of him, she says now, "I still worship Franchot—worship, you understand, not love—for his ability to talk so very intelligently about our profession. I've never been able to do that. I can only feel my roles. Almost invariably my first take is my best. One intellectual actress took advantage of that. In a key scene we had

together, she purposely blew up in take after take until all the verve went out of me, then she projected her drama quite perfectly and stole the scene. Franchot would never deliberately use his ability to harm another player. Nor would Mel Ferrer, the latest person I've met who has that wonderful intellectual understanding."

During the two years of her marriage to Tone, she seemed to be achieving it. They built a little theater in the garden of her home—which by that time had been turned into a lovely mansion in what had become the beautiful Brentwood residential district. There they rehearsed stage plays. Until Franchot built up her self-confidence enough, she dared not appear with him before radio audiences. But Franchot himself was not progressing in his profession as he had hoped. This, combined with other dissatisfactions, sent Joan into the divorce courts again.

Indicative of Franchot's psychological hold on her is the fact that with their divorce, Joan found she could not face radio audiences any more. (Recently she appeared on *Suspense*—but only after the producers made an exception by transcribing it instead of presenting it before a studio audience as it usually is. Joan paid for all costs of the transcription.)

Joan then turned to children as an outlet for her emotions. She adopted fair-haired Christina and, a few months later, equally blond Christopher. She turned her tremendous vitality toward becoming a good mother. Between pictures she took complete charge of them. The children dominated—and still do to a large extent—her conversation. (The most poignant of all her remarks to me was, "I began to learn to play the way kids do. I'd never had a chance to before. . . .")

Romantically, her name was linked with Greg Bautzer, the very eligible Hollywood attorney with whom she'd been friendly for a long time. She was seen with him enough so that there were rumors they were altar-bound.

When she blithely announced one morning that she'd just married Phil Terry, a charming and ambitious young Paramount actor, it hit Hollywood like a bombshell.

MODERN SCREEN



"There's an empty seat next to a kid blowing bubble gum."

I couldn't ask Joan about Phil Terry. I was still under the spell of the day the Hollywood Women's Press Club awarded her the Golden Apple for the most co-operative actress of the year 1945. Never before nor since has there been such a turnout for those awards. Throughout the award luncheon, Joan wept continuously. No one that day asked Joan to elaborate on the morning's news flash that she and Phil Terry had separated—and she was headed for the divorce court for the third time. And she volunteered no comment.

But I do know that during her marriage to Phil Terry, a new Joan Crawford appeared—one who let her husband do all the talking even when the interview was supposed to be exclusively with her. Typical of the period is the experience told by one writer, "All Joan said during my interview with her was, 'Phil, dear, please pass Miss Blank the olives.'"

And I do know that she hit bottom career-wise. She left MGM—where she had arrived years before weighing 145 pounds, wearing a cheap, badly-fitting gray suit and tawdry accessories, her hair too curly, her eyes "like a scared cow's," the mouth "too big," her shoulders "too broad." She left Metro weighing 118 pounds. Her suits fitted beautifully, for Adrian had taken a look at her "too broad" shoulders and had said, "It might be fun to exaggerate them instead of trying to hide them"—and thus had set a long-lived style. Her hair gleamed like freshly-pressed, golden-bronze satin. Her eyes and mouth were still famous and widely copied.

She left Metro and went to her 27-room house to await offers from other studios. She is very frank to say, "That was the worst time of my life. Nothing has ever made me so miserable as those three years when everybody except close personal

friends and wonderfully loyal fans said I was definitely washed up. Nobody offered me a job. And I simply didn't know how to retire. I've earned my own way ever since I was nine years old."

At the end of those three years, Jerry Wald, enthusiastic young producer at Warners, offered her *Mildred Pierce*.

From all sides everybody cheered and topped their cheers by giving her the industry's sought-after Academy Award.

After her divorce from Phil Terry, she adopted two more children, twins Cynthia and Cathy. They came in while I was there, shy, two-going-on-three-year-olds hiding behind their nursemaid's starched skirts. Joan beamed on them. "Come on now," she said, "show Miss Clark your happy face! Happy face!" Quickly the twins' smiles came and Joan laughed, "That's it! Always happy face!" Cathy broke away from the nursemaid's skirts and ran joyfully to Joan, who scooped her up. But Cynthia, solemn again, sat down and proceeded to try to tuck her slippered big toe in her mouth.

"Look at you!" Joan chuckled. "I told someone the other night how you do that. He said, 'Oh, to be able to do that again!' I bet him \$50 I could—and I won, too!"

In came one of the handsomest little boys I've ever seen. Dressed in pajamas and robe, he was introduced as Christopher. With great gravity he asked me my opinion of sand-crabs. Finding me interested, he told how many they'd caught at the beach that afternoon. Then his gravity broke as he said enthusiastically, "Mummy's best of all at catching them!"

Laughing, Joan excused herself for a few minutes and took the children to watch their favorite television show.

When she returned, I said, "They're wonderful!"

"They are, aren't they? I'm sorry Christina's away right now so you can't meet her," she said softly, her eyes glowing. "Every night I ask, 'God, have I done right for them today?' I know how important those early years can be. I want them to be happy."

"How about marrying again?" I asked. "Everybody thinks I should marry again. but—well, that's in the future."

"What about Ray Sterling?" I asked with sudden inspiration. "Is he married yet?"

"No—he's never married. He lives in Florida now. We write to each other a lot. I had a letter from him just the other day. He's been appointed to a crime prevention commission, isn't that wonderful?"

"Any romance there?" I asked hopefully.

"Well," said Joan, "as Ray says, if the timing had ever been right when we'd been together, we probably would have married and made a go of it. I probably would have married him back in Kansas City, but we both felt I ought to try my wings first. Since then the timing's never been right somehow. But certainly he's the most important of all my beaux. I was headed for trouble when I met him. My life would have been a lot different without him. . . ."

As I looked about at the beauty with which Joan has surrounded herself, I was particularly impressed by the Gagni paintings. They are quite a far cry from the gaudy rhinestone dancing girl. Gagni used his paint thickly in all the living things he reproduced so that they stand out in exquisite bold relief from the flat background he has made of lifeless things such as buildings, bridges or streets.

It seemed to me his technique keynoted Joan Crawford—standing out so vividly so beautifully in her life today against the unhappy background of her early years.

THE END

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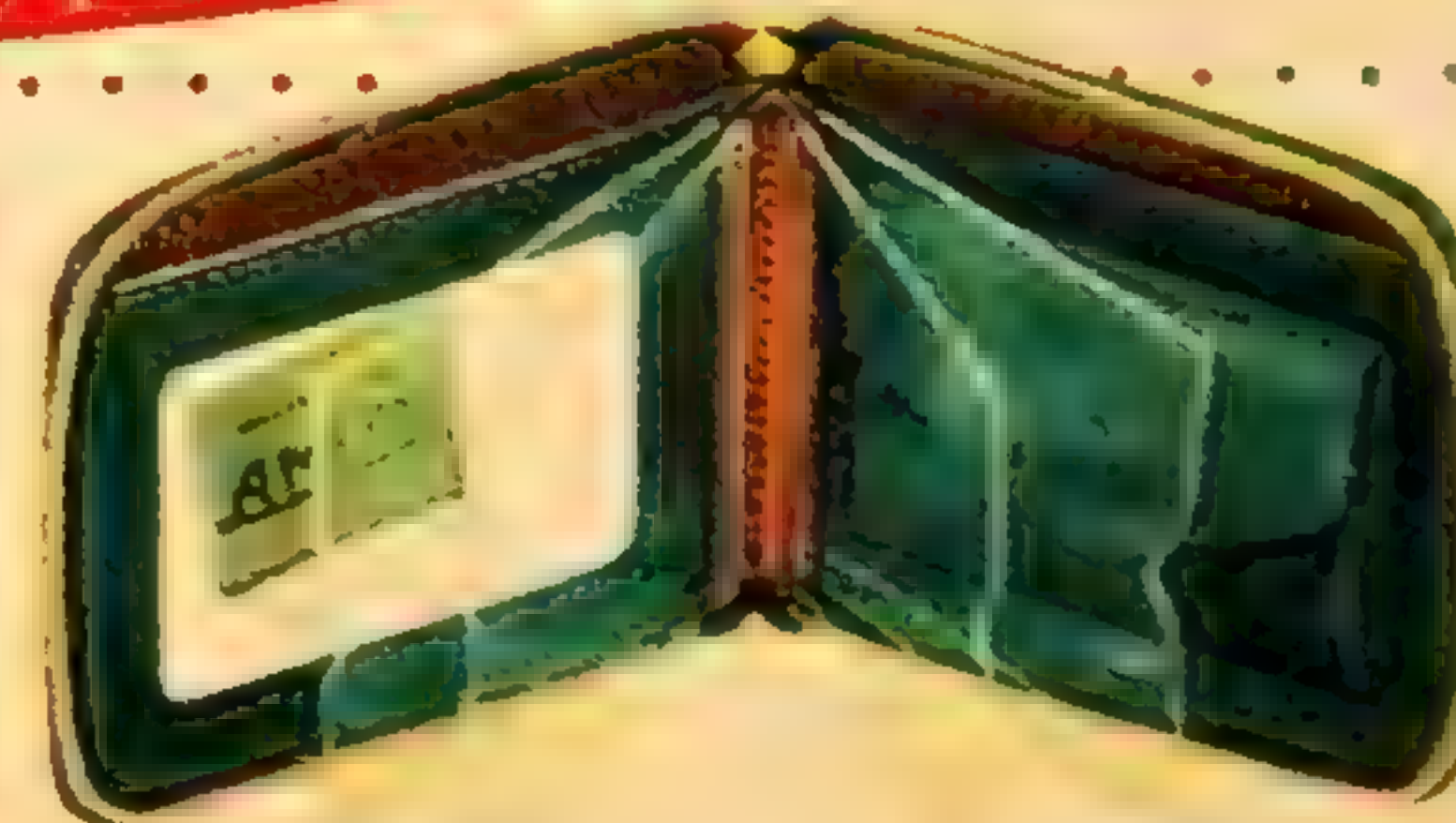
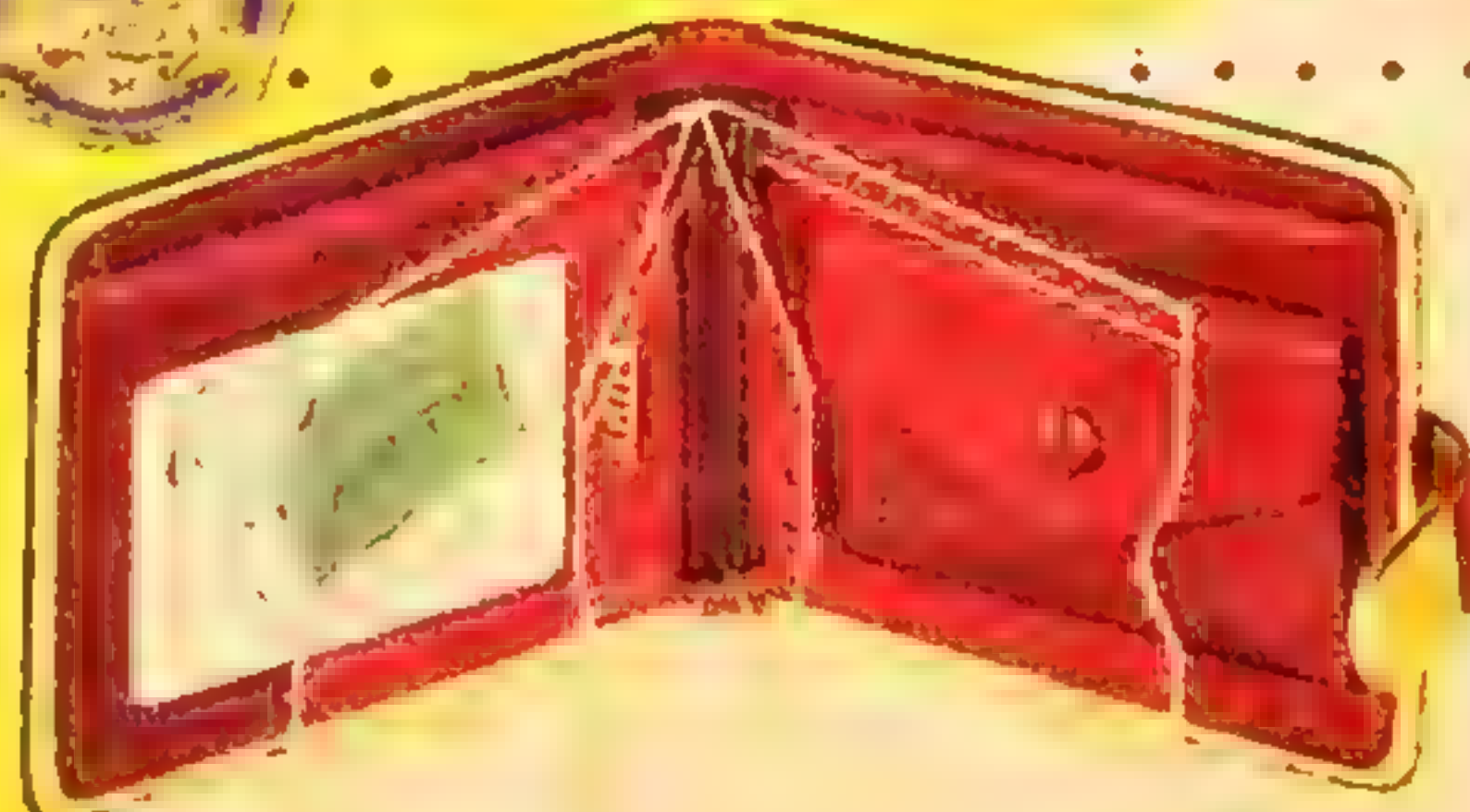


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ringing up susan

Continued from page 54) cool water pickling in over her toes.

At first she was frightened by the roaring surf. She even cried a little when I tried to take her into the calmer water, but soon she toddled in by herself and splashed about and screamed when I made her come out.

Every morning she'd watch the men push their outrigger canoes into the surf. And as they skimmed over the breakers into the open seas she'd shield her eyes with one hand and point to them with the other. "Canooo," she'd say, "Canooo," and the words were left trailing in the air like the call of a coyote.

I got her a small toy canoe to play with and she spent hours pretending to ride the waves. She had a wonderful time talking to herself and laughing and maneuvering the boat through the sand.

When she wasn't playing "outrigger" she was running over the beach in her play-suit and huge, floppy Mexican straw hat that we'd brought from Los Angeles to protect her against sunburn. The hat's brim was so wide you could only see her feet sticking out as she lurched across the sand like a little character out of a comic strip.

I kept watching for signs of homesickness but they never came. To Linda Susan Hawaii was home, except that her collie, Lannie, was missing. The first few days she looked for him everywhere. If there was a knock on the door she'd clap her hands and laugh, "Lannie," and she'd look so puzzled when he didn't come in. But after a while she found other Lannies. Every long-haired dog on the island would be tugged and hugged and kissed by my daughter. And none of them seemed to mind.

Aloha, too soon . . .

It was odd how those five weeks flew like five days. In one mad afternoon we packed all our clothes (there seemed to be many more than what we'd started with) and boarded the Clipper.

At first Linda Susan refused to leave. I put a skirt of hers into the valise and she'd take it out and hide it under a chair. Then, so delighted with her little trick, she'd pull me by the hand and show me the hiding place.

Down at the airport she was almost smothered with leis made of gardenias and orchids and carnations and white ginger. She kept waving her hand at the friends who'd come down to say goodbye to us.

"Aloha, Linda Susan," one of them said, "Aloha."

Linda looked up a little sad, a little surprised, and shook her head. "No hello," she whispered, "Bye-bye."

And as I carried her up the gangplank I tried to think how I would feel if I were 10 years old and my mother were dragging me away from the place I loved. But I could think of was home and how I'd like to be there.

So in the plane I started talking to Linda Susan about Lannie and how he was waiting for her to come play with him, and of the toys getting themselves ready in the nursery, and of the sandpile outside and of her love birds who were lonely. Her eyes lit up and she hugged me tight, and after a while she hummed herself to sleep.

And as the plane sped on I thought how nice it was that now I had a daughter old enough to take with me wherever I went, and that wherever I go it will be new and thrilling because I'll be seeing it all through my daughter, Linda Susan's eyes.

THE END



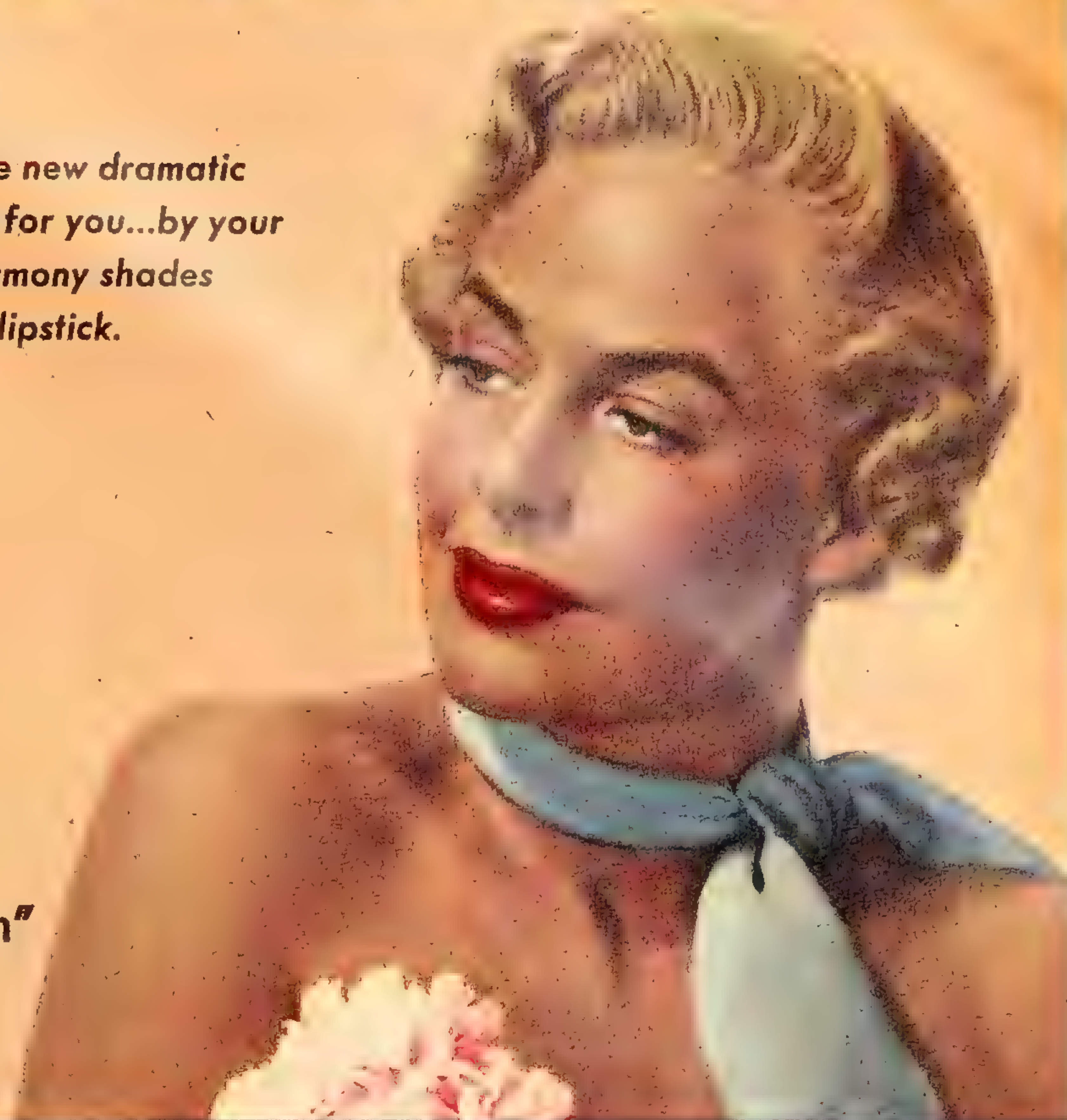
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Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>		REDHEAD
Deep Olive <input type="checkbox"/>		Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
	LASHES (Color)	GRAY HAIR
SKIN: Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/>	Check here <input type="checkbox"/> also check
Dry <input type="checkbox"/> Oily <input type="checkbox"/>	Light Med. Dark	former hair coloring above

love walked in

(Continued from page 31) yelled, "Aloha!" until his voice cracked. He waved from his open flivver so much he got a charley-horse.

New Year's Eve, when all of Honolulu practically blows up with fireworks, Clark and Sylvia sent rockets and Roman candles whooshing into the sky from midnight to dawn. They stood there like a couple of awe-struck kids watching the sky light up. Like the newlyweds they were, with a whole life before them, exciting and new.

Nobody who knows Clark or Sylvia well was really surprised by the Gable who came back from Honolulu, the Gable who dropped ten years by saying, "I do," the Gable with the frequent, boyish grin.

His friends knew that a guy like him is no good rattling around alone and lonely as he'd been since Carole Lombard died. But he needed the sort of woman who would understand him, who would be able to interest him in life again.

The new Mrs. G. is not only social but sociable-plus. She likes people and people like her. She's lived all her life in a world of conviviality, and one Hollywood prediction is practically unanimous: the old recluse Gable is a man of the past. If anyone can warm up his home and bring him back to the life of friends and fun that he really loves, it's Sylvia. Already in the past two months she's had more dinner parties at Encino that Clark himself bothered to stage in the past two years, including a surprise forty-ninth birthday party for Mr. G. himself.

When he came back from his honeymoon, Clark was given a special gift from MGM. They put off shooting his picture, *To Please A Lady*, for three months. But every day of those three months he worked overtime—to please a lady named Sylvia.

After Clark had shown his bride her new home in Encino, she came out onto the brick front porch and gazed across the lawn at the sun-spattered pepper trees.

"I love it," she said. "It's perfectly charming. Simply adorable. Only—"

"Only what?"

"Wouldn't sheep be lovely on that beautiful green lawn?"

"Sheep?" muttered Clark. "I dunno. I dunno about sheep."

"And over there, in that patch of sun by the pool. Can't you just see roses? Hundreds of roses?"

"Roses?" said Clark. "Oh, yeah. Roses."

"And just imagine a guest house down under that spreading walnut. The 'Tree House,' we'd call it."

"Guest house!" yelled Clark. "Hey—who wants guests?"

Just then Martin, the valet who's been with Gable for fourteen years, walked out to say, "Lunch is ready, Mrs. Gable."

"He knows who's boss," laughed Clark. "So do I. And I'm afraid I like it."

Just the other morning as Clark waved goodbye, and rolled down the winding drive in his new imported Jaguar roadster, he passed a flock of sheep grazing on the lawn, not far from a hundred and eighty rose bushes, blowing pink petals into the pool. And just over the hill, down under the spreading walnut tree, painters were putting the finishing coat of paint on the new guest house. And pretty soon, Sylvia will be sending out invitations. But this is not what Hollywood expected.

When news of their marriage first broke out, Hollywood set up a wail. "We'll never see the guy again," everyone moaned. "The International Set's got him. First thing Sylvia'll do is take him off to Europe. Anybody want to buy a ranch?"

Well, just try and buy it—Mr. and Mrs. Gable's ranch, that is. Even if you get by the electric gate, you'll be climbing a pepper tree the minute you say, "How much?" And Bob, Rover and Ricky, Clark's three watchdogs, reinforced by Minnie, Sylvia's toy Manchester, will keep you up there for years.

It's private property, and the way things look, it's going to stay that way.

Matter of fact, Clark and Sylvia never considered making their home anywhere else. Everything they loved about their honeymoon house in Kahala—the flowered chair covers, the Chinese screens, the

lanai lounge—they wanted to take back to the ranch. They'd have moved the big hibiscus to their front lawn if they could, and possibly the view of the bay.

About all they actually packed was a ukulele and a crate full of Hawaiian records. But most important, they brought themselves, and their dreams for the future they've vowed to share.

Sylvia fell in love with Clark's ranch at first sight, the way she fell for Clark. His home is as much a part of the guy she married as his rugged face, jug ears and disarming grin. In his whole rambling life no place has tied him to it as long or as strong before.

house of memories . . .

For the past twelve years—a big hunk out of any man's life—all the intimate memories of his sad and glad times have fastened right to those twenty acres of sloping soil in the San Fernando Valley.

It was to this same homestead that Clark brought his last bride, Carole Lombard, and it was from here that he bolted, grim and red-eyed, to search the Nevada gorges day and night until he found her crushed body. It was here that he flew from Paris two years ago when the sad news reached him that his beloved old dad, "Billy," was dead. (Often Billy Gable lived at the ranch with his son.) It was here that Clark greased his guns and oiled his tackle before setting forth on the mountain hunts and blue-water marlin cruises he loved; here where he returned whiskered and sweaty with his bag or catch to phone Jack Conway, the late Vic Fleming, Al Menasco or Walter and Fieldsie Lang, some pal or collection of pals, and beg them to "come and get it."

In that time, Clark's ploughed up almost every foot of the citrus-alfalfa land in person. Bob, his twelve-year-old German pointer, used to pant along beside him as Clark drove the tractor. And out in the pasture today stands Sunny, his riding horse. Now sixteen, Sunny's carried Clark over every square foot of the place.

Gable's personally sweated with construction gangs building the six-stall stable, the sheds, the garage and outhouses. He planned and put in the small oval swimming pool. And he's personally acquainted with every shrub, flower and tree inside his white rail fence.

If you are hunting for elegance, the elegance of town houses and English country manors, for instance, you won't find it here in the small, clapboard, slant-hoofed house. "It's not grand or gorgeous," Clark says, "but it's for me." And it's for Sylvia, too. Certainly she wasn't looking here for the things she had tasted and found tasteless elsewhere.

The only time Clark ever considered leaving his home for good was when he went off to war. Mixed up and shaken then, he wanted to wipe the slate clean to sell his place and his memories of it. His friends talked him out of that, and Clark's been glad ever since. Especially now.

"Inside my house," Clark has explained time and again to a curious press, "is the only place in the world I have any privacy at all. It's my refuge, and it's not going to be invaded." It never has been thrown open for the world to see. It never will be photographed.

But what Sylvia Gable saw when Clark kissed her and set her down past his doorway was a bachelor hall that could use a few feminine frills.

Inside the English provincial house with its hint of Cape Cod is a large living room with a massive fireplace. Over the fireplace are mounted Clark's collection of antique fowling pieces. Two huge sofa stand on either side of the hearth, flanked by over-stuffed chairs. The tables are



"It's nothing new for her! They always leave a lot of her in the cutting room!"

sturdy and simple, the walls almost bare of pictures, and a beige carpet stretches across the room.

A book-lined den near the living room houses Clark's fine gun collection, a radio, a record machine and a movie projector. Next to the den there's a small office for his secretary, Jean Gorceau.

The dining room is a step below the living room. It has its own big fireplace and a plain plank table big enough for ten. Old oil-burning lamps on the table give the room much of its salty atmosphere. Chairs line one wall and Clark's built-in bar is against the other.

A straight staircase rises out of a living room corner to the bedrooms above.

Clark's room has an over-sized bed in it with a small couch at its foot. His wardrobe racks and chests of drawers are built into a dressing room which has floor-length mirrors on all sides.

Sylvia's room is across the hall. This was Carole Lombard's room, and somehow the sentimental fiction persists that Clark refused to alter a thing in it since she died. But two years ago, he had it completely done over for a guest room.

Of course Sylvia has changed things at her new home. Clark expected her to, and he's delighted with the results.

Already there are flowers and plants inside where nobody ever thought of putting them. The few prize pieces Sylvia had at the ocean-front house Doug Fairbanks left her are on their way from England and New York. The guest house—two rooms and a bath—is fully furnished to her taste. Sylvia's bedroom was done over again in the soft greens and yellows she loves. The living room furniture's been shifted around, and recovered. And the unfamiliar scent of lavender drifts out of the wardrobe closets, packed now with the beautiful clothes

which were back in New York when Sylvia needed them most—for her troupeau.

"You know something?" Sylvia confessed recently to a friend. "The week before we were married I amused myself by thinking what I'd wear if Clark should propose. I had a wonderful dress in mind, a whole outfit, in fact. And what happened? I got married in a plain navy blue with a white collar!"

Nobody would have enjoyed dolling herself up for an event like that as much as Sylvia. She loves clothes and carries them well. Her collection of jewelry is dazzling. Her perfumes are super-feminine and exquisitely French. She's been on the international "best-dressed" lists many times.

Her most flattering lines are tailored and trim, and no one can put a hat on her head or French heels on her feet. She's decided what her type is long ago and she sticks to it with confidence.

But even in that navy blue dress with the white collar, Sylvia was up in the clouds on her wedding day. And neither Clark nor Hollywood has let her down.

The first time Clark and Sylvia came out of Encino together they went to the premiere of *Key To The City*. This was a lucky break for Clark, because in that movie, for the first time since the war, he was unmistakably the old Gable, virile and fascinating. That was the kind of role that made him famous. Sylvia, who hadn't seen Clark on the screen since *It Happened One Night* (in 1935) told him later, "Darling, you haven't changed a bit!"

Right now Sylvia's catching up to the other Gable fans by seeing all of Clark's movies at home. She's extremely interested in his career, although she hasn't the smallest desire to act. The first day Clark worked on *To Please A Lady* Sylvia

inspected the set with all the curiosity of a bobby-soxer. In May, she's going with him to the Memorial Day auto races in Indianapolis where footage will be shot for his next race-driver role.

After that, Clark has four more months of freedom for a second honeymoon, and he's planned it already. He wants to take a motor trip all over the U.S.A. to show Sylvia a close-up of the country that was so good to him.

They want to see Europe together, too, and then, South America. But no matter how far away they go, they'll always come racing back to Hollywood, to their home. "Brother," said Clark to a friend the other day, "if there's a dull minute from now on, it's my own fault."

Clark's grateful for this second chance at happiness, and he wants to enjoy every moment to the full. Both he and Sylvia are seasoned enough to know that there's give and take to married happiness, and the more you give the more you take. Both have a striking parallel in their romantic pasts. They've tried marriage before, and failed twice. They've known brief, intense loves that ended tragically by death—Clark with Carole Lombard and Sylvia with Doug Fairbanks.

And they know that, fate willing, they'll get the wish they made that Hawaiian night in December, 1949. With the Pacific surf in the background, and the moon glistening on the sand, Clark and Sylvia sipped champagne on the lanai, and Clark made a toast: "To us," he said, "and to our new life in the days and nights ahead. May they all be as swell as this."

So far they've got their wish, and it looks as if it will keep, for on that night when love walked in and claimed Clark Gable's life, loneliness took one lingering, frightened look and drowned itself off the shores of gay Hawaii. THE END



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pack up and go

by connie bartel, fashion editor

■ This is the time of the year when you're gripped by an irresistible urge. You want out—out of the city and into the country; out of routine, into relaxation. We're all for it. Bigger weekends, better vacations, more dates, more fun! What else is summer made for? So here we go with a cute and cool collection of vacation togs, so you'll be ready to take off at a moment's notice.

We begin with the pastel summer suit Jane Russell wears opposite—happy choice for holiday travel. Once you get where you're going, you'll naturally need sunbacks. On page 70, Teresa Wright models two darlings—each with its jacket, so you can bare or cover as you see fit. On page 71, Teresa shows what bright print play dresses, with whirly-twirly skirts, can do for a girl's spirit.

Pages 72-73 offer you a quartet of the sort of light, bright, gay dresses that you want for a dozen occasions. Two are smart stripes—and there are also a seafoam-green dotted swiss (sheer fabrics are favorites) and a mint-green broadcloth.

As for undies, how could you possibly have too many fresh crisp cool ones in the hot weather? Pages 74-75 feature dreamy slips and bras, especially designed to wear under the fashions in this issue. And on page 76—sweaters—a striped set for sports and an elasticized hug-me-tight for dress-up.

All meant to be packed into a bag for a holiday packed with fun.

Jane Russell wears a smooth summer suit in pink gabardine

■ Jane Russell, fresh from her tremendously successful personal appearance at New York's Paramount Theater, where *The Outlaw* opened with much hoopla.

She wears a sophisticated suit with rounded lapels and button-tail pockets—and you could hardly do better than to pick it for holiday travel. It's rayon-sheen gabardine in pink, navy, powder blue, gold. See it also in a handsome carriage rayon tropical suiting, in gold, oyster white, pink, aqua. Size 10-18, and junior sizes 9-15. \$14.98.

By Smart Fashions of California
Basement,
At Rich's, Atlanta. For how to buy
see page 77.

Blue bucket bag by Roger Van S...

**modern
screen
fashions**





pack up *and* go ... and take plenty of sun-clothes



Shoes by Capezio
Hats by Capulets

*You'll be seeing Teresa Wright's newest picture, **The Capture**, just about the time this issue appears. It's a Niven Busch Production, released by RKO. Teresa paused in the middle of a New York whirl to pose in vacation fashions for us—and who could look cuter!*

Above, left, she wears an antique-gold jacket with pert peplum and bright white pique collar and cuffs. When the jacket comes off, behold, the matching sun-dress below. Broadcloth dress and jacket, also in aqua, maize, pink. Jr. sizes 9-15. By Bonny Stewart, \$8.98

Above, right, Teresa looks angelic in sparkling white pique jacket, to match sun-dress below. It's a sugar-candy dress, with crochet-like lace making the straps and edging the pockets; tiny buttons; soft front pleats. Waffle-pique-like cotton, with galoon lace. Blue, maize, pink. Jr. sizes 9-15. By Bonny Stewart. \$8.98.

On this page, Teresa wears vivid print play dresses—breaks into a dance step because the huge circle skirts simply demand motion.

Right, she wears a light-hearted Mexican hat print skirt with off-shoulder drawstring bodice. One-piece, with blue or bitter-sweet top, matching multicolor print. Sizes 12-18. \$3.98.

Below, she wears a bright hibiscus multicolor print skirt with huge red hibiscus, and a lime-yellow top. Bodice has jester collar pointed up with buttons. Also yellow hibiscus print with bittersweet top. Sizes 12-18. \$3.98.

Both washable cotton. They're Fiesta Whirlabouts by Royal Miss.

These Modern Screen Fashions at Rich's Basement, Atlanta, Ga. For how to buy, see page 77.



*Playshoes by Parkhill
Jewelry by Lisner
Gloves by Kayser*



pack up

.. and take wonderful

There'll be no end to the times you'll want light, cool, colorful dresses—tubbable, of course, for constant freshness—and naturally as pretty as possible.

Far left: striped sundress with crisp butcher rayon jacket. The dress has a squared-off neck-line, punctuated with a bow (see closeup below), side buttons, and a big, big pocket.

Grey or green stripes with white jacket; pink or blue stripes with navy jacket. Half-sizes 14½-24½. \$8.98.

Left: stripes with a sophisticated diagonal line of amber-like buttons from collar to hem.

Green, brown or grey stripes Misses' sizes 12-20; half-sizes 14½-22½. \$8.98. Both in

Mallinson's washable rayon Sun Lounge. Dresses styled by Martha Cavanaugh.



and go

washable dresses

Hats by Capulets
Luggage by Boyle
Jewelry by Lisner

*Right: sheer femininity—
and sheer chic, since
gauzy transparent fabrics are
fashion's darling this season.*

*Darling dotted cotton dress
with two V's to accent
the bodice, a row of
buttons to the hem, a flip-up
collar, and a sash to tie in
front. Pink, aqua, maize,
or navy blue. Misses' sizes
12-20; half sizes 14½-24½. \$5.98.*

*Far right: Silky cotton jacket-
over-dress, attractive any-
where any time. Peel the
jacket—and look! (see below)*

*—a super sundress with a
square of embroidered scalloped
lace at the neckline.*

*It's Sanforized broadcloth,
in pink, blue, aqua,
maize. Misses' sizes 12-20;
also half-sizes 14½-24½.
\$5.98. Both dresses
are Stefi Originals.*

*These Modern Screen Fashions
Rich's Basement, Atlanta, Ga.
For how to buy, see page 77*





pack up *and* go

and take lots of pretty undies



1. Far left, (opposite page) Beribboned batiste camisole (\$1.98). Worn with beguiling half-slip (\$1.98). Both in Sanforized cotton with eyelet embroidery. Realcraft by United Mills.

2. Sweet-fitting cool batiste slip edged with eyelet and flounced with wide eyelet ruffle. Sanforized cotton. \$1.98. Realcraft by United Mills.

3. Figure-making multi-filament rayon slip. Lace edged bodice; sophisticated lace inserts and ruffle at hem. Pink, white, coral sand, sea foam, blue. Sizes 32-40. \$2.98. Superfit by Superior.

4. Blue ribbon runs through eyelet on a white broadcloth strapless bra for your sunbacks. \$1.50. By Lovable.

5. The semi-plunge, in rayon satin and lace—for a wonderful separation job. Pink or white. \$1. By Lovable.

6. Strapless white uplift—lower half in rayon satin; upper in elasticized lace. \$1.50. By Lovable.

7. Eyelet straps and ribbon-run eyelet on a romantic white broadcloth bra. \$2. By Lovable.

These Modern Screen Fashions at Rich's Basement, Atlanta, Ga. For how to buy, see page 77.



pack up *and* go

and take plenty of sweaters

Half the fun of your vacation is getting outdoors—and half the fun of outdoors is cute sport clothes. (P. S. Sweater girls seem to have the most fun of all!)

Left, a jaunty red, white, and blue sweater, with a rakish visor cap to match—natural target for the boys' snapshot cameras. Below, cardigan to match.

Both slipover and cardigan are in fine knitted combed cotton. They come in navy body with navy and white stripes, and a horizontal red band; chartreuse body, with chartreuse and ivory stripes, and horizontal cocoa band . . . Slipover, complete with visor cap, \$2.98. Cardigan, \$2.98

Directly below, an elasticized white cotton hug-me-tight to wear with sports things—as well as to look very dressed up over a long skirt at night, \$1.98. All by Shepherd Knitwear.

These Modern Screen Fashions at Rich's Basement, Atlanta, Ga.

For how to buy, see page 77.



Sunglasses are Sun-Lashies by Bachman Brothers.



Where You Can Buy Modern Screen Fashions

All the **PACK UP AND GO** fashions are
currently being featured at:

Rich's, Inc.
Atlanta 2, Georgia

Smooth pink gabardine suit worn by
Jane Russell in color photo (page 69)
*Juniors' & Misses' Suits**

Sun dresses worn by Teresa Wright
(page 70)

White pique jacket dress
Gold broadcloth jacket dress
*Junior Dresses**

Fiesta Whirlabout playdresses worn by
Teresa Wright (page 71)

Mexican hat print dress
Hibiscus print dress
*Casual Dresses**

Striped dress with side buttons (page
72)

*Misses' Dresses**
*Women's Dresses**

Striped dress with jacket (page 72)

*Women's Dresses**

Dotted sheer dress (page 73)

Chambray jacket dress (page 73)

*Misses' Dresses**
*Women's Dresses**

Slips and bras (page 74)

*Lingerie Department***
*Corsets & Bras***

Striped sweater and hat (page 76)

Matching cardigan (page 76)

Hug-me-tight (page 76)

*Junior Sportswear**

*Rich's Main Basement

**Rich's Lower Level Basement

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(Add 20c postage on prepaid orders
outside Greater Atlanta.)

my dear husband

(Continued from page 33) "there's nothing you can do. So forget it."

"But he said to come over any time," Bill persisted.

"Not this late," I said. "You can't call on anyone at this hour."

"I suppose you're right," he answered.

When we got home, I went upstairs right away and got ready for bed. Bill said he would be up in a moment. Minutes passed. I was just getting under the covers when I heard the front door open, and then—the motor of the car as Bill started it up and drove away!

I was lying there, mentally throwing knives at him—and not missing—when, scarcely five minutes later, I heard the car come back. Bill came upstairs, and I stared at him until he almost withered.

"Now! Now!" he said. "I bet you thought I was going on to that party alone."

"Weren't you?" I asked.

"Of course not!" he replied.

"Then where were you going at nearly two o'clock in the morning?"

"Why, darling," said Bill, "I noticed there wasn't much gas in the car and I knew you had an early call—so I just ran



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up to the all-night service station and filled the tank."

"Oh, Bill! How nice of you!" I said and went to sleep happy. I was happy. Even if he *had* started out for the party, he'd come back because he didn't want to risk offending me. What more can a wife ask?

Once when he was ill and ordered to stay in bed he decided he was going to get up and go to the studio anyway. I was furious—but he was firm. I watched grimly as he got to his feet, swayed over to the wardrobe closet and started pawing around among the clothes. Then, very quietly, he turned and went back to bed.

"Well, what changed your mind?" I asked.

He looked up at me, his jaw set. "I didn't change my mind," he said. "I just didn't have strength enough to lift the suit off the hanger."

The next minute my Bill was asleep.

By the way, he doesn't snore. *That*, I understand, is a claim which very few, if any other, wives can make. But he is a thrasher. (Once I awoke to find him beating away at the foot of the bed where he claimed some gophers were digging a hole.) He also makes a peculiar, clicking noise deep in his throat. Both our boys seem to have inherited this last habit. Sometimes, in the middle of the night, I hear Bill clicking away, with both West and Scott doing the same thing... and I have to laugh softly at the odd night chorus. Once Bill awoke and heard me.

"Huh?" he asked thickly.

"Yes, yes," I replied comfortingly and he went back to sleep. It doesn't make any difference what I say when he wakes up like that. All he needs is a little reassurance and he'll sink away again.

his severest critic...

But it isn't so easy to reassure him any other time. If things are going very well he's apt to be glum. If things look bad he's high-spirited and confident.

I never say, "The reviews on your last picture were great, Bill," because he'll tell me there was an awful lot wrong with it. But if the reviews are just so-so, he'll say, "Wait till next time! I know just what was wrong and from now on I'll have it under control." (He certainly has *Sunset Boulevard* under control.)

In his personal life Bill doesn't react this way. It's hard for him to take things easily, or do them in an easy way. If he thinks he's smoking too much he can't just cut down. He has to stop altogether. Consequently on the second day, he's a mental wreck.

Sunday after Sunday he'll laze around the house. Then will come one Sunday when he'll be up before dawn, wheeling fertilizer around in the garden or digging holes. By nightfall he'll be gasping. He'll be lucky to get out of bed in the morning.

He even eats wrong in my opinion. But my opinion doesn't take hold. Eating is important to him. When meal-time's delayed he's delirious—that is, at lunch and dinner. He doesn't care about breakfast.

If we're having people in to dinner, at, say, seven-thirty, Bill likes to have them in by seven so they can drink their cocktails and sit down on time. But, if they happen to arrive as requested at seven-thirty, he'll greet them with, "Hello—would-you-like-a-drink-dinner-is-ready!"

An army friend of his, Joe Kilgore, has told me how Bill behaved when they had quarters together in an apartment, where Bill did most of the cooking. "Anytime I came home late to dinner Bill would be standing at the top of the stairs, a kitchen towel over his shoulders, and a big fist ready to shake in my face because I had spoiled his steaks with my tardiness."

Incidentally, I'm amazed at how Bill's

old friendships persist. Some of his best friends were first graders with him in school. He doesn't make new friends, though, at the drop of a hat. And his judgment about people in general is much better than mine.

People I think are fine he has often seen in another light—a more revealing light—as it eventually turned out. That's why I always ask Bill first before inviting any of my friends over. But it doesn't work the other way. "Come on over!" he'll yell into the phone if someone he likes happens to call. Then he'll turn to me and say, "That was Hector. You remember old Hector? Swell guy! He's on his way out for dinner." Just like that.

On cooking, on friends, and on political matters Bill is more or less in charge for both of us. On things professional, on scripts and acting roles, little Brenda's opinion is asked for and respected. On raising the family, meaning our children Virginia, West and Scott, I am the authority. Anything else we work out together.

Lately this cooperation has taken the form of our running up and down the Coast looking for antiques. A few weeks ago in Santa Barbara, we ran across just the piece we were looking for—an old English pushpenny gaming table.

"How much?" I asked.

"That will be four-hundred-and-fifty-dollars," said the proprietor.

I looked at Bill and turned to the door. But Bill stood his ground.

"That's too bad," he told the man. "I just haven't got that much cash."

"How much have you got?"

"Seventy-two dollars," Bill said.

The dealer scratched his head. "Well..." he began, and I turned in amazement. Was he really going to accept that much of a reduction? But Bill wasn't amazed.

"And, of course I couldn't give you all of the seventy-two," Bill said. "Have to keep ten. Lunch and all that..."

The dealer's hand almost shook as he stretched it out for the sixty-two.

A few minutes later, as we started up the highway, I turned to Bill. "I was scared to death he wouldn't take the seventy-two," I said. "How did you have the nerve to cut it more?"

Bill swung the wheel sharply and the car turned in towards a roadside diner. He studied a big sign showing steaks broiling over a charcoal fire and then looked at me.

"I was scared to death he *would* take the seventy-two, and I wouldn't get to eat!" he replied.

That's him... that's my dear husband.

THE END

MODERN SCREEN



Siv

Elizabeth, the bride

Continued from page 40) away on their European honeymoon. By now they know each other as they didn't before, by now the world holds adventure in every corner and delight in every hour. This is the joy that will stay with Elizabeth as long as her married life shall last, but never again will she sample the intoxicating thrills that come once in every girl's existence—her wedding, her reception, her wedding night and honeymoon, and before that, those three glorious months of her betrothal.

For no girl ever lived through such a wonderful whirl of anticipation as Elizabeth Taylor had in the three months since that electric afternoon at her house on Madison Drive when she invited her best girl friends for tea and let them in on her secret. Never again will she thrill to the never-to-be-forgotten excitement of preparing for the altar, the sad-bright, bit-sweet chores of a bride-to-be.

Nor will she ever forget the quick, semi-secret flight to New York with Mama and Nick, and reporters and cameramen chasing up at every stop like a pack of baying eagles, and Nick puzzling, "Is it always like this?" The three-day stop in Chicago—Nick's business at the Stevens Hotel, and their buying spree at Marshall Field—the Wallace sterling in Grande Baroque, the powder-blue Wedgwood china, the initialed Italian linens, the Swedish crystal. The dawn-to-dusk engagement with Cecil Chapman, Elizabeth's favorite Manhattan couturier, whipping up what she went East for—her trousseau.

I talked to Elizabeth in the midst of that heavenly delirium. That is, Elizabeth looked to me, bubbling like champagne, over the long distance wire, "Oh, Hedda—get on a plane, fly here and see them! They're so beautiful, so lovely, so wonderful—suits, evening gowns, morning outfits, cocktail dresses, short dancing dresses, organdies, linens, silks, cottons—yellows, pinks, pale blues, apricots, whites—" Back in Hollywood, Paramount's chief designer with Head was making her basic black travelling suit with five different blouses. Nick was fashioning five different party, cocktail custom hats. What chapter in any girl's life can ever hope to eclipse those wonderful pre-nuptial weeks, when the world is one big love song and she's the fairy princess it serenades?

... a tycoon . . .

But to get back to earth—as even Elizabeth must. How did all this bliss suddenly settle on Elizabeth Taylor, who only a few weeks ago was hurt and disillusioned by two straight heart fiascos, and sat at home lonesome and unloved? What worked the miracle? Who is this Nick Hilton who popped up from nowhere and walked off with Hollywood's loveliest prize?

Nick, of course, is officially Conrad Cholson Hilton, Junior, eldest son of "Bonnie" Hilton, top hotel tycoon of the world and head of a \$125,000,000 room-and-bath empire. But Nick's more than just a rich man's son. He's a young man who's on his way himself. He inherits all his dad's smartness, aggressiveness and charm.

Nick's twenty-three and well set up. He's no boy beautiful but good looking. Elizabeth has seen too many of those around Hollywood to be impressed with pretty profiles.) Light brown hair, blue eyes, fair skin, a winning smile. A "clean-cut" type. He's quiet, manly, extremely well-mannered. He's popular. He has hosts of friends everywhere. Nick grew up in lots of spots around the USA where his dad's business took him. Texas, California,

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New York. He went to prep school in New Mexico, served in the Navy, finally graduated from Loyola, a Catholic college in Los Angeles.

Already he has all the know-how of what makes a big hotel tick, he's an executive in the sprawling Hilton Hotel chain and one of his dad's trumps. Last year Connie Hilton sent Nick abroad to make a survey of European hotel conditions. His report to the company was solid and comprehensive—a terrific job. It wasn't his first. All the Hilton managers respect Nick and ask his advice.

With the Hilton company set to build a huge new \$7,000,000 hotel next year in Beverly Hills, Nick won't have to worry about a job to support his wife, or, it's my guess, one that's too far away from hers. Undoubtedly he'll be busy as a bird dog getting the Beverly Hilton started.

Everyone who has ever known Nicky Hilton is wild about him. His ex-step-mother, Sari (Zsazsa) Gabor Hilton Sanders (now actor George's wife) told me, "Nicky's one of the finest boys I ever knew in my life. He's the very highest type of young American man." Nick was sixteen when Sari married Conrad, his dad. They became pals at once and when he got the go-ahead on his engagement from Elizabeth's dad, Nick called London (where George Sanders was making a picture) to tell Zsazsa the glad news. "It may sound amazing for me to predict," she laughed to me, "but I bet those kids will stick together for keeps." She's not the only one who thinks that. So do Elizabeth's dad, her mother, Conrad Hilton—and me.

I sat next to them at a Hollywood party not long before their wedding. I know first hand Nick's charm, manners, good humor—and ability to take it, too. Esther Williams was with me and when Esther and I get going we can be holy terrors. That night we started off with, "Well, Elizabeth, now that you're going to get married, there are some things you ought to know—" It was a slanderous gag but we milked it merrily. "Now let's see," said Esther. "First, you'll make two pictures then it will be time for the first baby. Then two more and time for the second." We went on and on like that, instructing Elizabeth and Nick in the facts of life. She blushed and so did Nicky, who sat with his arm looped through hers. But even though we kidded them wickedly for two solid hours, they took it. Finally Liz exploded, "Why, I've never been talked to like this in my life!"

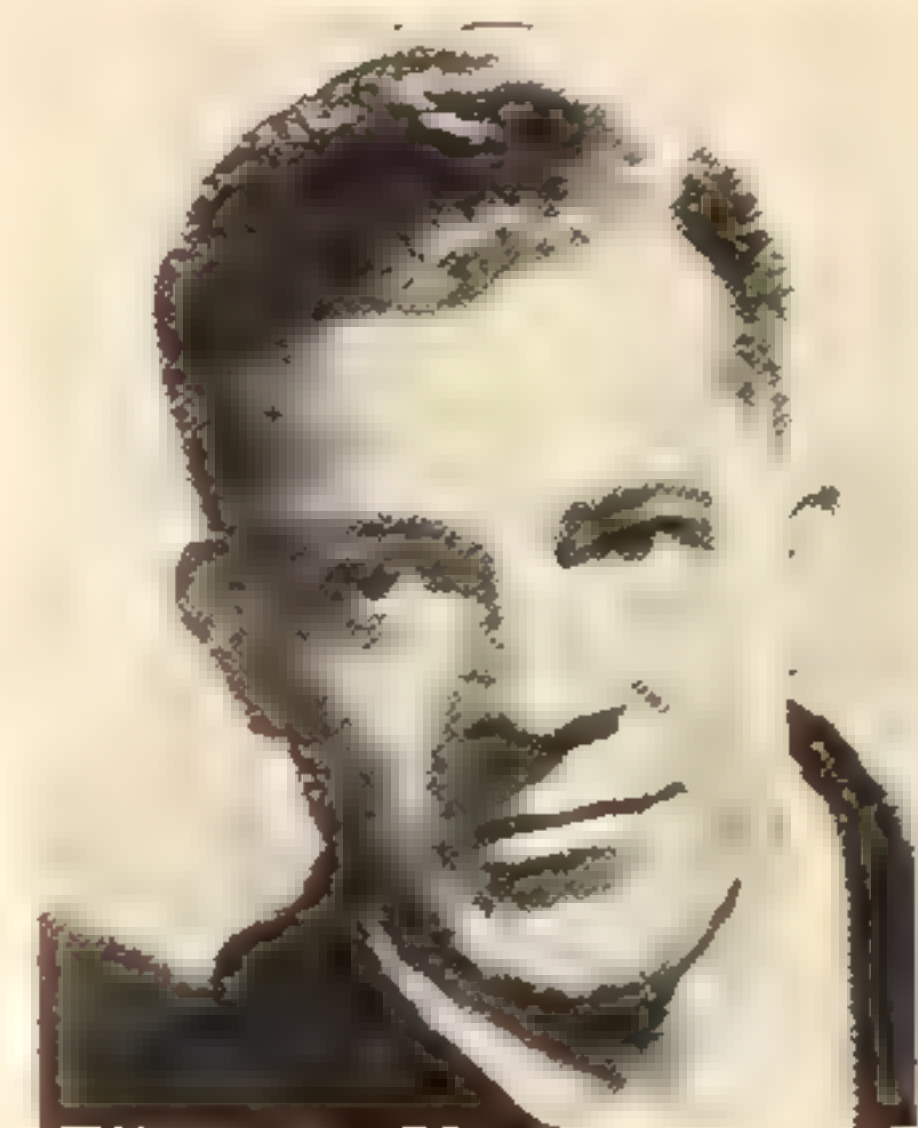
"Bet you never learned as much either," cracked Esther.

he stole her heart away . . .

That night it was hard for me to realize that the blushing boy across from me had actually swept gorgeous Elizabeth Taylor, Hollywood's crown princess if there ever was one, off her feet. He just didn't seem the type. And, matter of fact, Nick isn't. He's no swoon boy and knocking them cold isn't the way he operates. Nicky Hilton won Elizabeth's heart by a very different technique.

It all started one noon hour last October at Lucey's cafe across from Paramount, where Elizabeth was halfway through *A Place in The Sun*. That morning she'd played the scene where Montgomery Clift goes off to jail, and now she was emotionally tense. When "Pete" Freeman, (son of Paramount's boss) called her set and said, "Liz, Nick Hilton, a friend of mine, wants to meet you. How about lunch?" She said, "Love it." Some chatter and laughs away from the heavy mood of the morning would be welcome. Nick, of course, had frankly asked his friend, Pete, to set it up. "I think she's a knockout," he'd admitted. "I'm going to meet her." Well, what young

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Not too long ago, a group of my school friends and I decided to sing carols in the neighborhood. It was raining and we were all cold, but still we sang from house to house throughout the streets. While we were singing in front of one house, the door opened suddenly and to our complete surprise Dana Andrews and his wife listened to us and even requested different songs, and finally invited us to come in out of the rain. I needn't add that Christmas Eve was certainly a pleasant experience for all of us.

Marilyn Mingo
Los Angeles, Calif.

man wasn't dying to meet Elizabeth Taylor? But even then young Nick Hilton knew why he was. He'd fallen for Liz on the screen, he'd read about her, heard about her and what he had in mind was knowing her much better. Nick's original break, of course, was that he knew Pete Freeman well enough to ask a favor like that.

There wasn't much sensational about that lunch date—just small talk with the table hopping interruptions that afflict all lunch dates in all Hollywood star hangouts. Liz thought Nicky was "nice" and "attractive," that's all. But before he left Nick Hilton was strictly sunk. He was in love and he knew it. What's more, he knew what to do about it. Before he left he made a date with Elizabeth for the next Saturday night. And after he left he told Pete, "She's more wonderful than I thought she could be."

All the rest of the time she played *A Place in the Sun* Elizabeth saw Nick almost every night. He came to dinner at her home, said an early good night—soon with a good night kiss. Weekends and afternoons off they clattered together over the woodsy Bel-Air riding trails where there are plenty of big oak trees to tie the horses to and sit on the leaves and talk and make plans. Weekends too when they stepped out, it was to Barron and Marilyn's, or Pete Freeman's, or Elizabeth's friends, the Marshall Thomsons, to Jane Powell and Geary's house. Last New Year's the Freemans drove with Nick and Elizabeth to Arrowhead Springs to welcome 1950 in. But that was a private party, too, and well chaperoned. No wonder their romance wasn't buzzed around no wonder they could keep it under wraps as they did all those early weeks, when all the time Nick Hilton was woozy with adoration and Elizabeth herself knew something important was making fun noises in her heart.

Frankly, I don't blame Elizabeth for hiding the truth, although she lost control of her heart very early in the game. She'd been singled twice by world wide publicity of the most chastening sort. They'd even tagged her with the rather nickname, "The Jilt," after the Glen Davis and Bill Pawley broken troths. she was wary she had a right to be. Nick, of course, was playing for keeps and doing everything he could do to duck the limelight.

At first, you might think the boy had the strikes against him. For one thing, I was busy working throughout the early important stages and that meant only brief dates at night. Right away too, he buck

the potent handicaps Hollywood throws at romance.

Not long after Nick and Elizabeth discovered each other, he flew with Pete Freeman to Puerto Rico to help open his dad's new luxury hotel, the Caribe-Hilton. At that point Nick was so in love he couldn't stand the idea of that separation. He begged Elizabeth to go with him, and petitioned Paramount to let her stop work for a while on *A Place in the Sun*. Of course that was impossible and Nick made the trip without her. Almost as monotonous as the engine's drumming roar were Nick's anguished monologues, "I love her, I've just got to marry her, she's the only girl in the world for me." Poor Pete, who had to do the listening, suffered almost as much as Nick.

But those obstacles only made the outcome more certain for a determined character like Nick Hilton. When he was in San Juan, for instance, he made trans-oceanic calls to Elizabeth every night. And Nick Hilton had a few aces on his side in this particular game of hearts, not the least of which was the state of Elizabeth Taylor's impatient, frustrated ticker. He couldn't have entered a love game at a more psychologically perfect moment.

For the past year I've never known a girl more ripe for love and marriage than Elizabeth. She's been right in the full bloom of young womanhood and, as her record proves, she's been yearning to find the man she loved, marry him and live in adult life. To have held her back and smothered that natural impulse—as the Taylors wisely did not do—could have been disastrous. It could possibly have wound up in one of those too frequent and shameful stories which make headlines out of Hollywood—a young girl running wild, tragically off the track.

You can't hold back biology any more than you can make the moon stand still, at least, not without pretty terrible results. You can't substitute flirtation for the realities of love and the right and normal development of life, especially among the artificialities of Hollywood. The red signs read, "Danger!" when you do.

Elizabeth never wanted to. Neither did her parents. She started questing for the real thing the minute she felt the insistent mating urge. Both her romances with Glenn Davis and Bill Pawley were honest and sincere, though misunderstood and confused. Liz never deliberately toyed with a heart in her life. But Elizabeth Taylor is a great movie star and a great beauty—and there are penalties that go with both. There's no one nicer than Glenn Davis and it's a shame he was the victim of a publicity romance which backfired. That's the explanation of Elizabeth's first allyhooed heart trouble. There were just too many young romance pictures and headlines to be stirred up by matching that famous pair, and Liz's studio can take the blame for spinning the story of a betrothal which never existed.

Bill Pawley was the older man a girl

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has to fall for sometime or other and he was a swell one too—handsome, manly, with prospects. The Taylors were delighted, and pleased to encourage Elizabeth along whatever path her eager heart led her. But again Elizabeth's fame and beauty made it a rocky one. Long distance misunderstandings, twisted headlines and jealousy wrecked that romance. Fear finally shattered their engagement, and the story has never been told until this minute:

On her last trip to Florida, Elizabeth drove away on an errand one night with one of Bill Pawley's best friends. They got back later than they'd expected, and found Bill waiting, livid with rage and jealousy. He hustled Liz into his car and roared away on a mad, reckless drive that could have ended tragically in horrible headlines. Stamping out his anger at the gas pedal, he showed Elizabeth a weakness she hadn't suspected—an ungovernable temper. When he brought her back at last, luckily all in one piece, she was shaken, trembling and afraid. That was the end of their engagement—right then. Elizabeth came home to California and the sad news came from Miami.

I dropped into the Taylors' home one evening as I've done often through the years, after Elizabeth's second heartbreak. I never saw a more miserable girl. She was sitting there alone and lonely, a fugitive from her lurid love publicity, fretting and frustrated. "I can't go anywhere, I can't see anyone but what it's a big thing—and of course that kills whatever chance I have! So I sit here at home—just at the time of my life when I should be enjoying myself."

A few days after that, Nick Hilton entered her life. Nick was new and Nick was different.

And to him it made sense when Elizabeth said, "I can't quit acting. I've grown up in Hollywood. Pictures are my life."

But can Elizabeth Taylor make Nick Hilton happy? Foolish question, maybe, but I happen to know that some of Nick's best friends groaned when they heard where his heart lay. "For gosh sakes, Nick," they pleaded, "snap out of it. Don't fall for a movie star. You can't compete with the studios, the glamor, the fame and the fuss. Come to—lay off!" I also know that the more they talked, the more determined Nick was to marry Elizabeth.

So, what kind of a girl is Nick getting—behind all the glamor and ballyhoo of Hollywood?

How will she add up as a wife?

I've known Elizabeth since she was nine years old, since the day her mother brought her to my parlor to sing and see if I thought she had anything for the movies. Her brother, Howard, delivered papers to my house. They're neighbors of mine in Beverly Hills and Francis and Sara have always been good neighbors and good friends. I know the sensible raising she's had, the stuff she's made of. It's the best. I love her and I can be pardoned for dabbing my eyes a little more than most at this time. It's like seeing my own daughter marry.

blood will tell . . .

Once I spanked Liz mildly in my column for a wrong tip on a spoiled act I'd heard she'd pulled at the studio. Her mother called me that night and begged me to do something about it. Elizabeth was desolate and in tears. "Now Hedda's turned against me," she had wailed, "Now I haven't a friend left!" I had to do some tall reassuring. That's how sensitive she is.

Elizabeth Taylor Hilton's beauty is more than skin deep. She's a thoroughbred, a lady in what counts, her mind, heart, her background. The Taylors aren't wealthy but Elizabeth has been raised around wealth



that's hollywood!

Strolling along the street one afternoon, Oscar Levant met a friend whom he hadn't seen in a number of years. "How are you?" asked Levant. In reply to this innocent query, the other began to unburden himself of all his troubles in a lengthy speech describing his poor health, his unfortunate marriage, his failure in business. After the man had spoken for thirty minutes Levant managed to interrupt. "Hold on," he managed to gasp, "I didn't mean literally."

* * *

A Warner starlet, evidently influenced by Mike Curtiz's vocabulary, censored a dance director who was hurling foul epithets by saying, "Please don't use that profound language around here."

Irving Hoffman
in The Hollywood Reporter

breeding, and refinement. Art has surrounded her since she could remember intelligence, manners. She has graces and accomplishments; she draws, writes, sings, plays the piano, can carry on a good conversation. Outdoors she's at ease, of course on a horse, at the wheel of a car, in the water. She knows color and clothes, she has tact and taste. Better yet, she has what is always the mark of a gentlewoman—consideration for others. For instance when her engagement with Bill Pawley broke up, she let the news come from him because she didn't want to hurt him.

She's sweet, but she has dignity and character, too. There's nothing cheap about Elizabeth. She would have died rather than be a promiscuous flirt, that's why she was so set on early marriage. She doesn't drink or smoke, and what eighteen-year-old girl do you know these days who prefers ice cream to a cocktail? What other star of her beauty and greatness could keep her balance so beautifully in the double life she has had to lead split between a girl in person and a woman at the studio through those dangerous blooming years? Look what that trial did to Judy Garland.

Yes, I have always adored Elizabeth and so has everyone who knows her. I know that whatever she does she'll do right, with the right instincts. Nick Hilton has picked himself the prize of the lot.

But there are other binders to their union as important and promising as wealth, love and beauty. They took their vows solemnly in the Roman Catholic Church, which admits of no divorce. They took them after a respectable serious engagement of almost six months. They took them with the enthusiastic approval of both the Taylors and Conrad Hilton. In fact, by her marriage Elizabeth couldn't have expanded her family circle with more adoring set of in-laws.

Dad "Connie" Hilton worships her and was so proud of his son's conquest that he let the cat out of the bag before he was supposed to. It happened, remember, New York when a reporter quizzed him about Nick's romance with Elizabeth in Hollywood. "Are they serious?" he was asked.

"Serious?" blew up Hilton. "Of course they're serious! Why, they're going to get married May sixth!" Connie is simply

wild about Elizabeth and grins widely whenever anyone accuses him of being as much in love with his daughter-in-law as Nick is. Of course he is—in a proud, paternal way. From now on he'll do everything he can to make her happy to be a Hilton. He already has. Before Elizabeth left Hollywood with her mother and Nick to shop for her trousseau in New York, the man who bought the Waldorf-Astoria told her, "Elizabeth, when you walk through the doors of the Waldorf, I want you to feel perfectly at home." So when she did, the clerk handed her an envelope. Inside was a tidy block of Waldorf-Astoria stock, making the future Mrs. H. a part owner right away!

As far as their future's concerned, I know that both Nick and Elizabeth want a family. They both have the makings of wonderful parents, but both share other ambitions, too. Elizabeth has *A Place In The Sun* ready to launch her at last on a really important adult career. Nick is knee-deep in his own business. But the stork has a way of making his own play-dates.

Well—Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nicholson Hilton, Junior, can take it from there. I'm not one to intrude on magic moments or predict events which rest in the hands of the Almighty alone. All I can say is that from where I sit, still dewy-eyed, they have everything.

It was worth waiting for—wasn't it? It was worth all the torment and confusion of changing into womanhood in a topsyturvy town, worth the struggle to keep on keel and stay her own sweet self until the right man came along at last. So, *bon voyage*, Mr. and Mrs. Hilton, from me to you. And God bless you both. THE END

the house with the shamrock gate

(Continued from page 36) goer. She carries her religion out of the church, too. She's gladly appeared in religious movies like Father Peyton's *Road To Peace*, and the Christopher short made with Irene Dunne, Jack Benny and Loretta Young.

At 21, she's filled with a zeal for doing good, for continually learning and improving her abilities. This shows in her work. She's become so popular so fast that she's wanted for many more pictures than she can make. Sam Goldwyn was enough impressed with her performance in *Our Very Own* to want her to star again immediately with Farley Granger and Joan Evans.

When Ann's working, her day begins at six. Aunt Cissie's up long before that, mixing batter in the kitchen. Uncle Pat's out in the garage checking on the condition of her convertible. And almost as fast as Dagwood, Ann's up and away for at least ten hours. Aunt Cissie can usually count on her for dinner, though. The only place Ann really likes to dine out in is the Pump Room. The Pump Room's in Chicago.

Between pictures Ann's up early, too. Decked out in denims and a sport shirt she practices golf in the backyard, or answers her fan mail, or gets ready to make a personal appearance for one worthy cause or another. She even tries to cook.

"You're a good cook," Aunt Cissie tells her.

"I'm afraid of the stove, that's all," says Ann. "When I make friends with the stove, everything will be okay."

Aside from that, everything is okay in that little house in the valley.

THE END

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story of a girl who grew up too
soon, married too
soon and suffered before her time.

BY HELEN WRIGHT

the husbands of JANET LEIGH



Janet Leigh, at 23, is one of MGM's top attractions. Her latest starring role is in *Jet Pilot*.

■ She got married the first time when she was 15. Janet and her husband-to-be were both high school kids, and what they didn't know about the world they wouldn't let anyone tell them.

The only thing that mattered was they were crazy about each other. It was August 21, 1942, and as they stood before the courthouse steps in Reno, afraid to go in, not wanting to stay out, they planned how they'd tell the judge or whoever asked them that they were old enough, and wise enough to do what they wanted.

Finally, they took hold of each other's hands and kissed each other quickly and dashed up the steps and into the door before another thought could enter their minds.

"We want a marriage license," Danny* said to the clerk. The clerk looked at them without interest and said, "How old are you?"

Janet looked at Danny, and blushed, and Danny looked at the clerk, and almost shouted, "I'm twenty-one, and she's eighteen."

"Okay," said the clerk. "Fill this out."

So they filled out the form together, and where it said, "I know of no legal objection to our marriage," they signed their names.

Their license okayed, they walked into the chambers of Judge Edgar Eather, and in the presence of two witnesses they were married. In the eyes of the State of Nevada, they were man and wife.

Had anyone told Jeanette Morrison then that, within four or five years, she'd be living in Hollywood, that Van Johnson

* (Danny is a fictitious name. His real name is unimportant to the story, and we are withholding it because he is now happily married and the father of two children.—Ed.)



Janet may marry Arthur Loew Jr., since she is admittedly in love with him. But two earlier marriages have made her wary about a third.

could change her name to Janet Leigh, that she'd get married again, that she'd be all on her way to stardom, she'd have told such a person he was mad.

Of course, Janet's marriage to Danny didn't last very long. When the young couple got home, the parents on both sides quickly saw to that. The lawyers went to work, and Janet felt that her heart was breaking. A schoolfriend who knew her well when she lived in Merced, says, "It was just like Romeo and Juliet. I don't know if Janet was really in love, but it didn't matter because she thought she was, and that's as good as the real thing when you're just a child and very emotional. But she used to tell me that she wanted to die, that people who loved each other should never be separated. And she couldn't understand why her parents interfered. But after a while things changed. The boy went off to sea, and her family moved back to Stockton, and she entered the College of the Pacific, and that's where she met Stanley James and married him."

Janet's second marriage took place in the chapel on the College of the Pacific campus when she and Stan were both juniors. Stan, tall, brunet and very handsome had been a forekeeper in the Navy on the heavy cruiser, Canberra. As part of the Navy's 12 program, he was sent to the College of the Pacific; and there, in August, exactly 10 years after she had eloped to Reno, Janet met him.

"It was very simple," Stan explained. "I just ran into Janet at chow hall. I was standing with a friend of mine, a girl named Beth Lewis, and she said, 'How would you like to meet Jeanette Morrison?' And I said, 'You bet.' (Continued on page 100)

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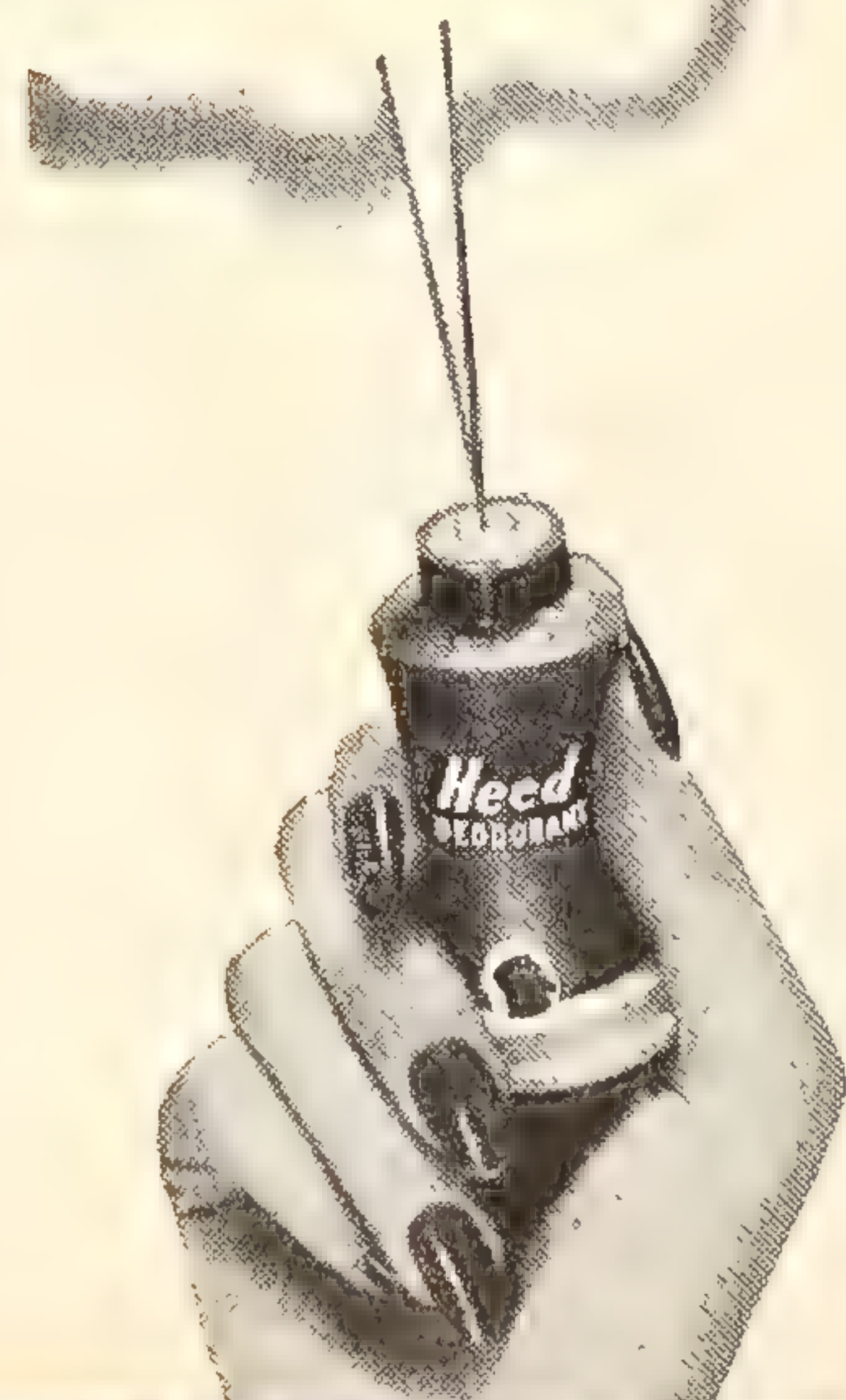
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what future for pia?

(Continued from page 27) the pressur

A few short weeks ago she was in Rome living out of wedlock with Roberto Rossellini, impatiently waiting for the Swedish authorities to approve her papers before she could marry the father of her son.

In the United States, her picture, *Strangely*, had failed, and Senator Johnson of Colorado had accused her of immorality and stated, "I will do everything I can to see that they (Bergman and Rossellini) do not set foot on American soil under our immigration laws."

In Hollywood, Dr. Peter Lindstrom refused to recognize her Mexican divorce and declined to state his future intentions. Wherever Ingrid turned, society was against her. There was silence from her friends; silence from her bank, and silence from her daughter. This last silence was the most unendurable of all. For no matter what is said about this woman who so loves her reputation for love; she is a mother who loves her daughter, and she is courageous enough to want her.

Ingrid got in touch with her lawyer, Greg Bautzer, and told him, "I am going to make the fight of my life for Pia. And I want to know about the community property. Please file the necessary suit at once."

Greg Bautzer went to work, and you saw the results in your morning newspapers. INGRID TO FIGHT FOR CHILD... BERGMAN DEMANDS ACCOUNTING OF HER MONEY... INGRID'S BATTLE FOR PIA BEGINS.

What Bautzer had done on Ingrid's behalf was file a complaint for custody of Pia and subpoena Dr. Lindstrom to appear before him and give a complete deposition concerning \$250,000 worth of community property.

When Dr. Lindstrom received his subpoena, he promptly turned it over to his lawyer, Judge Isaac Pacht. They had a conference, and then they called in the newspapermen. For the first time since the entire scandal broke, Dr. Lindstrom willingly posed for photographs.

"We are going to assert," the doctor's lawyer began, "that Miss Bergman is not a proper person to have custody of the child. We will show that Dr. Lindstrom, by his action and conduct in this matter, is the proper person to have the child."

"I will place before the courts all the facts with relation to this entire episode. And I don't think there will be many dramatic moments."

Thus, the battle began. Ingrid wanted joint custody of Pia, and Dr. Lindstrom felt strongly that she should not have the child, that she was an unfit mother, that she had no right to take and rear this girl after having gone off with Rossellini and begotten him a son.

pia must decide . . .

The reporters, of course, asked how Pia felt about the entire mess. "I am sure," said Isaac Pacht, "that the child would rather remain in the custody of her father."

Judge Georgia Bullock, who presides over the Children's Court of Conciliation, explained Pia's position.

"If the child is old enough," the judge said, "it is my practice to talk to her in order to understand her reactions to her environment and to both parents. The child's reactions to her parents would have primary importance with me. As far as I could, under the law and in consideration of the evidence, I would give weight to the child's views."

Judge Bullock then went on to say, "There are, of course, so many things to be taken into consideration in such a case."

evidence which points in exactly the opposite direction to the child's wishes. Or the child may have no decided preference. So many things. But I do believe this case is tremendously important and whatever decision is made will be criticized."

As the battle lines for the custody of Pia were being drawn, as Dr. Lindstrom prepared to file a cross-complaint in answer to Ingrid's—Miss Bergman was told that her chances of winning custody of the child in California were very slim.

After all, she was a woman who had committed adultery, a woman who had left her husband and daughter for another man. Under these circumstances, what court in the land would entrust her with the rearing of a 12-year-old child?

Just as Dr. Lindstrom was about to file his complaint, the phone rang. It was Pacht, the lawyer. "We've just had a phone call from Miss Bergman's attorney," he announced. "They want to have a conference. Perhaps we can settle the whole thing out of court."

What occurred in the first conference was a complete settlement of the Lindstrom community property. In her original complaint, Ingrid had charged that she had turned over to the doctor two sums of \$182,000 and \$154,000. In addition, he had control of their home, jewelry, personal property, and a lot of other assets. All of this was divided equally.

The conference continued. The doctor did not want Pia taken into court. He didn't want to subject the child to the ordeal of a trial. Her life had already been violently disrupted, and he saw in these conferences a way out, a way of saving her further mental hardship.

Pia must stay here . . .

There was one point, however, on which he was firm. He didn't want Pia to ever come in contact with Rossellini.

As forcefully as he could, he made this plain. He agreed that Ingrid had a right to see her daughter. No doubt about that, but she had no right to bring his child into the Rossellini environment. Rather than agree to anything that would throw Pia in contact with the Italian director the doctor was determined to take the case through every court in the land.

"Dr. Lindstrom," his attorney announced, "is perfectly willing for Miss Bergman to see the child and to have her during summer vacations, providing Miss Bergman comes to California to be with her. But Dr. Lindstrom will not agree to anything which would provide for Pia's being taken out of the State of California. He wants her to be educated and to be brought up as a normal American. And he wants a normal mother-daughter relationship to be re-established between Pia and Miss Bergman as quickly as possible."

As the conference progressed, Dr. Lindstrom, who planned to file for divorce on the grounds that Miss Bergman's child-bearing love affair rendered her a completely unfit mother, agreed, providing the settlement was satisfactory, to file for divorce on some other innocuous charge such as mental cruelty or desertion. But first came Pia's welfare.

Up to this time, the final decision on the matter is that until she is 14, Pia will remain with her father. Then she will choose with whom she prefers to remain. And Ingrid, after she settles her many affairs overseas, will journey to the United States for a reunion with her daughter.

It's been more than a year since they've seen each other. It will be a reunion that will recall vividly to Ingrid's mind the events of that year, and in considering this, and in looking toward the future of herself and her daughter, it will be a heartbreaking reunion, indeed. THE END



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create a "dual personality" . . . another you,
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Get "Lysol" brand disinfectant today,
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A Concentrated Germ-Killer

my faith

(Continued from page 37) Nor do I believe that God can be blamed for all the tragedies in the world. The tragedy of war, for instance. If we each lived according to the rules of the Bible, if we loved our neighbor and did unto others as we would have others do unto us, how could war ever be? The responsibility is in our hands alone.

And our lives are in our hands. I'm not a fatalist. I don't go along with those who say, "When your number's up, it's up, and there's nothing you can do about it." I think God gave us a certain control over our own destiny. He showed us by rules and by countless examples how to live happily and well.

I believe in prayer. I was about twelve when I was baptized. Now I go to a Protestant church, the Hollywood Beverly Christian Church, though not as regularly as I should. I suppose it's true that a man can be religious without going to church, but there's an inspirational value in a place of worship. You want to meditate there, to do a little extra thinking. Like many Protestant denominations, my church has little hard and fast dogma but is based on a literal interpretation of the New Testament. I'm not sure that all my beliefs are the same as those it teaches, but going there helps me.

prayer brings peace . . .

Unfortunately, my rate of prayer increases with my troubles. There hasn't been a serious crisis in my life when I haven't prayed, and when prayer hasn't helped me.

I remember when my father died about nine years ago. We'd always been very close. He ran a shoe store, but during the last years of his life he had to give it up because of ill health. Naturally, I was grief-stricken when he died. Yet my faith in some sort of immortality helped me find peace again.

Even in a minor crisis, faith can help a great deal. When I broke my right thigh during a baseball game, I faced the doctor's verdict without fear. I knew that a broken thigh is difficult to heal. Sometimes the leg becomes deformed or useless. But I was sure that this wouldn't happen to me.

"You'll be on crutches till Christmas," the doctor said.

"I heal more quickly than most people," I told him.

I was halfway through *Storm Center*, my new picture, by Christmas. I'd thrown away my crutches long before then.

True, I was flat on my back for several months, but I don't regard that as a real misfortune. I don't think God broke my leg, though it's possible that in the pattern of things I was supposed to slow down and do a little reviewing.

It would be silly to say that those months revolutionized my way of thinking. But when a man is hurt, he can either be very rebellious or else learn patience. I hope I've learned a little patience.

There was a wonderful line in *Kings Row*—"Some people grow up and some people just grow older."

I believe that God intends us all to grow up, and that there are times when all of us ought to take stock and see if we are growing up or if we are merely growing older.

Sometimes it takes a tragedy to help us grow up. I don't think we can always analyze why things happen, perhaps it's because we don't see all the results immediately. But there will usually come a day when we can understand the purpose behind some misfortunes.

The late Franklin D. Roosevelt, while still a young man, was stricken with polio. There must have been moments when he desperately asked, "Why did this happen to me?"

But today we often wonder: Would he have been as great a man if it hadn't happened? And we consider how the long years of suffering and therapy contributed to his character. The struggle he went through and the patience he learned brought out the greatness which might otherwise have lain dormant within him. For each of us is the sum total, in a way, of everything that happens in our daily lives.

Faith can even help a child overcome tragedy. Though it is a diabolic master, tragedy can teach a child maturity. Two newspaper stories which appeared recently are examples of this.

In Memphis, Tennessee, the doctors told ten-year-old Betty Marbury that she must lose her right hand because of a malignant lesion. Betty believed in prayer and wrote to a Memphis newspaper saying, "I want those who read this letter to pray that I may not lose my hand and that I may soon completely recover."

All over America people began to pray for Betty. Ministers said special prayers. And Betty prayed, too.

But when all the prayers had been said, the doctors told Betty that the malignant lesion hadn't healed, that their decision to amputate could not be reversed.

Betty managed a brave smile, and then quietly and sincerely said, "It must be God's will."

Another youngster, thirteen-year-old Ruth Miller, faced the decision of losing her leg or her life. "I'd rather die," Ruth said. But she changed her mind. Ruth had always loved the outdoors and all the sports that went with it, especially skating. "I guess I may not be able to go in for it again," she said. "But before the doctors operate I want to have one more good skate." She had that skate, and then she went to the hospital.

It was the simple faith of these two children that pulled them through trying ordeals. And through their separate tragedies they achieved a sudden, common maturity.

I can't hope to explain why one little girl had to lose her hand and another her leg. Only God knows. Perhaps some day, when all the results are in, both of them will understand why they had to make their sacrifices.

But in spite of these great misfortunes, and in spite of all the suffering we see around us every day, I think of the poet who wrote:

*God's in His Heaven,
All's right with the world.*

And I feel within me that this is indeed the truth. THE END

PHOTO CREDITS

Below are page by page credits for photographs appearing in this issue.

6 Bob Beerman—7 T. Lt., Bob Beerman, Rt., Walt Davis, B. Lt., Walt Davis, Rt., Bob Beerman—8, 9, 10, Walt Davis—11 Bob Beerman—12 Bert Parry—13 Cerebral Palsy Association—27 T., International News, B. Lt., Bert Parry, B. Rt., International News—28, 29 Bert Parry—30 Art Carter—31 Wide World—32, 33 Bob Beerman—34, 35 Bert Parry—36 Bob Beerman—37 Warner Bros.—44 T., Bob Beerman, B., American Airlines—45, Waldorf-Astoria—46, Maynard L. Parker—47, Bob Beerman—48 MS staff—49 Lt., Bert Parry, Rt., Bob Beerman—50 Acme—51 Bob Beerman—52 T., MGM, B., Bob Beerman—53 International News—55, 56, 57, 58, 59 Bert Parry—60 Lt., Acme, Rt., MS staff—61 MS staff—84 MGM—85 Bob Beerman—92 Wide World—109 Bob Beerman.
Abbreviations: B., Bottom; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top.

Salon Luxury in a Home Shampoo



It's the real egg* that makes the magic in this luxury shampoo . . . the very same smooth liquid creme used in the famous Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon to make hair more manageable, tangle-free, easier to do, and permanents "take" better. Whisks in and out like a dream, removes loose dandruff, leaves hair extra lustrous because it's clean, clean, clean! Try this gentler, kinder, luxury shampoo today. Wonderfully good for children's hair, good for the whole family!

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Richard Hudnut ENRICHED CREME Shampoo with egg



It's the real egg in Hudnut Shampoo that makes hair more manageable. Home permanents "take" better.

*powdered, 1%

she didn't say yes

(Continued from page 51) thoroughly enmeshed in the machinery of type-casting which retains him as a typical Anglo-American youth, staunchly eager for the sterile kisses of any one of a parcel of untried dolls. A boy who can bob apples with the best of them, or chase a little girl through a Yorkshire forest to pin her against a flowering apple tree; object, to affix an Eton class pin on her sweater.

But to Peter Lawford, Peter Lawford is a middle-yearred sophisticate, taken with a wench who will not have him. Brooding and handsome, he is Ronald Colman in a 1950 Graustark. Foiled, for all his splendid features and manners, he is the victim of his own undying devotion, a man in love in vain. As far removed from McDowell as Lionel Barrymore from Keenan Wynn.

All this, however, didn't come about in a day. Certain diplomatic censors might object to the word as unbecoming when used in reporting the emotions of the daughter of our ambassador to the Court of St. James, but the passion in this matter was not at all one-sided.

Sharman Douglas has been widely photographed with a long succession of creatures an Iowa farmer would label nincompoops—none of them seeming to have a sound tooth or the ability to put his arm around a girl without the aid of a block and tackle.

In her defense, though, her intimates state this was due to some sort of diplomatic protocol on dating and that Sharman is as earthy as a corn stalk. So, put our Peter and their Sharman in our backyard without a policeman. And the result? To put it mildly, they fell in love.

They couldn't take their eyes off one another. From the moment they met, it was Peter and Sharman and no one else.

During the courtship, a chum of Peter, being well aware of his spendthrift views on the fair sex (he thinks the supply is inexhaustible), decided to send him a kidding wire. He was halted at the telegraph counter by another crony who, having talked to Peter about his love, knew the true seriousness of the situation.

"Are you trying to tell me Lawford is really interested in this chick?" sneered the wag with the wire.

"My boy," said the friend, "I will stake my Jaguar and whatever is left of my life on it."

The first meeting between Peter Lawford and Sharman Douglas was casual enough. Peter was a friend of Elizabeth Firestone, the talented heiress to the tire and accessory fortune, who has been earning a living in Hollywood as a composer. When Sharman, her long-time friend, came to Hollywood for a quiet visit, Elizabeth invited, among other eligible young men, Peter Lawford, to come and meet her.

It was a small cocktail party. People sat about chatting idly and Peter and Sharman gravitated toward one another very naturally. Having been born and brought up in England, Peter found the ambassador's daughter a very interesting conversationalist, and, in a sense, a bearer of news from home. When the party broke up, he asked her if he might call her. She said yes—and he did. In an hour.

From the very first, Peter treated Sharman differently from the others. An expert at getting his name and picture in the papers and magazines, Peter forgot all his training and did his earnest best to keep his meetings with Sharman a secret. They

went for long drives, met at the homes of friends and avoided the spotlight assiduously.

But they both liked to dance and go to gay places, so eventually they went to a night club. It was Ciro's, and it was quite a night.

Now the only Hollywood folk who spend more time in night clubs than Peter Lawford are waiters. Consequently, when Pete shows up in the door of a fancy saloon, the head waiter generally gets a kink in his back bowing him to a table, as befits a guy who has bought the joint several times. Peter likes it, is said to insist on it, and is reported to gauge his regard of the place by the number of bends the head waiter can do per yard.

On the occasion of his visit to Ciro's with Sharman Douglas, he expected hand-springs, at least. Instead, he was nearly knocked down by the head waiter who clawed his anxious way past him. Glassy-eyed, Peter turned to see what manner of celebrity could bring about such a switch—and he found himself staring into the face of Eleanor Roosevelt on her first visit to a Hollywood night club.

However, the word of their arrival got around soon enough. One callous cameraman nudged a fellow who knew everybody and asked, "Who's the dish with Lawford?"

"A kid by the name of Sharman Douglas," whispered the informant. "New in town."

"Sharman Douglas?" said the photog. "SHARMAN DOUGLAS!"

In the next half hour every flash bulb on the Sunset Strip had been popped and every sheet of film exposed. Peter, usually pretty sure of himself before a normal barrage of this kind, was trembling like a farm boy on his first big date. He never

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1. Wash your face three times daily with Palmolive Soap—each time massaging its beautifying lather onto your skin for sixty seconds.
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Look for these Complexion Improvements in 14 Days!

- Fresher, Brighter Complexions!
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- Complexions clearer, more radiant!
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DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

For Tub or Shower Get Big

Bath Size Palmolive!

did get hold of himself, and they had to leave early. Generally very gracious with the fans surrounding the entrance to the club, this night he put his head down, took a firm hold on Miss Douglas' arm and dashed through the crowd to his car like an embarrassed murderer.

Back to the quiet life they went after that, but by now the cameramen and reporters were dogging their footsteps at every turn. They tried a night club once more, this time Mocambo, with Robert Walker and Elizabeth Firestone along, but the pressure was too much and they abandoned the project very early.

By this time love had moved into the lives of Peter and Sharman and marriage was a distinct possibility. That put a different complexion on the entire matter. While Sharman had not exactly lived in a glass house—there were such instances as her being photographed dancing the can-can with Princess Margaret of Britain—the family didn't want anybody throwing stones. And marriage to a film actor usually involves a rock fight of one form or another.

Word is said to have come from Papa Douglas that there was entirely too much publicity connected with his daughter's visit to Hollywood. Although Western Union's files are as sacred as the mails, a ransacking at night would probably disclose a message to Sharman going something like this:

"What's going on out there? What's all this nonsense in the newspapers? Have you gone mad? Come home immediately!"

Lest anyone get the impression that all this was a little unfair to Peter Lawford, let us state quite frankly that it was. While his conduct in any other town might have been less than exemplary (in regard to switching from one girl to another, that is), in Hollywood it was almost standard. It is true that Peter did a little better at it than almost any other star since Elmo Lincoln, but it was fair and, if you say it fast, innocent fun.

Let's look at his record.

grass widow's true delight . . .

Almost before Peter Lawford knew what feminine beauty was he was after it. It seemed to come as naturally to him as a love of crackers to a parrot. He was no more than a bud on the vine of manhood before he was asking fabulously beautiful screen stars for dates. It is said that in those early years the girl had to pay the checks, as Peter's boyish pocket money allowance made no provision for the glamorous type of entertainment they had become accustomed to.

Young as he was, though, Peter seemed innately afraid of matrimony. Most of the young ladies he escorted about until he met Sharman Douglas were carrying torches, and Peter earned the reputation of being a nice boy who had a wide, dry shoulder on which a girl could cry. This wasn't exactly true. It is known now that Peter has more than a shoulder, and several of the kids he is credited with comforting are said to have discovered a number of very charming reasons why they could live without the husband or boy friend they had just dumped.

When Rita Hayworth left Orson Welles, for instance, it was Friendly Pete, the grass widow's true delight, who began taking her out. And before anyone knew what had happened, Rita was looking at the boy in public as though he were something she'd like to win for keeps. Peter admitted to being mildly in love, but it is to be noted that when the talk got real big he lost the Hayworth phone number.

When Jane Wyman dropped Ronald

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pad deodorant**
WIPES AWAY
ODOR-FORMING
BACTERIA

**that other types of deodorants
leave under your arms!**

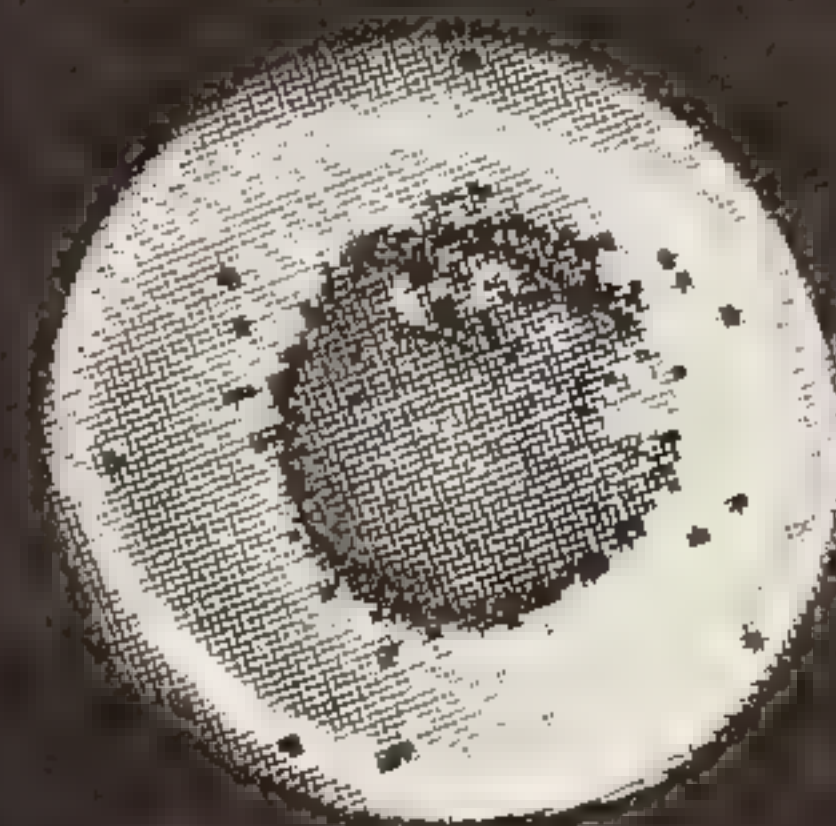
Contains
twice* as much
active anti-
perspirant . . .
yet milder

8 times*
more effective
in killing
odor-forming
bacteria

Laboratory Proof

TEST X

Purpose: Test of 5-DAY'S
action in removing odor-
forming skin bacteria



This microscopic photo proves that when you throw away your 5-Day Pad you throw away with it hundreds of thousands of odor-forming bacteria that other types of deodorants leave under your arms.

TEST XX

Purpose: Test of 5-DAY'S
reserve effectiveness



This laboratory photo was taken hours after application of a 5-Day Pad. Note the amazing difference. This is because 5-Day's exclusive formula prevents the growth of odor-forming skin bacteria and keeps you safe from underarm odor longer.

throw away your
perspiration and odor

5-day
deodorant pads

Easier! Each pad contains right amount.
No guessing! Even smooth penetration instantly.

Faster! Goes into action instantly. Dries
in seconds.

Cooling, Refreshing! No clammy,
sticky feeling.
Cooling, refreshing sensation.

No Messy Cream

No Drizzly Spray

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Harmless to skin and clothes



25c 55c
\$1.00

**No other deodorant is as effective in
checking perspiration and stopping odor!**

The miracle is in the pad! 5-Day Pads are circlets of fabric saturated with refreshing, mild yet very effective deodorant. 5-Day's exclusive formula checks perspiration—stops odor longer.

**Safely checks perspiration more effectively,
too!** Contains twice* as much active anti-perspirant than an average of leading brands tested. Yet, laboratory pH tests prove 5-Day milder—harmless to skin and clothes.

Greater reserve protection! Laboratory tests show that hours after application 5-Day's exclusive formula is 8 times* more effective in keeping you safe from underarm odor than an average of leading brands tested. No other deodorant or deodorant soap can keep you so safe from underarm odor—so long.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK—if not completely satisfied.

*All comparative figures mentioned in this ad are based

TONI TWINS

Discover New Shampoo Magic



Soft-Water Shampooing Even in Hardest Water



"Toni Creme Shampoo won us with its very first performance" say radiant brunet twins Katherine and Kathleen Ring of Chicago. "Our hair was so beautifully soft . . . as if we washed it in rainwater. And that wonderful softness made it much easier to manage."

Soft-Water Shampooing . . . that's the magic of Toni Creme Shampoo. Even in the hardest water, you get oceans of creamy lather that rinses away dandruff instantly. Never leaves a dull, soapy film. That's why your hair sparkles with natural highlights. And it's so easy to set and style.

- Leaves your hair gloriously soft, easy to manage
- Helps permanents "take" better, look lovelier longer
- Rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly
- Oceans of creamy-thick lather makes hair sparkle with natural highlights

Enriched with Lanolin



man to be seen in public with her. It was never publicly announced that there might be something serious there, but soon he stopped calling her house, too.

Nora Eddington Flynn Haymes was another who fell for the smooth talk. Peter was her first date when she left Errol Flynn, and they were seen together a good deal more than the papers ever acknowledged. Her meeting with Dick Haymes and their resultant marriage broke that up.

There is a list of them a foot long. Gloria De Haven, Janet Leigh, Gloria McLean, Lana Turner are just a few of the Hollywood girls who ran to Peter as soon as their loves flew out the window. And consoling, while pitching, became something of a specialty with Peter. Our only interest in all this is to prove that Peter has avoided love and marriage with an uncanny regularity that must give it the label of deliberate intent. In other words, until Sharman Douglas, he was a hit-and-run artist in high gear.

As a further measure of understanding, let's look at Peter's other social activities. In order to preserve his identity as a single man too busy for serious obligations of his own, he has consistently attached himself to some happily married couple (at the time) and become a sort of brother.

There was Mr. and Mrs. Keenan Wynn (now she is Mrs. Van Johnson). They seldom went anywhere without Peter tagging along. Mr. and Mrs. Jackie Cooper. They had as much privacy as a pair of squirrels. Pete was with them constantly. And, for a long time, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sinatra. Then, the Martin and Lewis comedy team and their wives. Peter even went on tour with them and danced in blackface nightly in their night club act for nothing. There were people who said this was all hero worship, but the insiders say it was his constant need of a haven from designing women that made him latch on to these families.

It was no wonder then, with a background like this, that the Douglas family shuddered slightly when they learned via the newspapers that their daughter was

seen so much in the company of this actor.

Oh, yes, in certain smug circles actors are still considered characterless children of vice and depravity. And any daughter of a good family who attaches herself legally to one of these creatures can expect, at best, only pity from the family proper.

Again, it must be said in Peter Lawford's favor that he is not quite the type, genealogically speaking, of his compatriots. His father, formerly a distinguished general in the British army, is titled Sir Sidney Lawford and his mother, Lady Lawford. They are definitely the aristocratic type, too, unlike the usual mother and dad of the film stars who are as democratic-looking as apple pie. As a matter of fact, they are so aristocratic-appearing that another MGM actor, meeting them for the first time, was moved to comment, "They look as though he got them from casting."

But, sadly, the Douglas clan was either unaware of Peter's grand background or chose to ignore it, either attitude having the same effect. "Sharman, keep that actor out of our family."

Young love will go to any extreme to express itself fully. What may appear trivial to one man may be of the utmost importance to another. To Peter Lawford, his social life is next to his screen life, and it takes a serious upset to disturb his routine. Between pictures, he flies about the country to the famous society resorts and hob-nobs with the class he likes best. Before meeting Sharman Douglas, his entire winter tour had been planned and invitations accepted. He was to go to Palm Beach for the season there, then on to Long Island for a summer holiday.

Sharman had different plans. She was to stay in Hollywood for a month or so, then to the Douglas ranch at Tucson, and later to New York for a whirl through Gotham gay spots before leaving with her family for England where Pop worked.

Palm Beach and Long Island lost Peter Lawford for that season. He stayed in Hollywood until Sharman left, plugging his ears to the inviting cries of his Florida friends, and never left Sharman's side.



Sharman Douglas (with her mother) was the first to congratulate dad, Lewis Douglas, after he received an honorary degree from the University of London. He's the U. S. ambassador to England.

When she went to Arizona, he got himself an invitation and spent a month there. Then he went to New York and, instead of Long Island, he bunked at the Waldorf to be closer to Miss Douglas.

During this, which might be called the adhesive tape period of the romance, Peter suffered the agonies of the damned. Sincere love had touched him and he didn't know quite how to cope with it. While the Douglasses were extremely friendly, he knew that he wasn't entirely accepted and it frightened him.

There was talk, too, that Peter was merely doing a little front porch work, social climbing, trying to steal the keys to St. James Palace. This may have been right in a way, because Peter is admittedly class conscious. As a matter of fact, it has been reported that his former co-star, Lassie, developed the same character after working with him and would have nothing to do with any breed but his own.

But to give Peter his just due, he was sincerely and deeply in love. To the extent that, although he is notoriously thrifty, he bought an expensive bracelet for his love. Hollywood demanded documentary proof before they would believe it.

Peter made his biggest pitch for Sharman in Arizona, where he began to assume the attitude of a beaten man. There were two factions in Arizona. One, faintly glowing in the reflection of a star of Peter's magnitude, contended that he was a lad of fine breeding and first rate charm—and any union between him and Sharman would be acceptable to them. The other side contended that Sharman Douglas marrying a movie star was the most ridiculous thing they could possibly think of, a mortal wound to tradition.

never say die . . .

No longer a happy warrior, Peter fought for all he was worth. When Sharman went to New York, he tagged along and dolefully continued his advances. He was getting nowhere fast, but Sharman loved it. Getting nowhere, that is, as a prospective husband. As a boy to offer love and, maybe, be a little in love with, he was wonderful.

The day Sharman Douglas flew to England was a sad one for Peter Lawford. No matter what the MGM press agents say, he took it hard. Some sources, close to the true picture, said Sharman wanted to stay, wanted to marry Peter and forget all she was destined to go back to. Others said no. The people who should know, however, say that Father Douglas put his foot down and told his daughter she would have to return to London with the family for at least a trial period of separation.

As in all matters of this kind, only the persons closely involved can know the real truth—and in this case they will not talk. It's interesting to note, however, that Peter flew to London, at the invitation of Sharman's parents, to spend Easter with her.

Peter, it must be concluded, is in love with Sharman—and in love for the very first time. Sharman Douglas is either terribly infatuated with Peter, or very deeply in love, too. Time and circumstance may take their toll, but it is a considered opinion that within a year these two young people will marry. It is also a certainty that if this does take place, Peter will be welcomed whole-heartedly by her family.

There are still those skeptics who hold to the belief that Peter now and always will be a hit-and-run lover; that he will forget Sharman eventually and return to his nomadic quest for kicks, pretty faces and trim figures. For the eventual triumph of true love, and in the sincere hope that Peter will find himself and finally decide he's Ronald Colman, we hope they are wrong.

THE END

HOW CAN IT BE TACTFULLY TOLD to a sensitive young wife?

YOU SEE, DEAR, THERE'S
A GRAVE WOMANLY
OFFENSE THAT'S
RARELY DISCUSSED

SO THAT'S WHY
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from this day forward

(Continued from page 46) Father Concannon then turns toward Nicky. "Conrad," he asks, "wilt thou take Elizabeth, here present, for thy lawful wife?"

Nicky's answer is low but clear. "I will."

"Elizabeth, wilt thou take Conrad, here present, for thy lawful husband?"

Elizabeth looks at the young man who has pledged her his life. Her eyes are soft as twilight. A smile flickers across her face. "I will," she says.

Nicky places his right hand on Elizabeth's and repeats these words after Father Concannon: "I, Conrad Nicholson, take thee, Elizabeth Rosemond, for my lawful wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do us part."

Elizabeth answers in kind, and then Father Concannon says, "By the authority committed to me, I pronounce you united in the bonds of matrimony." Nicky slips a diamond marriage band on the third finger of his bride's left hand, saying after the priest, "With this ring I thee wed, and I plight unto thee my troth."

Elizabeth Taylor becomes Mrs. Conrad Nicholson Hilton, Jr.

Mr. Conrad Nicholson Hilton, Jr., had the whole thing planned half a year ago. A few short weeks after he'd met Elizabeth he knew that no one else would do. He went so far as to tell his father, Conrad, who's an old hand at romance, having been married twice himself.

"Dad," Nicky said, "she's lovely, she's beautiful, she's gorgeous."

"Elizabeth Taylor?"

"Yes."

"You get that Taylor girl, son," said his father, "and I'll give you the finest three-month honeymoon in Europe any couple ever had."

Nicky didn't rest until he got that girl. He went about it intelligently. He knew Elizabeth liked beautiful trinkets, so last Christmas he dropped in on George Headley, the famous jeweler, at the Bel Air Hotel.

"Show me something nice," Nicky said to Mr. Headley.

"Blonde or brunette?" asked Mr. Headley.

"Diamonds," said Nicky.

Mr. Headley set a black velvet pad on the showcase, and on the pad he placed a pair of platinum earrings, each one composed of five enormous pearls and two diamonds.

"How much?" asked Nicky. "No. Don't tell me. I'll take them."

But Mr. Headley did tell him, and even so, Nicky took them. And Elizabeth took them.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



The summer Bob Hope rode in the Minneapolis Aquatennial parade it was terrifically hot and people had been standing for hours to view the parade. Finally Bob Hope rode by and as he passed a

little boy about five years old went out into the street and gave him a popsicle. Bob said thanks and rode along, licking the popsicle and waving.

Ellie Kruger
Minneapolis, Minn.

Nicky knew that Elizabeth didn't like nightclubs, especially since the press had raked her over the coals for hearing Vic Damone sing in one of them. He didn't take her to nightclubs.

Sometimes they went over to his brother Barron's house.

"My brother's married, you know," he'd tell her.

"I know," she'd say.

"He has two children," Nicky'd go on. "They get along fine."

"Who does?"

"All of them. Funny thing. Barron's younger than I am, a year and a half—he's only 22."

"So?"

"So he's married. He has two children."

"Yes, you told me."

Barron and his wife, Marilyn, helped Nicky's project along. First place, they looked happy together. Second place, they told Elizabeth they were happy together. But they didn't have to tell her.

In no time at all, Nicky and Elizabeth were talking about that honeymoon. Neither of them is a stranger to Europe. Elizabeth was born in England, 18 years ago, at Number 8, Wildwood Road. Her father ran an art shop on London's Old Bond Street. And Nicky not only toured England, France, and Italy with his father two years ago, but he also put in time at a hotel management school in Lausanne, Switzerland.

Nicky knows the hotel business from the cellar up. When he was a young boy, his father gave him odd jobs in the various Hilton hotels, and he learned the angles.

Shortly after the honeymooners get home, Nicky hopes to be running a hotel in Los Angeles.

weekend at the waldorf . . .

It will be a Hilton Hotel, of course, but it'll be owned and operated by Nicky himself. He has a proud and independent nature, and wants to keep it that way.

Since Elizabeth's also in the hotel business now, by marriage, she's getting more and more hotel-minded. When she was in New York putting the finishing touches on her trousseau, she learned that her agent, Jules Goldstone, had registered at the Sherry-Netherland. She rushed to the phone and called him. "What do you mean by stopping at the Sherry-Netherland?" she said. "That's not a Hilton hotel. Why aren't you staying at the Waldorf? That's our hotel."

Goldstone moved to the Waldorf fast.

Elizabeth and Nicky will probably move into the Bel Air Hotel after their honeymoon. (It doesn't belong to the Hiltons, but they'll get a good rate.) Then they'll look for a home of their own.

For a time there was talk of their living in the penthouse at the Sunset Towers, but that place is owned by the Kirkeby hotel chain, Hilton's rivals, and the suite rents for \$600 a month. Nicky doesn't plan on paying \$600 a month to rivals.

Among other gossip circulated around is that Nicky doesn't know what he's getting into.

"Being married to Elizabeth Taylor," cracked one columnist, "is like being married to a public utility."

But Nicky Hilton knew what it would be like long before he proposed, long before he gave her the four carat diamond engagement ring (insured at \$10,000).

He lived in Bel-Air for years, attended Loyola University at Los Angeles, mingled with all sorts of movie celebrities, but Nicky never suffered from stars-in-the-eyes. He knew then, and knows now what marriage to a screen star means.

He realizes that no matter what he accomplishes in life, unless, of course, he

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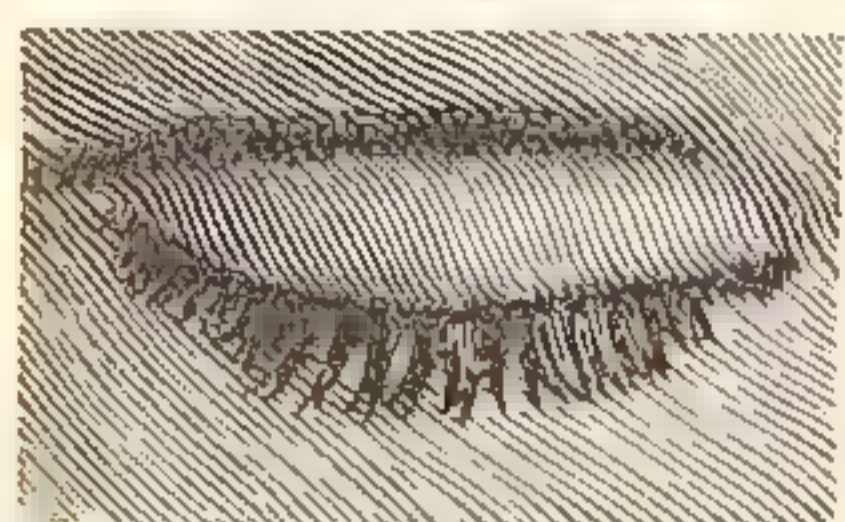
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WHEN YOU "DEW" YOU DON'T OFFEND

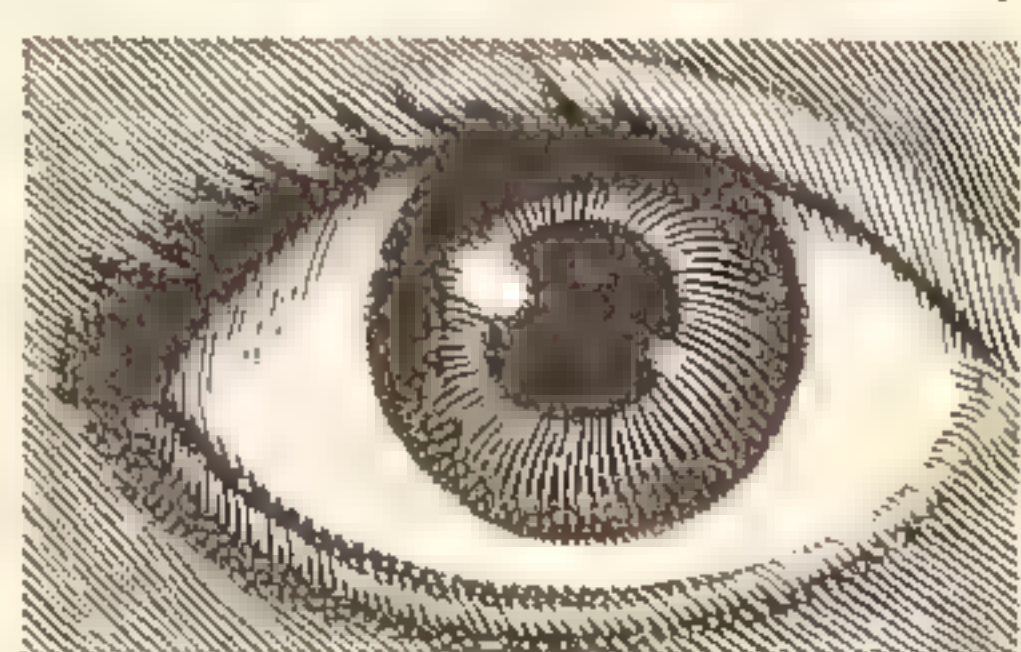
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will constantly overshadow him, because his wife is in a business which exists only by approval of the entire public.

Nicky knows that people will refer to him not as Nick Hilton but as "Elizabeth Taylor's husband." But that won't stop him from working his way to the top in the hotel business.

He knows, too, that Elizabeth will give up her career if it endangers their marriage. At this moment, he can't see any reason why it should. But Elizabeth herself has said, "I'll give up my acting if it interferes with our happiness."

Elizabeth has worked before the cameras ever since she was a youngster. She's never worked at marriage, and she's determined to give it everything she's got.

Both she and Nicky want children, and when these come, they'll be raised in the Catholic faith, as Elizabeth has promised. (In order for her to get married in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Elizabeth had to take six weeks of instruction from a Catholic priest. Elizabeth's a Christian Scientist, but no wedding ceremonies are held in her church.)

No one realizes how bitterly Elizabeth felt about the publicity which described her as a slinky siren who loved to break men's hearts. "I'm not anything of the sort," she's said again and again. "Why do they print such things?"

Mrs. Gladys Culverhouse, who took care of the Taylors when they lived in England, and now runs their house, has known Elizabeth since birth.

"She's going to make a wonderful wife," Mrs. Culverhouse has told reporters. "Elizabeth's the kind of intelligent girl who's always known what she wanted. The papers in America have made her out to be a girl who lives a fast life, but that's ridiculous. She's no such person."

"Naturally, she's gone out with boys like Mr. Davis and Mr. Pawley and Mr. Damone. But what girl hasn't? I mean, gone with boys."

"When she started going with Mr. Hilton, she took an immediate liking to him."

"Now she's proud of him, too. She respects him. He feels the same about her. That's why this will be the first and last marriage for both of them."

Certainly, if blessings have the power, and wishes do come true, Mr. and Mrs. Nicky Hilton, as of May 6th, 1950, will be having and holding each other for a long, long time. THE END

Archdiocese of Los Angeles

I, the undersigned, not a member of the Catholic Church, wishing to contract marriage with

CONRAD NICHOLSON HILTON, JR.

a member of the Catholic Church, propose to do so with the understanding that the marriage tie is indissoluble, except by death, and promise on my word of honor that

MY HUSBAND

shall enjoy the free exercise of religion according to CATHOLIC belief, and that all children of either sex born of this marriage shall be baptized and educated exclusively in the faith and according to the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church; and furthermore, that no other marriage ceremony than that before the Catholic Priest shall take place.

SIGNATURE OF NON-CATHOLIC PARTY

I, the undersigned, a member of the Catholic Church, wishing to contract marriage with ELIZABETH ROSEMOND TAYLOR

a non-Catholic, do hereby promise on my word of honor that all children of either sex born of this marriage shall be baptized and educated exclusively in the faith and according to the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church.

SIGNATURE OF CATHOLIC PARTY

There is moral certitude that the promises will be fulfilled by both contracting parties.

Signature of Pastor

Church of

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Date 1950

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my war with betty

(Continued from page 28) were little, I came home on Saturday and in between cleaning and washing and ironing and hoeing out the house in general, I'd whip up a good old stew or hash, or even *chili con carne* if there wasn't anything else in the cupboard. I put the food in front of them on a well-nicked table and the only music they had was the din of the kids in the street playing baseball. I didn't have time to tell them stories, and if they didn't help themselves they were out of luck. With the result that they did, and fast. And today both of them have the constitution of an ox.

"Things have changed since you were a girl, mother," Betty tells me. "I have the children on a definite routine because I believe it will give them added security."

All I have to say is that if the kids don't learn to eat in a hurry they'll be out of luck at the dinner table with their mother. Betty eats as though the house were on fire, ringing a bell every five minutes for a change of course, and if you don't keep up with her you have the unfortunate experience of having a full plate removed from under your nose.

And if I may be indelicate enough to mention the diaper department, there wasn't nearly the rapid turnover in the old days that there is now.

Betty is scared to death that the kids will get sick or that something will happen to them, and I keep telling her to relax, that she grew up against odds that are something awful when you compare them to Lindsay and Candy. You can bet that Miss Hutton and I have had some eighty-cent phone conversations on the subject of the children, but Betty takes my raving rather well.

that's my girl . . .

In fact, that's the secret of our success as a mother and daughter. We can shout at each other instead of at the world, and underneath it all there's something deep and lasting that a million spats can't touch.

As I said before, I'm not a mushy type of woman. If anybody wanted to find out if I was proud of Betty, they'd have to ask me, and even then I'd laugh it off. What I feel is inside, and is going to stay there. I guess I have a complex about being her mother. I am afraid that if I admit she's my daughter it sounds like bragging. But she's my girl, all right.

Back in 1921, though, I wanted a boy. I already had Marion, with blonde hair and blue eyes, and she was everything a girl should be. So I said to myself, "That's that. Now I'll have a boy."

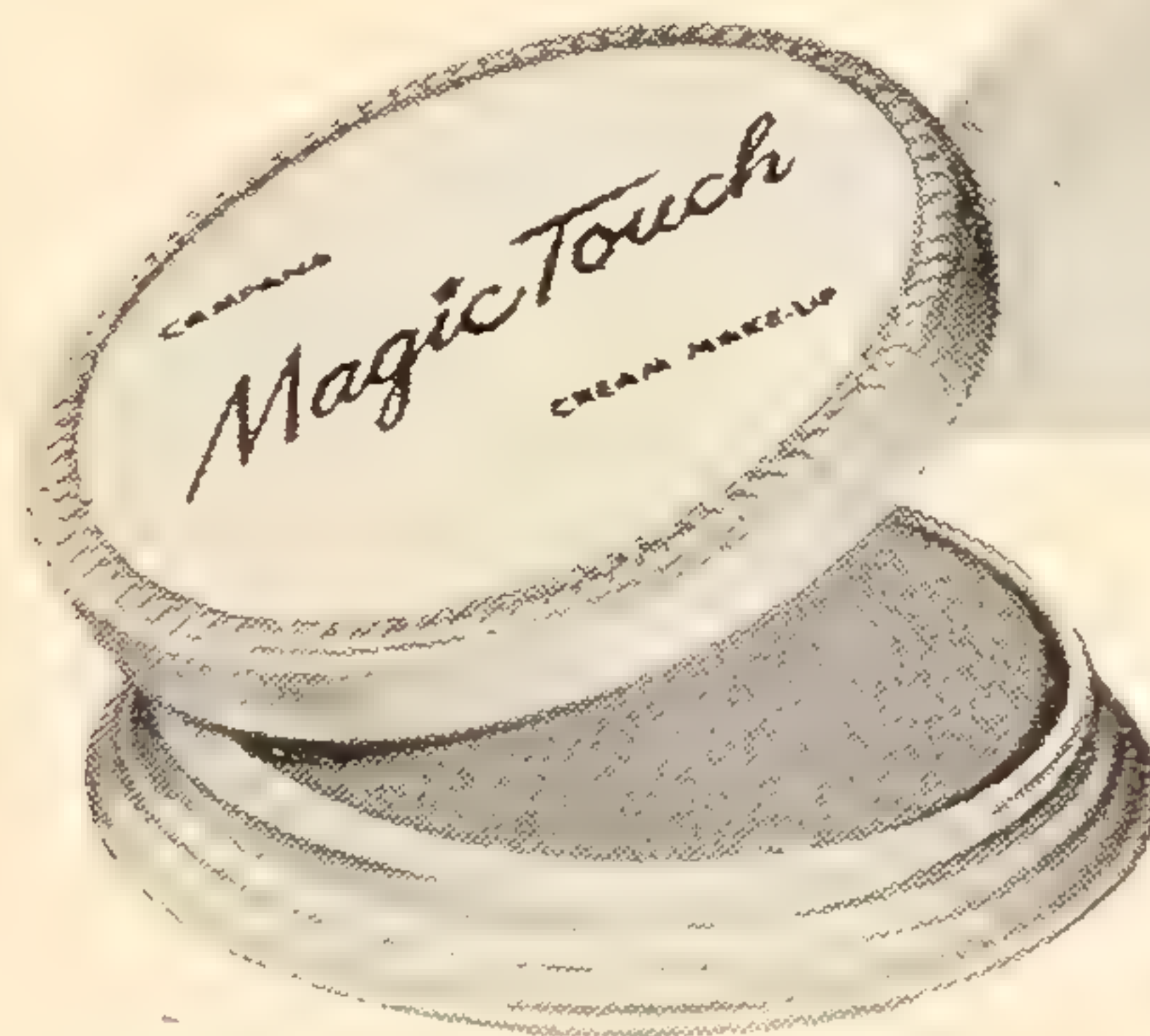
I almost threw a pitcher at the doctor when he told me I had another daughter. There he stood, the big hulk, with five sons of his own, telling me to be happy. I started to mutter, but he ignored me, and smiled. "My wife and I always wanted girls," he said. "But we wouldn't trade any one of the boys. You'll see. You'll feel the same way about this girl."

And I guess he was right.

As it turned out, it seemed that Betty was always trying to make it up to me. Not that I cared after the first few minutes—it goes without saying that any mother accepts and loves every baby she has—but Betty from the beginning was more demonstrative than Marion. She was forever coming to me to be kissed, and to this day she'll pile into my lap and give me a hug that all but dislocates my neck. I think it's possible, too, that Betty showed her affection as a subconscious defense against Marion's good looks. Marion was always the pretty one, and people always seemed eager to tell that to Betty who had straight hair and no glamor. Of course, I

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Rockefeller Center, New York

was enraged every time anyone made a comment like that, but there wasn't much I could do about other people's tongues.

Betty always used to make a particular effort to please me. I remember the time the school was having a bazaar. The children were assigned various tasks and the parents were invited as spectators. On my arrival I was dumbfounded to learn that Betty was in the sewing room. There was little Betty loathed more than sewing. To this day she doesn't know a needle from an ice-pick.

Anyway, I walked into the sewing room and as soon as Betty spotted me her foot went down on the treadle of the sewing machine. There wasn't a machine in that room going anywhere near as fast as Betty's. She saw to that; she wasn't going to let me down. And she seemed happily oblivious of the fact that the needle wasn't threaded.

School for Betty was an open and shut case. On a Monday morning her mind would open and accept all the knowledge there was to absorb. By Monday afternoon her mind would close on it like a steel trap and nothing more would get in till Tuesday.

bouncing betty . . .

It's a facility she's had all her life; to learn quickly and to quickly put her mind in order so that she can learn something new. I suppose it contributes to what people today term her "bounce." She can always come to the surface smiling, successful and unhurt.

Probably the world's most confirmed tomboy, she usually played such violent games I always lived in fear of broken bones. But despite years of roughhouse, her only scar came when she was pushed off a jetty and cut her face.

It was almost as though she knew I couldn't afford doctor bills, and was determined not to be an expense. Those were lean days. I was divorced from the children's father, and worked for our living in an automobile plant in Detroit. Out of necessity, the girls learned to keep house and to cook (Marion learned to sew), and it was a hard life for them. Perhaps it would have been disastrous if the three of us hadn't been blessed with a sense of humor. We could always laugh off our troubles, and what is even more important, we thrilled in anticipation when we wanted something, and we knew that if we saved long and hard enough, we'd have it.

I was with Betty just this last Christmas, and after breakfast I watched her children opening their gifts. They sat at the foot of a tree big enough to fit into Sequoia National Park, and you couldn't see the children for the packages around them. I've never seen such beautiful toys. Unwrapping took hours, and after a while the children's eyes began to look a little glazed.

For some time I'd been thinking my own thoughts, thoughts a little on the gloomy side. Then Betty looked up at me from where she sat by the children's side. There was sadness in her face.

"Mom," she said. "Mom, they're not having the fun we used to have. I'm afraid they're missing something."

I knew what she meant. Back in Detroit, I'd start working at nights on the old toys along about September. By Christmas I'd had them repaired and painted with new clothes made for the dolls. And my girls were more thrilled with the made over stuff than they would have been with one (or six) of these modern dolls that talk and cry and eat and change the status of their diapers.

Even when they were in their teens and putting on a show at the Palace, I'd bring little surprises to the theater, things like jigsaw puzzles to entertain them be-

tween acts, and they made such a fuss you'd have thought I'd brought them parts of a Cadillac to fit together.

Betty and Marion seldom asked me for anything when they were little. Maybe because they knew I'd do anything in the world for them that was possible, and the minute somebody would trust me for fifty cents until next payday, I'd go into debt to satisfy their needs. I did manage a series of dancing lessons for each of them, which they considered the height of luxury. Marion finished the course knowing a great deal, Betty came out of it knowing nothing. Before the lessons were started she had perfected her own dance steps, and held on to them like grim death.

Already she had entered every dance contest in the neighborhood. At that time there was a craze for some six-cylinder step that they danced to "White Heat" and melodies of that ilk. To me it was more like an endurance contest, but dancing like this was right up Betty's alley. Although I didn't realize it at the time, show business was leading us a chase.

I never had to worry about Betty, young as she was, when she was singing and dancing in those days. She was too career-conscious to even think about boys, and it had been the same way in school. She'd been so intent on learning the lessons for the day that no impression was made on her by the occasional moon-eyed youngsters who followed her around. And the boy who swiped tin whistles and watches from Woolworth's to gain her favor finally realized that in his case, too, crime didn't pay.

When Betty was fourteen, she visited friends of mine who lived in Lansing, Michigan, and it was then that show business caught up with us. Lansing had a lake, and at the lake was a band, and Betty wanted to sing with a band ever since I could remember. She was offered a job while there, and made up her own mind about taking it. It's always been that way. Betty had lined up her career from the first, and I've always kept my nose out of it.

Many times, though, I've sat in on business conferences, but you couldn't open my mouth at those times with a crowbar, and my silence has paid off for Betty because it was appreciated by the men involved. Of course they never knew what I said afterward, when Betty and I were alone, but even that advice was given only



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ On the set of *Road To Singapore* Dorothy Lamour's been all hands and needles between every scene. Dottie's just taken up knitting and admits that the object on which she's lavishing all her spare time is a man's sweater. She's even having lunch served on the set so no time will be lost on her knitting and unraveling. But to date no one has been able to find out for whom the sweater is intended. "Just a boyfriend," says Dottie. Since the Lamour boyfriends are legion, that clue was considered hopeless.—March, 1940, *Modern Screen*



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upon request. I've hewed pretty much to that line in everything with Betty. Well, almost everything. I suppose I'll keep up a running debate with her about the children until they themselves call it off.

But I'm always there when she wants me. And right now she's so wound up with her career (she's just finished *Annie Get Your Gun*, and she's working on *Let's Dance*) and her daughters that she often calls on me to help her out at home. Betty has dropped all domestic duties with the exception of cooking, but other than that she's a total loss. I doubt if she knows where the brooms are kept. So I lend my support by hiring and training the help, getting things repaired, overseeing in general. Our taste is so identical that I can even buy clothes for her. Once in a while I make a mistake. Like that Kelly green outfit. She'd been wearing dark and somber clothes for so long that one day I couldn't resist plugging a bright green suit. To please me she bought it, but I found out later that she gave it away.

Betty is forever giving things away. Almost every item in my apartment has been a gift from her, and her generosity doesn't stop with material things. She gives of her self and her time to anyone she likes. She'll go on giving until she drops.

If I may be allowed one bit of bragging, I'd like to say that my biggest pride in Betty Hutton as a person is that she doesn't realize her importance as a star. Instead of pushing people around with her position in the industry (as some others do), she's more inclined to take a back seat and chum with the little guys. She knows what it means to be one. I remember the time she was on location for a picture where they had a table for the executives and the actors, and another set up for the crew. Day after day Betty ate lunch with the grips until finally the director cornered her and said, "When are you going to start acting like a star?" Betty blew up like an atom bomb and the smoke didn't clear away for days. I'm proud to say she'll never change from being a down-to-earth person.

I think a good example of her honesty and forthrightness was the statement she made when she and Ted split up for the first time last year. "It's my fault," Betty said simply. That statement not only shattered precedents in Hollywood comments but it showed her to be a true gentlewoman.

Betty has mellowed a great deal since her children were born. She has a greater capacity for tolerance now, especially toward me, because she realizes what it means to be a mother.

Sometimes when I have nothing to do I sit and wonder about how it will be thirty years or so from now. Maybe Candy and Lindsay will have children of their own, and Betty will be going slightly mad over their new-fangled ideas about bringing them up. Maybe Betty and I will be sitting on a porch somewhere fitting jigsaw puzzles together and arguing. But with all the arguments both of us will have, there'll be much laughter, there'll be much love.

I'd better stop now while I'm ahead, or I'll start talking like a sentimental fool.

THE END

Paid Notice

**is Your Man
Cold to You?**
(SEE PAGE 86)



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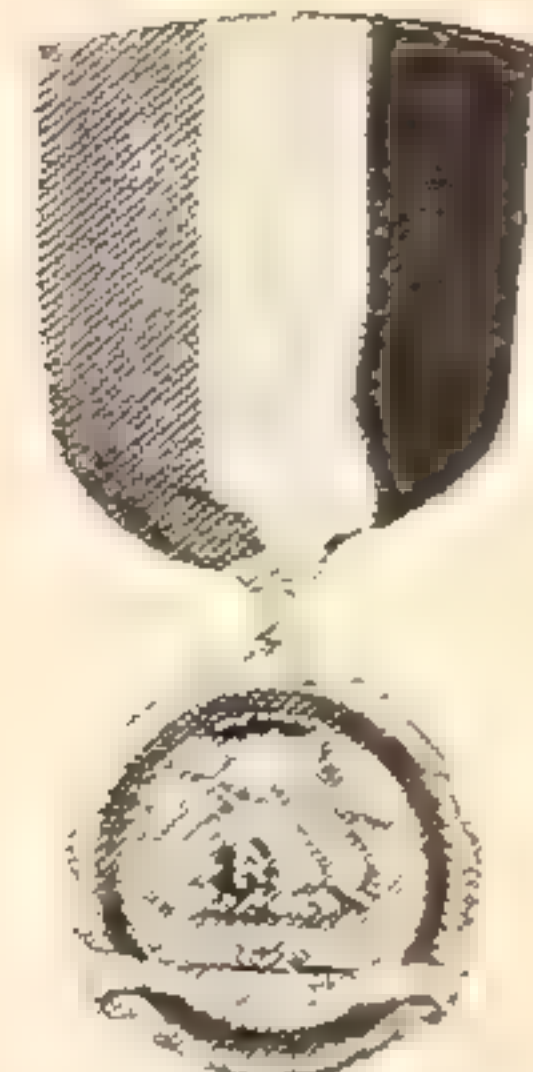
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the husbands of janet leigh

(Continued from page 85) And Ruth introduced us, and then I took it from there.

"In a few days, I phoned Janet at the Alpha Theta Tau house and asked her for a date. The first date we had was on a Sunday. It was my birthday, and it was only an afternoon date. We went into Stockton and had some lunch, and I thought we were going to spend the whole day together, but she was awfully popular, even back then, and she told me she had a date for the evening. But I kept after her."

And because Stan Reames was a tall, personable chap, and he had a "pop" music band at the College, and the girls went for him, too—Janet became interested, and it wasn't very long before the pair was classified as "steady."

A year later, Stan Reames proposed marriage, and it was then that Janet was faced with the most momentous problem of her young life. Should she tell him about Danny and the foolish, impetuous elopement to Reno? If she told him, would it make any difference? Would it destroy or affect their love? Would it cloud their marriage?

These were soul-searing questions for an 18-year-old girl. These were the questions she knew one day she would have to face, and now that day was upon her.

Luckily, fate intervened. A letter from Danny arrived one day, and Janet placed it in a text book. The following day, Stan was carrying her books to class when the letter slipped out. He bent down and picked it up. When he saw the return name on the envelope, he asked her, "Who's this guy who's writing to you?"

Janet took his arm and looked into his eyes. "Stan," she said, "I want to tell you something." And then as quickly as possible, she told him everything.

Stan was wonderful. "Gee, honey," he said. "It doesn't make any difference. You were only a kid."

So they were married, and they spent their first honeymoon night in Monterey, and for ten days they took a motoring trip along the Coast, and then went back to Stockton.

Stan took his band and began beating the bushes for "play-dates," and Janet went up

after a while to visit her parents who were working at the Sugar Bowl Ski Lodge in Soda Springs.

There is little point here in repeating the story of Janet's being discovered. You all know how Norma Shearer, leafing through an album one day up at the lodge, came across a picture of an extremely photogenic young girl dressed in ski clothes. "This girl is absolutely fascinating," Norma said. "She should be in pictures."

A few months later, Jeanette Morrison was signed by MGM to play the role of Lissy Anne in *The Romance of Rosy Ridge*.

Oddly enough, when Janet first reported to work at MGM in 1946, at a take-home pay of \$43.80—the general impression she created was one of complete innocence. "She is the most naïve thing," one director said, "I've ever seen."

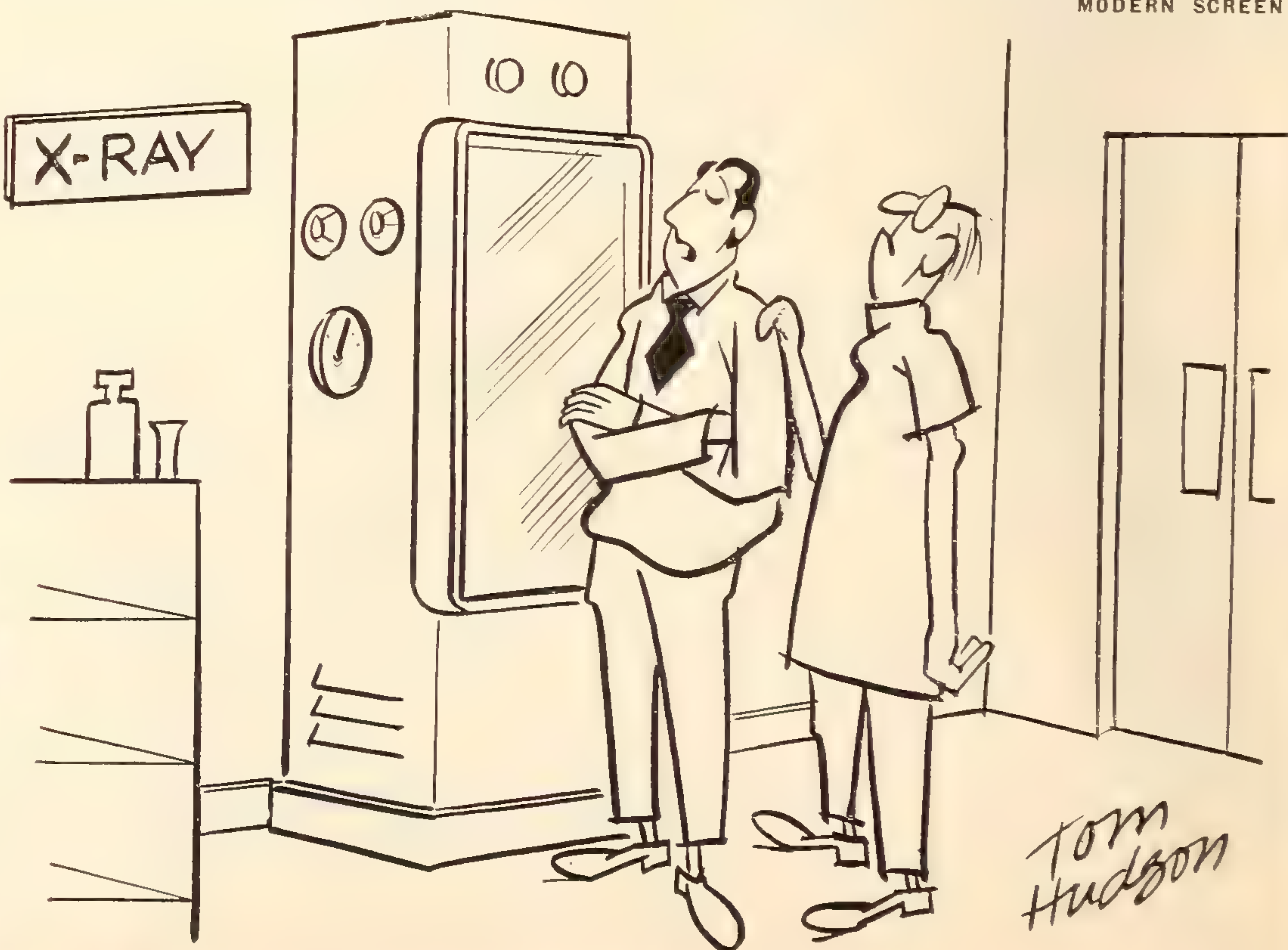
When the director was told that this young ingenue was currently married to a band-leader named Stanley Reames, he couldn't believe it. "If that's true," he said, "she's going to become one of the greatest actresses we've ever had."

That prophecy will probably be fulfilled, because Janet, in four years, has made more films (the count now is 12) than any other comparable actress in Hollywood. There is hardly a Metro picture in which she doesn't star, and when she's not working on her home lot, Howard Hughes borrows her for RKO. In four years her salary has boomed from \$50 to \$750 a week, and if her agent thought it expedient, he probably could get a new contract for her at virtually any reasonable figure, because next to Lana Turner and Elizabeth Taylor—Janet is just about the best box-office draw MGM owns.

As frequently happens in Hollywood, Janet's career and marriage didn't blend. As things went well with Janet, they went poorly with Stan. He had to disband his orchestra and take a job with the Bank of America. Gradually, these two youngsters began to grow apart. Janet was definitely joining the big time. She was moving fast in fast circles. She was on the way up. Stan was moving slowly, trying to find a niche for himself in a city already too crowded by thousands of returning servicemen.

On June 1st, 1948, Janet moved out of

MODERN SCREEN



Tom Hudson

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the little apartment she and her husband had rented. She went to live with her parents who had come down from Sugar Bowl Lodge. She asked for a trial-separation. It lasted all of three days. On the fourth day, Janet, ever frank and honest, came to Stan and said, "I don't think we can make a go of it any longer. I'd like a divorce."

Stan bowed his head. "Anything you want," he said.

Janet got her divorce and her freedom, but in a short while she fell in love with Arthur Loew, Jr., whose father runs the theater chain bearing that name.

"Yes," she admits, "I know I'm in love. But we're not engaged. We're not planning to marry soon, and in fact, we may never marry at all."

(Editor's note: In fact, Janet may be Mrs. Arthur Loew, Jr. by the time you read this or very shortly thereafter.)

Janet's attitude is understandable. She took the wrong step twice; she wants the third attempt to be right and final; she wants her next husband to have all the qualities the other two didn't.

Arthur certainly is more financially able than his predecessors. He's heir to a large fortune; he's learning the motion picture business as a producer's assistant. He is destined to inherit his father's mantle, and if Janet marries him, she will certainly know a luxury she has never experienced before. (The Loews are reputed to be worth some fifteen millions.)

"What I like best about Arthur," one girl who knows him confided recently, "is that he's a very thoughtful and considerate guy. You know what he's done? He's started a charm bracelet for Janet. Every time she's in a picture, he adds a charm which represents the theme of the film. For example, when Janet was in *Jet Pilot*, he put a little jet plane on the bracelet. When she was in *Act of Violence*, he added a gun. For *Red Danube* it was a little ballet dancer, and so on down the line. Girls appreciate gifts like that, because it shows a guy is really interested in you and your career."

As a matter of fact, most of the girls in Hollywood think Janet is out of her mind for not marrying Arthur Loew, Jr. quicker than she can say, "I do."

"He has everything," a starlet once pointed out, "and if I ever went with him, I think I'd propose in five minutes."

What this starlet and the others don't realize is that when a girl has twice submitted to the temptation of matrimony and has twice been hurt, she moves slowly and with much care before she takes the third and what she hopes will be the final plunge.

THE END

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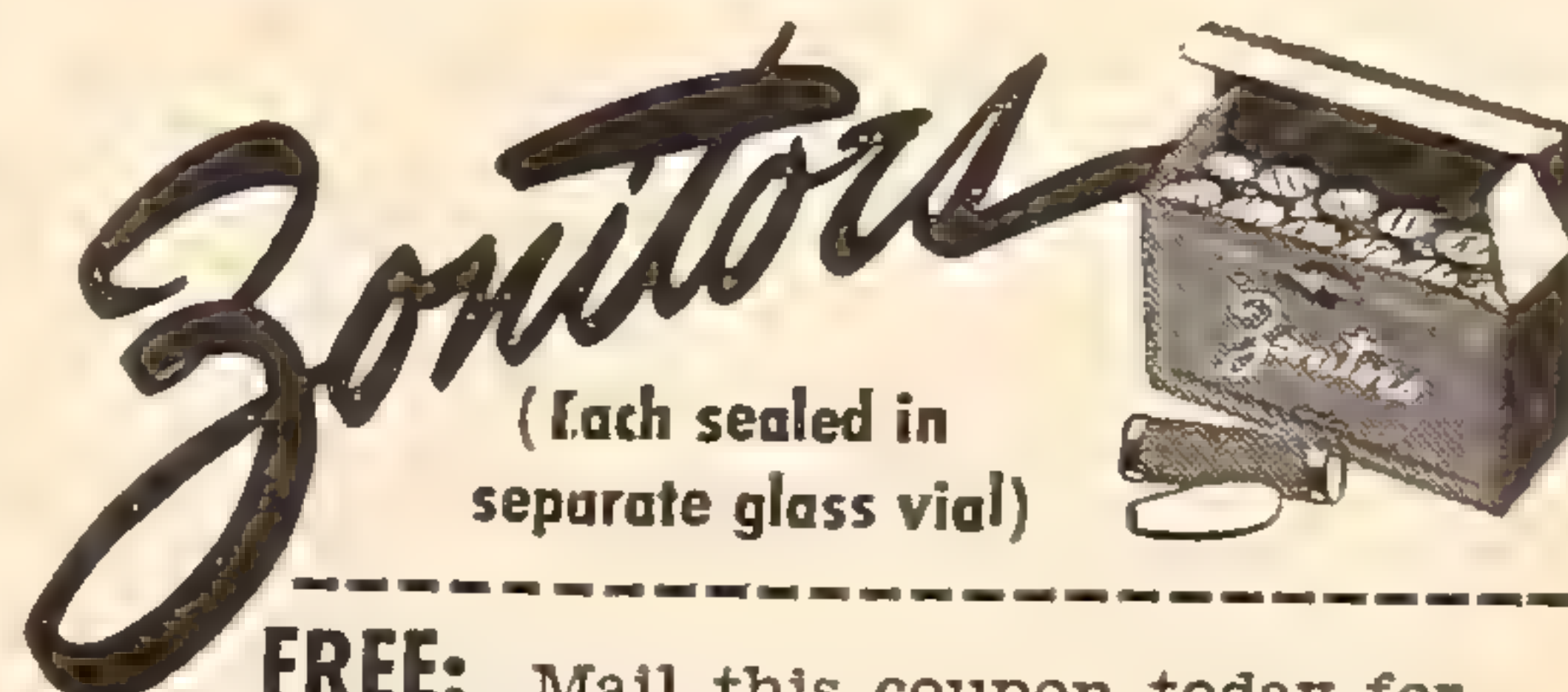
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I SAW IT HAPPEN



One day I was hurrying along downtown since we were trying to get to see Louis Jourdan and other stars who were appearing in St. Louis. I scarcely noticed the good-looking young man who was walking next to me even though his face seemed familiar. I did notice, though, that he crossed the street at the same time I did. I felt I had really missed the boat when a friend rushed up to me quite breathlessly, saying, "I never ran so fast when I saw you walking down the street with Louis Jourdan."

Doris Truesdale
St. Louis, Mo.



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I couldn't say no

(Continued from page 45) "Yes, I know."

There wasn't much more to be said.

Shortly after the engagement was announced, and the date set, Mrs. Taylor and Elizabeth and Nicky went to New York to see plays and be given parties. Mr. Taylor was left holding his head.

Mr. Taylor is a reserved and quiet man. He has his own work, and his own life, and the only thing he knows about Elizabeth's career is that it's better handled by a woman—his wife. His part in the wedding, though, was a different matter.

A day after the women and Nicky had gone, 400 engraved invitations to the reception were delivered into Mr. Taylor's hands. Faced with the prospect of licking 400 stamps, he went around to the Beverly Hills Hotel just to make sure it would still be there at reception time.

"Will everything be in order?" Mr. Taylor asked the manager.

The manager sniffed his carnation. "Perhaps we can have the reception another time?" he asked politely.

"Another time?" said Mr. Taylor. "Another time?"

The manager bowed and shrugged his shoulders. "It is impossible," he explained. "Another party has made reservations many months ago."

Mr. Taylor rushed over to the Bel-Air Country Club to make new arrangements.

"You wish *hors d'oeuvres*?" asked the manager.

"Naturally," said Mr. Taylor.

"Cold or hot?"

"Does it matter?"

"Hot *hors d'oeuvres* are more expensive."

"Cold *hors d'oeuvres*," said Mr. Taylor.

The manager wrinkled up his nose. "Cold smoked salmon?" he said. "At a wedding reception?"

"All right," said Mr. Taylor. "Hot. Make everything hot."

"Perhaps we should wait," suggested the manager, "until the lady returns—the mother of the bride. Because no matter what arrangements the father makes, when the lady comes there are changes."

"I said hot," said Mr. Taylor. "I won't have cold fish at my daughter's wedding reception."

Elizabeth called him long distance that night. "We're having such a wonderful time," she said. "I'm so excited."

"Would you like cold salmon," he said, "or hot frankfurters?"

"What?"

"Never mind, dear," he said. "I've already decided."

Mr. Taylor manfully kept his problems to himself, because he approved of Nicky Hilton, and he wanted to do his best for him. Mr. Taylor liked Nicky the first time he saw him. That was the evening he'd come to take Elizabeth to a party and had been introduced to the family.

"Seems older than his age," said Mr.

Taylor to his wife, after they'd gone. "Seems as if he knows what he wants."

"I have a feeling about him," said Mrs. Taylor. "You know, intuitive. I think we'll be seeing a good deal of him."

The next time he saw Nicky, Mr. Taylor was even more impressed. They all had dinner one night at one of the Hilton hotels. An older man came up to Nick to confer on a point of management. Nicky gracefully excused himself from his girl and her family, and attended to his job. "He has a good head for business," Mr. Taylor said. "I like that boy."

For a while, though, the Taylors heard him more than they saw him. Whenever they picked up the phone Nick was on it. "May I speak to Liz?" he'd say, every evening between six and seven. The way Liz floated to the phone, and hung on to it, and then drifted off in a kind of trance told the Taylors more than explanations could.

She was acting like a young girl in love—which is exactly what she was. She isn't the sort of sophisticate many people imagine. Actually, Nick is only the second man in her life. For an 18-year-old movie star time moves quickly, and it's surprising that a girl as beautiful and famous as Liz has been engaged only twice.

Glenn Davis was her first big crush. But they were never engaged. No ring; no announcement; only a gold football that meant little more to her than a sentimental trinket.

There were plenty of dates, of course. Then there was Bill Pawley. After that, people talked about her and Vic Damone and Monty Clift. They didn't mean a thing, but when Liz goes out, the newspapers go to town.

This upsets Elizabeth and her mother and father. "If Liz ever retires," her father says, "it'll be because she can't bear the invasion of her privacy. She knows the value of publicity, but she's human, and a human being needs a private life, a room without a spotlight."

Nick understood this when he dated her. He knew how to evade publicity hounds, but he also knew that a certain amount of notoriety was unavoidable. And he knew how to handle Elizabeth.

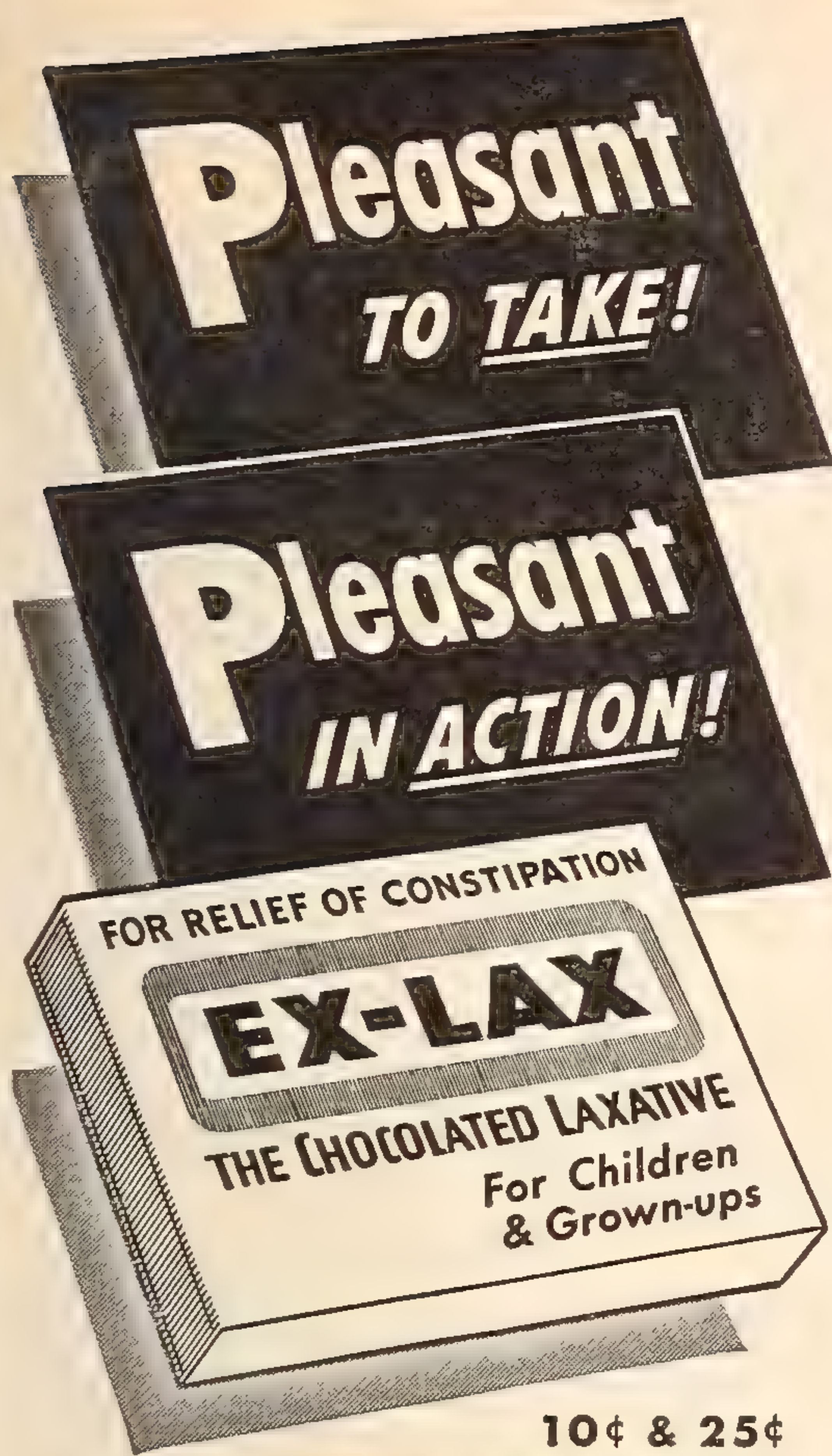
When he came to dinner there were never any disagreements between them. Liz and Nick liked the same things, and what Nick liked and Liz didn't, she learned to like. They both enjoy parties and people. They both work hard at their separate careers. They both love to go horseback riding. At the beginning, Nick played golf and Elizabeth couldn't. Then suddenly she started asking her father about mashie shots and spoons and sand traps, and started practicing drives in the living room.

"This is getting serious," thought Mr. Taylor. "Only something had better happen before the rug gives out."

What happened was Nick invited Elizabeth to meet his father. Then the Taylors were invited to meet his father. Then they

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planned the wedding for the sixth of May.

"I want a big wedding," said Liz. "A tremendous wedding, with a white satin gown and six bridesmaids."

"Don't you think," said Mr. Taylor, "that it would be nice and romantic to do what Mother and I did—get a couple of friends together, and a license, and find a small church?"

"I don't know," said Elizabeth. "That doesn't sound binding, somehow."

"Not binding!" said her mother. "Why, Elizabeth."

"I mean, this is the only wedding I'm going to have, and I want it to be big."

"All right," said Mr. Taylor. "It's settled. If it'll make you happy, the wedding will be as big as my bankroll."

Mr. Taylor thought he'd have six months to gather his resources, because he'd asked Elizabeth to put off announcing her engagement till then. One day, though, Elizabeth came to him and said, "I'm afraid you'll have to release me from my promise."

"Why?" asked her parent.

"It's too hard," said Elizabeth, "being in love with Nick, and not being able to spend all my free time with him just because I have to keep the columnists guessing. And I don't think it's fair to Nick for me to spend time with other boys."

So the Taylors announced Liz's engagement, and Mr. Taylor began his struggle with the caterers.

"I keep thinking of Spencer Tracy," he told Liz one night. (At that time she was playing Spencer's daughter in *Father of the Bride*.) "All he has to do is stand up there and act the part I'm living. And he gets paid for it."

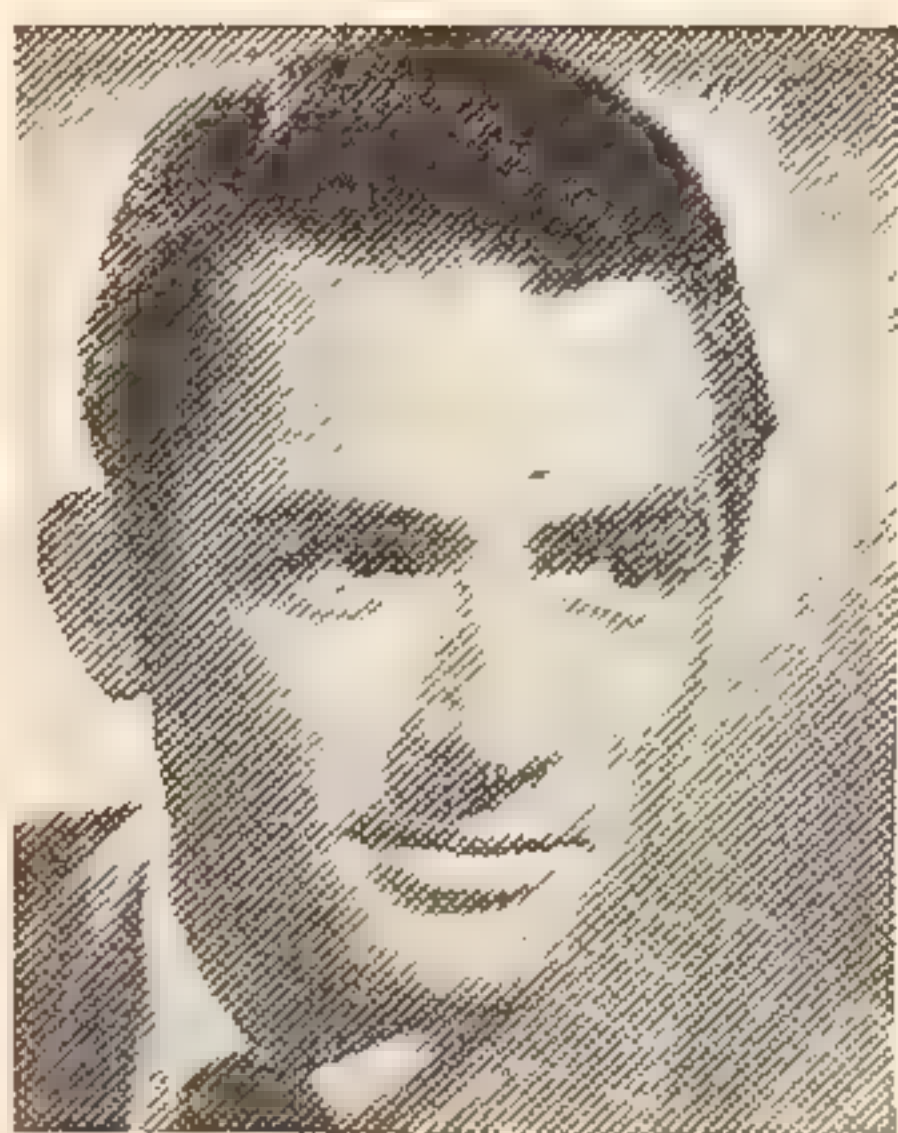
But Mr. Taylor was happy. The important things were working out well. He knew he'd done a good job on Elizabeth all these years. "When the kids used to come out to the beach house," he'll tell you, "and have their big Sunday picnics, Elizabeth wasn't some strange, glamorous freak just because she worked in pictures; she was just like the rest of them—and that's how it should be."

Mr. Taylor gave Elizabeth the kind of wedding she wanted, but he was firm on the subject of press photographers. No press photographers were at the reception. "That reception's important to Elizabeth. That belongs to her and Nick and their friends," he said. "That's something she doesn't have to share because of her career."

He's happy, too, about Nicky. "Liz wanted a husband who liked the things she likes and who understood her problems—as her mother and I have always tried to do—and now she has Nick."

And now the father of the bride can take a vacation. THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



While spending the day shopping in Fort Walton, my sister and I stopped to look at a movie poster advertising a movie with Gregory Peck. My sister exclaimed, "Isn't he darling?"

I laughed, but a young man stepped out of the crowd and said, "Oh, no, he's actually as ugly as sin." To everyone's astonishment, it turned out to be Gregory Peck who was there on location for 12 O'Clock High.

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Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

The flowers that bloom in the spring make pretty posies I'd like to pin on local ABC stations for making my Sundays so full of grand and glorious entertainment. American Broadcasting Company Sunday shows offer listening pleasure for the whole family.

For instance, at 5:30 PM (EDT) over your local ABC station, the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company presents an outstanding series of dramatic and inspirational programs on "THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD." From coast-to-coast listeners of all ages toast this program as one of the truly great programs on the air.

Famous commentator DREW PEARSON gives top-flight, provocative views and sometimes startling "predictions of things to come" at 6 PM (EDT). We tip our bonnets to Adam Hats who sponsor the dashing, daring DREW. At 6:15 PM (EDT) DON GARDINER and "MONDAY MORNING HEADLINES" make more news, giving you a smart head-start on headline happenings. "Air Wick" picks DON GARDINER as its clear-headed spokesman.

The Sunday schedule adds a musical note at 6:30 PM (EDT) when Hormel's "MUSIC WITH THE GIRLS" steps up the rhythmic down-beats... with a sprightly all-girl band femceed by lovely MARY ELLEN DOMM. Another happy hip-spot comes at 8 PM (EDT) when bouncy BERT PARKS says "STOP THE MUSIC." This super-show, featuring KAY ARMEN, DICK BROWN and HARRY SALTER'S ORCHESTRA, is jointly sponsored by Clipper Craft Clothes, Speidel Watch Bands and Old Gold Cigarettes.

From Maine to Minnesota, from California to Kentucky, all points in between and "all the ships at sea," Sunday at 9 PM (EDT) means WALTER WINCHELL time. The great reporter is sponsored by Richard Hudnut. Hollywood's leading "LOLLY" pops up with gossip and guests at 9:15 PM (EDT) on "THE LOUELLA PARSONS SHOW" for Woodbury. A real audience-participation extravaganza is "CHANCE OF A LIFETIME" emceed by JOHN REED KING for Bretton Watch Bands at 9:30 PM (EDT). JIMMY FIDLER sizes up movie star moods and manners and gives choice chatter for Arrid at 10:15 PM (EDT) topping off a great Sunday of leisure-pleasure listening on your local ABC station.

Joan Lansing

the first year

(Continued from page 49) many ways. It'll change Nicky, too.

I hate to think what might have happened if Geary and I hadn't made an effort to improve ourselves.

I used to be a worrier, fussing around, getting irritated over imaginary problems. It didn't show much when I lived with my family; they were used to me, anyway. It came out jarringly when Geary and I started housekeeping. I wanted everything in the apartment just so. Every drape had to have the exact number of folds. Every chair cushion was puffed up to perfection. Every night before I went to sleep I found myself reliving everything that had happened that day, and worrying about all the things I'd have to do tomorrow.

This started to bother Geary, and when he actually admitted it, I became annoyed.

"It doesn't hurt if I want things right all the time, does it?" I snapped. "Why should you be concerned?"

Geary didn't blow up. He just looked at me mildly, as if he were considering something, and then he started to speak slowly. "Because," he said, "while it's nice to want things to go perfectly, it must be wrong to make an obsession of it. Because, if little things can cause you so much worry what will happen if bigger things go wrong? Take our future. It's not going to happen just the way we want it to. Take me. I'm not perfect and never will be. What's this all going to do to both of us if you can't accept it, and, you know, sort of roll with it?"

Suddenly I was ashamed of myself. Cluttering up my mind with little things instead of taking it easy and enjoying the good life I had.

to live in harmony . . .

There were other little things about me, and about Geary, too, for that matter, that needed fixing up. From childhood on I had had a habit of being critical of my friends, and didn't know it was unkind and intolerant of me. Geary had a failing of suddenly being abrupt when talking to someone. I was a little possessive. Geary flung his clothes around like a man will and left things uncapped. (I remember you used to toss things under your bed and drove your mother to distraction. I guess you've outgrown that!) They all came out bit by bit and we were faced with the problem of either correcting them and living in harmony, or . . . well, I don't have to go into detail about what happens to marriage when there isn't harmony.

There was one thing we were lucky about—we never just pointed fingers at each other's faults. We studied them, and got to understand them. Once you understand why a person does something that is annoying, it somehow isn't half so annoying!

Every once in a while when talking to Geary I'd notice that his words would get shorter and his silences longer. And if I tried to cut down on the silences he would get quite snappy. Then I began to realize that the silences generally ended with his making a very keen and intelligent observation on what we were talking about, or else with his coming up with a good solution if it was a problem that was bothering us. It came to me then that the silences meant he was concentrating.

Well, I could take it all right, but I began to wonder if he was the same way with prospects in his insurance business. If he fell into silences and got abrupt suddenly with them, it certainly was going to cut down on the policies he could sell.

new faces



MARLON BRANDO was 19 when he arrived in New York. He'd been expelled from two high schools in Evanston, Illinois, never seen a play in his life, and yet he wanted to be an actor. Several months later, before he'd had a chance to complete his course at the Dramatic Workshop, he landed a juicy B'way role, and Marlon's hardly had an idle day since. Sometimes the play was a flop, but Marlon always collected rave notices. For a long time he ignored Hollywood but when Stanley Kramer offered him the role of a paraplegic in his forthcoming *The Men*, Marlon agreed to give it a try. He's 26.



JUDY HOLLIDAY'S next movie is *Born Yesterday* and she still considers that something of a minor miracle. She'd played the role for several years on Broadway, but Hollywood tested several other actresses before they'd even consider Judy for the part. She was born in New York in 1923 and for a long time wanted to write and direct plays instead of act in them. But she forgot all about that when she joined a group of young people who could sing, dance and act—and were all bent on getting into show business. Judy's married to David Oppenheim. You've seen her in *Adam's Rib*.



NANCY OLSON almost became a teacher but gave that idea up on the very same day she won an oratory contest and learned just how pleasant the limelight could be. Paramount discovered her at UCLA taking dramatic courses and decided she was good enough to make movies for them anytime. She's five-feet-five inches tall, weighs 117 lbs and has blue eyes and golden hair. Nancy was born in Milwaukee in 1928 and you'll see her soon in *Sunset Boulevard*.



BEN JOHNSON is one cowboy star who really knows his way around a horse. He once broke the world's record for calf-roping and before he hit the movies was a yearly contender in every rodeo event. Ben was born in Pawhuska, Oklahoma, learned to ride when he was six and left high school in his junior year to become a stunt rider. John Ford discovered his trick riding abilities and signed him without a test to a role in *She Wore A Yellow Ribbon*. Ben's married to Carol Jones and you'll see him next in *Wagon Master*.

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So I decided to talk to him about it. Before I got through he interrupted me. "You're right!" he exclaimed. "Janie, you've hit one of my biggest failings and I didn't even know it was there!"

Well! I don't have to tell you, Elizabeth, that I felt like a regular little old somebody being such a help to my husband. And you know what? I couldn't stop there. I began to take an interest in his work, not meddling, mind you, but offering to pitch in if there was a little something I could do. There was. You know, today, I go through the telephone book picking out and listing people I think would be good prospects for insurance. And whenever he gets someone's policies to look over for analysis and suggestions for possible changes I've learned to do what is called the basic evaluation—comparing the man's income with the amount of his premium and the benefits he's getting! It interests me so much that every night I ask Geary if he has any new policies for me to work on!

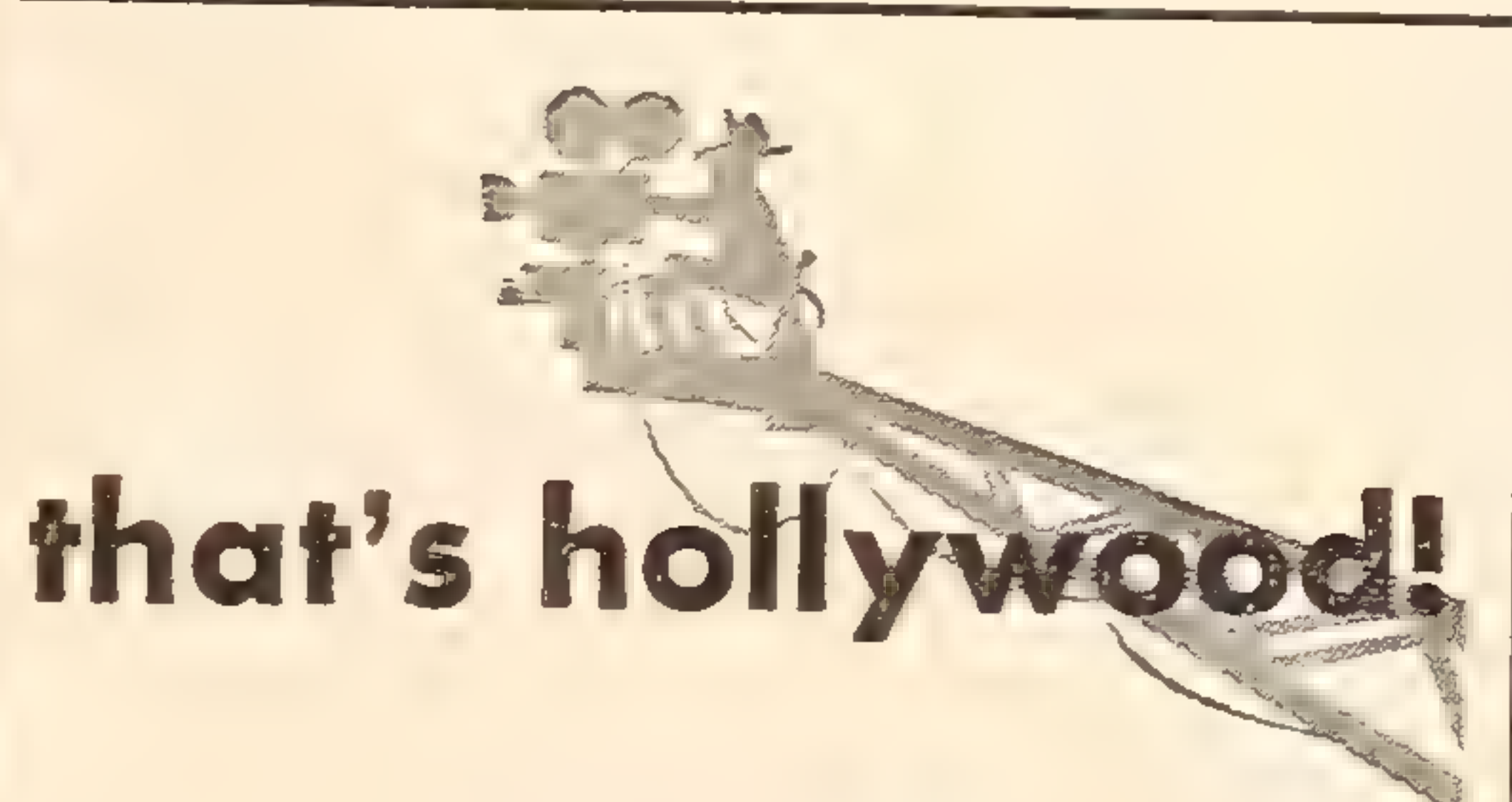
I can't even stop there. Do you remember my telling you Geary was second high salesman in his company for the country a few months ago? Now he's the first. I always ask all my friends whether they need insurance, and I always laugh, but underneath I mean it! (Do you need any?)

But what I really wanted to bring out is that when husband and wife work together everything seems wonderful.

Geary doesn't even throw his clothes around anymore. And this is how Geary stopped me from being ultra-critical: He read a description of a man to me one night from a book.

"His manner of living was shiftless," read Geary. "His rooms were usually in a mess, his clothes scattered about everywhere, dust on top of all and rarely a window opened. He was miserly, or so most people thought. He would haggle about everything. He was considered uncouth, almost barbarian in his ways. . . ."

Then Geary stopped reading and looked



There is a radio commentator who also writes a column, and he dotes on writing, and reading publicly over the air, open letters to celebrities in which he advises them on conduct, morals, business principles and finance. Usually, these manifestoes get a response, often though, an indignant one. The letters make the listener believe this man is close to the stars.

Desiring a rise for his own sake, out of Bing Crosby, our man once read an infuriating letter to Crosby over the air. Nothing happened. Two weeks later, he read a second open letter, more arousing than even the first. During the third week, the commentator went to the Lakeside Golf Club in Hollywood for a round and the first person he saw was Crosby.

"Well, hello, Bing!" he chirped. "I expected that. . . ."

"Hello, Bub," drawled Crosby, walking on, "you still writin' that column for the paper?"

*Quoted from Irving Hoffman
in the Hollywood Reporter*



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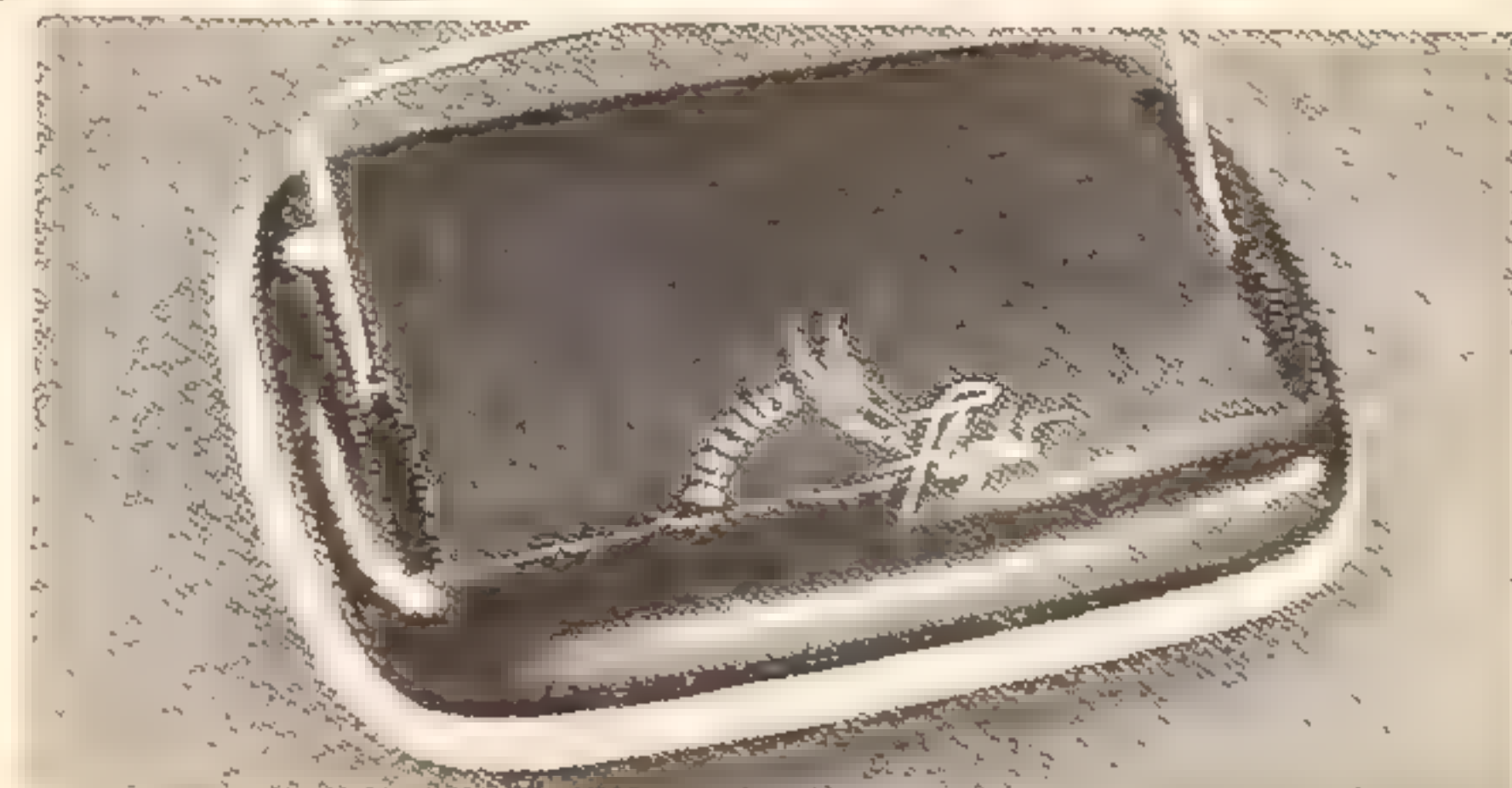
She hinted hard . . . and got a Bissell Sweeper from her Cousin Bess. "Bless you, Bess!" says the bride, who uses her Bissell® every day for quick sweep-ups, saves her vacuum for periodic cleaning.

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up at me. "What would you say about a man like that?" he asked. "Could you like him? Could you respect him?"

"Oh, he's horrible!" I said.

"Could such a man be your friend?" he went on.

"Oh, no!" I answered.

Geary smiled. "I hate to do this to you," he said. "It's a description of Ludwig van Beethoven."

I almost died. As Geary knew, Beethoven to me is just about the greatest musical genius who ever lived.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"Sure," he said. "But I didn't read the full description to you. You've got to know all about someone before you can know him at all. If you're looking for faults you can always find them. Beethoven was all I read to you, but more. He was

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ever . . .

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tender with children; he was a great lover of beauty. He was jagged-tempered because he was enraged by his deafness, and careless of his appearance and his rooms because they weren't important to him. Only his music was important."

It was something to think about. It made me look at my friends with new eyes. I knew that I'd come to the end of any loose talking about them.

Possessiveness is an awful thing to have around a new marriage. (So if Nicky wants to go somewhere, and you can't make it, let him go.) I have a couple of friends who used to start crying if their husbands even hinted about playing golf or going to a ball game with their old pals. I never had that much of a problem. I sort of like the idea of Geary going out by himself sometimes. When he comes home at the end of a long day away I can see on his face how much he's missed me. And that's not bad, Elizabeth.

You know, when I was younger, I read somewhere that marriage should enrich a girl's life. I didn't know what it meant then. Now I do. I had my own world before I met Geary, and now I have a new world—his. His viewpoint, his friends, his ambitions are another life for me. And through it, I keep finding out more about myself.

I guess maybe you can tell from this that marriage is marvelous. I guess maybe you suspected it all along. Anyway, I know that you and Nicky are going to be happy. I know you're going to find that dreams are even more beautiful when they come true.

So here's to the first year, and all the years after. Here's to you.

Love,
Janie

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(Continued from page 52) of a settee ex-
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fly loose and hit him in the face. When
he simmered down to a state where in-
troductions were possible, he shook my
hand with a tight-fisted churning motion
that rendered it (my hand) useless. Not
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I found myself terribly excited by the silly
inconsequential he was shouting at the
top of his voice, and I was deeply hopeful
that everything was all right with him
and his.

Don't laugh. When you meet Mario
Lanza the same thing will happen to you.

We went across the street to a quiet
Hungarian café which featured warm Ital-
ian red wine and a gypsy violinist, and
we talked. He talked.

"I hate opera singers," Mario Lanza
said. He shook a fist as big as a brace of
plucked chickens under my nose and
seemed about to spit out his front teeth.
"Those fancy Italian opera singers. Every
time I see one on the street I want to go
up to him and punch him in the nose."

That off his chest, he grinned cheerfully.

"Who the hell do they think they are?"
he roared, suddenly flipping back into his
rage. "They sneer at good Americans be-
cause they don't think they love music or
can sing. I'm a good one hundred percent
American Philadelphia wop and I can
sing better than any of them!"

He opened his mouth, his throat and his
diaphragm and the beautiful high note
that came out drowned out the violinist
and every alien sound for several blocks
around the café.

america, i love you . . .

The fiddle-player swung into a medley
from *That Midnight Kiss*, Mario's first
picture at MGM. Lanza smiled and began
to rock back and forth in rhythm with the
music.

"You see," he said, "everybody loves me.
They want to make me happy. This artist,
this violin virtuoso, is playing now just
for me. I love him, too, and I've never
even met him."

If you can hum with a voice the power
of a ram-jet rocket, he began to hum,
oblivious of the stir he was causing among
the rest of the diners.

"I love my wife," he sighed. "I have an
Irish wife and an Irish daughter. Every
Italian should have an Irish wife and
there would be less trouble in the world."

He changed pace again.

"I love MGM," he roared as though he
expected an argument. "See this jacket?
I stole it from MGM. It used to belong
to Wardrobe. It was made for Van Johnson,
but he didn't steal it, so I did. It's a beauti-
ful jacket and I am a very lucky man to
be allowed to steal such a thing. Only in
America could such a thing happen. Only
in America can an opera singer steal such
a beautiful coat and tell people about it.
In Europe, where every third guy is an
opera singer, they would claim they bought
it or found it or something. They stink."

It was at this point that your reporter
began to side with the element that said
Mario Lanza was a lunatic. Here was a
very handsome young man, looking very
much like the boy who might live next
door, alternately exploding and weeping
with love of people and America.

With a face as impish as Puck, and a
tousled top-knot of curly black hair, look-
ing for all the world like a football player
on a bender, he could suddenly burst into
song in a crowded restaurant in the middle
of the afternoon and fill the room with
beauty. The man and the situation were
incongruous. He had to be crazy.

However, Mario Lanza is, actually, just



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as crazy as every warm-hearted, spirited, proud, hard-working young man in this country today. He may be more excitable, but no crazier.

He was born in New York City, but at a very early age, his father, a one-time athlete who had been very badly gassed in the first world war, moved to Philadelphia where Mario, then called Freddie Coccoza, was brought up. The particular section of the city in which the Coccozas lived was called South Philadelphia, a district so noted for its brutality that a few years ago one of the fact detective magazines said there were more murders in a square-mile portion of the district in a single year than in a similar area anywhere on earth.

South Philly had never been noted for its production of musical or any other artistic talent. In a quieter mood, Mario Lanza explained it.

"To the tough kids I palled around with anything artistic was sissy, and it was as much as a kid's life was worth to openly express even a mild interest in anything sissy."

The people of South Philadelphia were pitifully poor, which was the only reason they lived there. Any education in any direction beyond grammar school was rare, and beyond high school completely unknown. A boy grew up and became a thief, a thug or a laborer according to his instincts. And the respect of his neighbors and contemporaries depended on his hewing strictly to this degenerate tradition. Freddie Coccoza's evolution from a child of the gutters to Mario Lanza, the greatest tenor since Caruso, is, then, a frightening as well as an inspiring miracle.

music, music, music . . .

There is no corner of the earth that is not visited by music of some sort. It can be anything from the savage chants of aborigine natives of a jungle, the reedy whistles of the flutes of the oriental, the brassy jazz of Harlem to the ponderous, melancholy hymns of Wagner. There is music everywhere. And because South Philadelphia was mostly Italian, their music was the operas, played casually at home on a gramophone, or hummed to babies by their mothers.

RCA, the company which now considers Mario Lanza among its three top record makers, decided some twenty years ago to see if it couldn't stimulate the sales of its discs in that neighborhood where Mario lived as a boy. As part of their program, they installed a fine phonograph and an amplifier with a huge horn, along with a sizable stock of operatic records, in a small music shop across the street from the Coccoza residence. The shopkeeper was advised that so long as he played the records good and loud all day, the equipment and records were his without cost.

"That was when I first knew I wanted to be a singer," Mario Lanza said. "I used to shoot agates with the kids in the street in front of the music shop, and whenever anyone sang a high note, I would break out in goose-pimples. I used to rub my arms so the other kids wouldn't see them. And sometimes when I couldn't stand it any more, and I had to sing with the voice on the record, I used to snatch up my aggies and run terrified that I would sing and disgrace myself."

No, South Philadelphia was no breeding ground for operatic tenors.

"The greatest thrill I have ever had in my life," Mario Lanza went on, "was when I knew I could sing. My old man had been sold a phonograph. He loved music, and he didn't have to make any excuses for it. He wasn't a kid. He used to go to the phonograph after dinner and slowly grind the handle of the winder. Then he

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would select a record, very carefully, even though he knew them all by heart, and put it on the machine. He would then sit in a chair and he and my mother would close their eyes and listen. I used to stand in the hall and chill and flush with heat. I used to open my mouth and make the Italian words of the songs with my lips. I learned all Pop's records that way."

After aggies and the other restless games of the children of South Philadelphia paled in interest with the years, Freddie Coccoza moved on to more rugged sports. Toughened by years of fighting with his fists and other hoodlum athletics, he became an expert football player and boxer. His features settled into the collar ad structure of today, his voice changed, and he found himself faced with the job of selecting a trade. But he wanted to sing.

"I knew I could do it then," he said, "and I knew I had the guts. One day I waited until my father and mother went out and I turned on the phonograph. I put on a Caruso record. I sang with him. Now I know I sang badly, but that day I thought I sang it as well as he did. I went sort of crazy. I put on all of the records, one by one, and I sang with all of them. I sang at the top of my lungs until I was hoarse, and then I lay down on the floor and made up my mind for once and for all. I was going to be a singer and nothing in the world would stop me.

"Lessons were out of the question. I got them all from the phonograph. I'd save every penny I could get together and buy new records, and whenever the folks went out I would sing. I knew more songs than any other singer in the world. And then one day, when I'd just finished a song, I turned around—and there was my father standing just inside the doorway. There were tears in his eyes and neither one of us said a word. We just walked toward one another and embraced—and we both cried. Pop, because he had always hoped I would someday be a singer and now he knew I would, and me—because now it wasn't a secret I had to guard anymore."

It was then I decided that Mario Lanza wasn't a lunatic after all, but an artist, maybe the greatest tenor artist since the late, great Caruso.

Mario Lanza, strong as a stevedore, healthy, as an airedale, still had to make a



Mario's wife, Betty, accompanies him as he rehearses songs for his concert tour in Hawaii.

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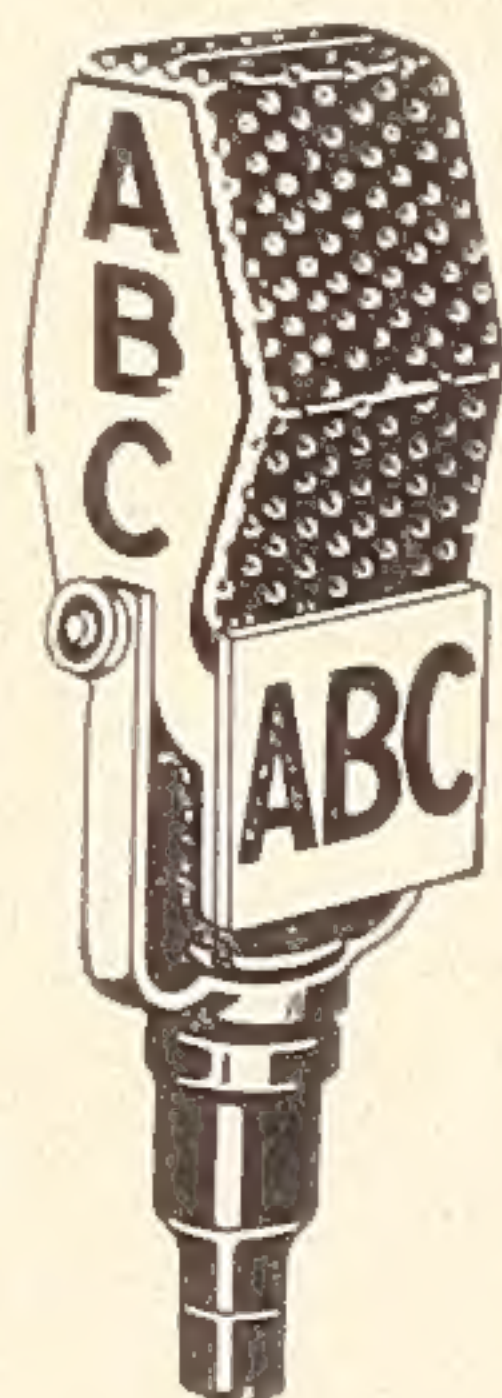
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living to pay for some classical music tuition, so he moved pianos for a few hard dollars a day. One day the route sheet on the truck read "Academy of Music." Just another day, another dollar, and another piano. Mario and his fellow workers moved the massive grand onto the stage while the musicians puttered about the auditorium. A small group of them, however, were in one corner of the stage running through an operatic aria. Mario couldn't help it. He cut loose with something special from the vocal zone, and he hit the right note and held it. From the back of the auditorium, a loud bellow was heard. "Quiet!" it ordered. Then, "Who did that? Who sang that note?"

the discovery . . .

Fifty fingers and a dozen violin bows pointed at the piano mover. William Huff, director of the Philadelphia Forum, strode down the aisle and onto the stage. He looked at Mario open-mouthed, then he took him by the arm and into the office. In a week, Mario was doing the same thing for Serge Koussevitsky, conductor of the Boston Symphony—and a piano mover was on his way to operatic fame.

A hackneyed motion picture title card of 1920 fits in here—Then Came The War!

Private Mario Lanza was a pretty good soldier. He forgot everything but the war. He appeared in the Air Forces show, *This is The Army*, but only in a minor capacity. War and careers didn't mix well with him. But when he got out, he looked up his new musical friends and started in singing again. He signed a contract with Victor, he got a big time radio program, but he was not getting where he should vocally and he knew it: was his lack of professional training that was responsible. He was at his lowest ebb, mentally, when he met Sam Weiler.

Sam Weiler was a real estate man who had made a lot of money and who was a patron of the arts. He heard Mario singing in Carnegie Hall and came back and introduced himself. He had an offer to make. He wasn't interested in making money, and he knew enough about music to know that he had heard a great voice that needed training. He offered to stake Mario to all the tuition he needed if he would stop singing publicly until he was ready. Mario leaped at the chance.

For the next fifteen months, Mario Lanza learned about music and voice. He was married now, but all of his expenses were taken care of by Sam Weiler. Mario had nothing else to worry about.

Then one day Sam Weiler said he was ready, and he booked Mario into the famed Hollywood Bowl for a concert. At the conclusion of that evening, the Bowl audience gave Mario the greatest ovation any artist appearing there ever got. They stood on their feet in the Hollywood Bowl that night and cheered for fifteen minutes for the kid from South Philadelphia who got goose pimples at the sound of music.

Louis B. Mayer, head of MGM studios, saw it from a box down front and sans agent, sans talent scouts, Mario Lanza got a contract. The studio engaged Maestro Spadoni, Caruso's coach, to work with him—and he was on his way at last.

Two pictures at MGM have resulted in the belief that Lanza is the screen's most exciting personality today. There are, of course, two schools of thought on that, but then that's inevitable. One thing is sure, the charm of the lad's personality is as contagious as laughter.

At home, Mario Lanza is part peasant and part Lord of the Manor. I went to his home to meet his wife and parents. As I had anticipated, it was a huge, sprawling semi-castle in Beverly Hills looking as though the furniture had been looted,

instead of purchased, piece by piece. Mario howled a greeting to everyone and commanded his wife to present herself. Before he shut the door he had turned on the phonograph.

His mother and father, who live with him, sat quietly and listened to him talk. His wife, a pretty, charming girl, shut her eyes and listened to him sing on the records, almost as though she had never heard them before.

"These are the things a man loves," Mario told me later. "A home for Mama and Papa. My wife whom I love. My baby, Coleen. A swimming pool. A fine car. And to sing without fear. But none of these things would be mine without the patronage of a man like him." He pointed to Sam Weiler who had joined us and who sat happily in a corner gazing softly at the wonders he had helped create.

"There could be no artists without these patrons. There could be no music without music stores that played music for nothing, so that kids could learn to love it. There are so many things to be grateful for."

"But I am no sissy," he bellowed, his fists raised in fury. "I can still lick any kid on my street—and any of those fancy Italian opera singers with the high noses. The next one I see, I'll punch right in the nose!"

The family paid no attention to the outburst. Sam Weiler still gazed as softly, and Mrs. Lanza's eyes were still closed.

"But I love everyone," Mario said calmly, "and everyone loves me."

This man is indeed a lunatic, I thought. A wonderful lunatic. The most exciting personality in years, and without a doubt the greatest voice since, well, anybody.

And that's the way it is. He's yours to figure out.

There's always the topper, though. The final story. It took place one day when Mario had been at MGM a year. He was called into the front office of the studio on that day and was seated before a very distinguished group. Among the top brass of the studio, sat Jesse Lasky, a pioneer film-maker.

song in his heart . . .

"Mr. Lanza," said a studio executive, "We have just concluded a deal with Mr. Lasky for him to make a picture with this company. He owns the rights to a story we want, and he has searched the world for five years to find a player capable of doing the role. He has come to us saying you are the only man who can do it. Would you agree to sing and play the life of Enrico Caruso?"

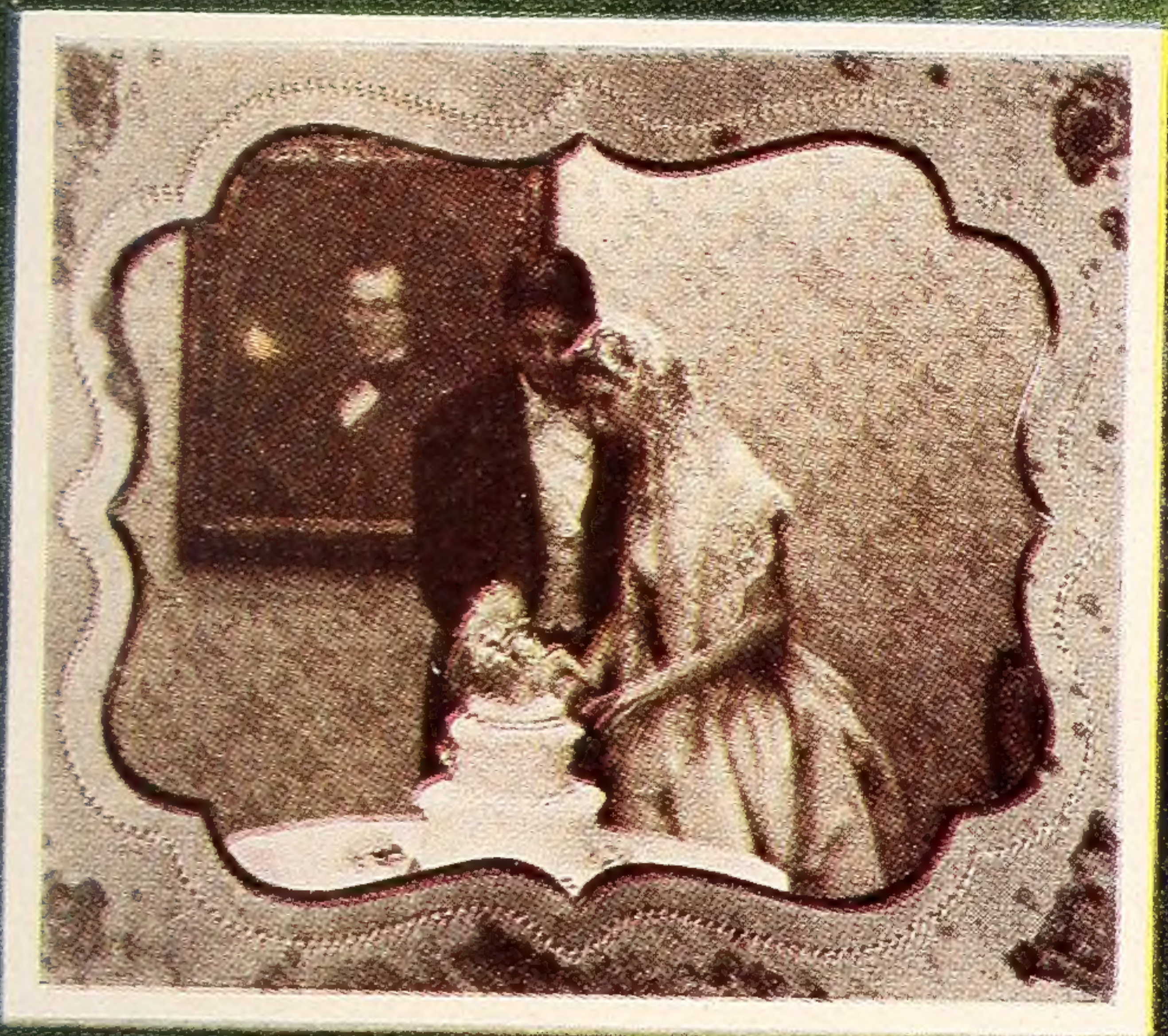
Mario Lanza just sat and nodded his head. Soon, he got to his feet and stumbled from the room. Down a long corridor he walked, and he couldn't see—because he was crying. Joyful and bitter tears. Tears that came from childhood and standing in a dingy hall silently learning to sing. Tears that came from singing alone in a darkened room while his mother and father were away at the movies. Tears that came from gratitude because he could steal a jacket that had been made for Van Johnson, and get away with it.

Mario Lanza, big, barrel-chested, vigorous American of Italian descent who is twenty-eight years old, married and has an Italian-Irish daughter of two named Coleen. That's him.

THE END

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